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The Call of the Golden Port.

Ye that be trodden underfoot and scattered
As smoke wreaths in the rain,
All the white dreams that ye have spent and shattered
I will make whole again.

Ye that be thralls of outworn generations
And seekers in the night,
Come, out of my proud place among the nations,
Behold I give you light.

* * *

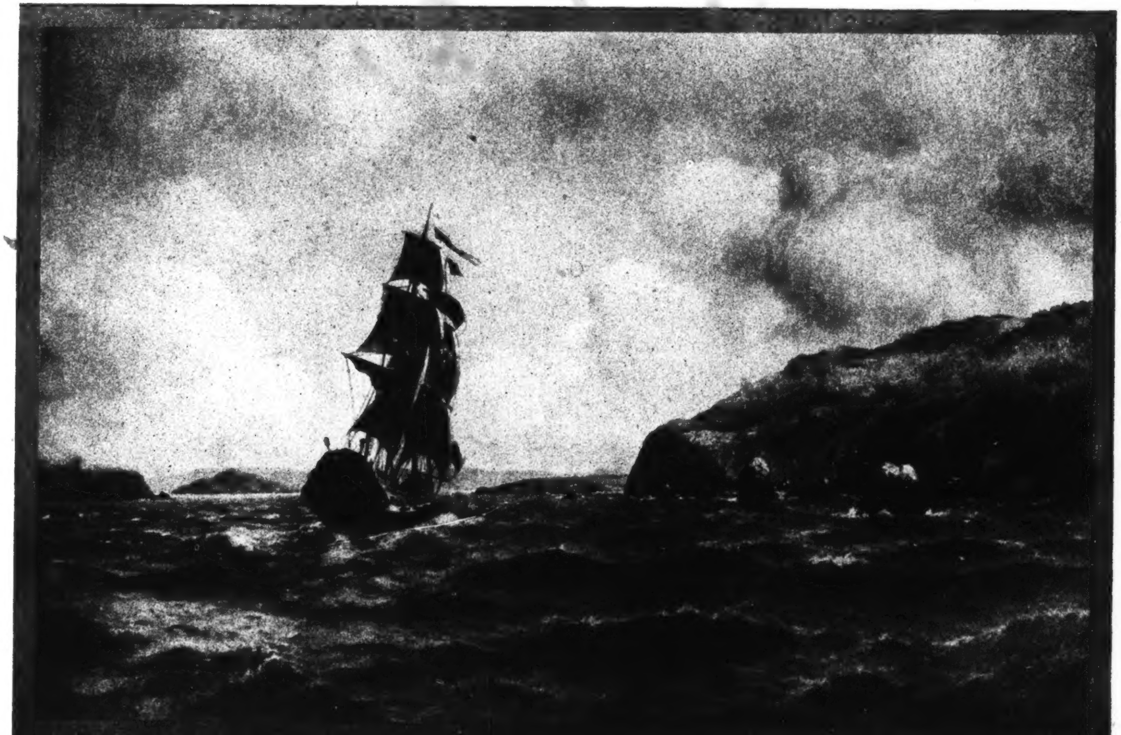
Year, all your toil shall be to you as pleasure,
And all your blood as wine,
The songs you sing shall have a dancing measure,
Such flowered air is mine.

And of your shadowy peril shall be sharers,
And of your undigged gold,
The ghostly galleons of the old seafarers
That found the Gate of old.

They, sailing through the sunset out of shadow,
Shall watch with you and wait,
And with you lift their songs of Eldorado
Beyond the Golden Gate.

—Ethel Talbot.

The First Ship to
Enter San Francisco Bay.
The San Carlos in the
Golden Gate.
From a Painting by
W. A. Coulter, Courtesy
of the San Francisco
News Letter.



SAN FRANCISCO
·AS IT WAS· AS IT IS · AND HOW TO SEE IT

BY
HELEN THROOP PURDY

"I saw a multitude of
men coming toward us–I saw them
coming from every direction,
filling all the roads."
—*St. Francis of Assisi*

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Looking Out the Golden Gate.

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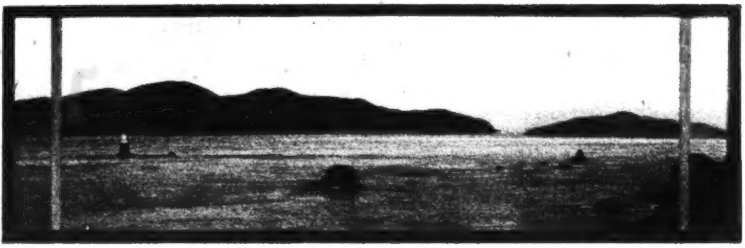

The Golden Gate and Mile Rock Lighthouse.

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Looking Down the Ocean Boulevard.

Introduction

MANY San Franciscans, like residents of other cities, are so absorbed in their own daily life that they see and know only the streets and buildings between their offices and homes. To the residents of the Sunset District, the Latin quarter may be an unknown region; to those who live in the Mission, Telegraph Hill may be simply a rise of ground seen down the vista of Kearny street; to those who daily see that incomparable panorama of the Bay and the Marin County hills from their homes on Pacific Heights, the old Mission church may be only a heap of ruins, and situated down the peninsula.

In greater numbers each year come visitors from the East, South, North and abroad. Stopping for a short time at a hotel, they leave for their homes with memories mainly of Market street and the Ferry building. There is a world to see besides, but no one tells them where and how to find places of interest. San Francisco guide books have been printed, mainly catalogues and tabulations. This remarkable city merits something more comprehensive; and in the wish to present an outline of a story of absorbing interest, to record some things already almost forgotten and to suggest places of interest to the visitor, this book is offered. It does not pretend to be exhaustive, and touches upon only the most prominent of the city's characteristics.

San Francisco, as it was, reproduced visually its peculiar history. It had an individuality as pronounced as Boston or Philadelphia, and more vivid than New York. Therefore, its history is given in brief, for one cannot understand the city without knowing its unmatched story; and, in addition, bits of history and biography have been introduced wherever they seem illuminative and naturally to belong. For the historic part, Theodore Hittell's monumental history of Califor-

nia, John F. Hittell's excellent history of San Francisco, and Soule's Annals of San Francisco have been searched, and these have been supplemented by many diaries and memories of the men of early days.

Neither can one appreciate the city, as it is, without realizing the significance of the epochal April 18, 1906. It may seem that too many references are made to the great fire and earthquake. Let us not forget that in the vast district covered by the fire, every place—without any exception—has been new-born since that time; and therefore, in speaking of any place of interest, reference must inevitably be made to that tremendous catastrophe. To-day, the "down-town" district is a congeries of magnificent buildings and stores; but the sky line is ragged, and the presence of large, unbuilt spaces can be explained only by the fire, recent from a standpoint of city building. Hence, the city as it is, stands as a wonderful monument to men's dauntless courage, energy and achievement. The record of the past six years is the prophecy of the future.

To San Franciscans who love their city, and they are legion, this book is sincerely dedicated.

Berkeley, California, August, 1912.

SAN FRANCISCO
AS IT WAS · AS IT IS · AND HOW TO SEE IT

San Francisco and Cove in 1849.

Chapter One . From Early Days

The name San Francisco was applied to a bay on the western coast of America long years before the discovery of what we now know as San Francisco bay, or the establishment of any settlement upon its shores. What bay first bore the name is not certainly known, and even the origin of the name is veiled in obscurity. The city was named from the bay, it being assumed that the latter was the namesake of St. Francis of Assisi, but it is possible that the Spaniards, who knew of the existence of a bay near latitude thirty-eight degrees soon after the voyage of Sir Francis Drake in 1579, gained their knowledge from the Chronicle of his voyage, and applied his name—Sir Francis changed to St. Francis—to the bay. This is a surmise of John Hittell in his *History of San Francisco.* Theodore Hittell, in his *History of California*, says that the first mention of the name was in connection with the loss of the ship San Augustin in 1595. In 1734, Cabrera Bueno, a Philippine pilot, published in Manila a book on navigation, in which he speaks of this bay of San Francisco on the Californian coast as if it were well known; but from his description, it is quite evident that it is only the outer bay that was known, with Point Reyes as the northern boundary. When Father Junipero Serra, the Franciscan friar, set out from La Paz to establish missions in Alta California, Galvez, the Visitador General, in his instructions respecting the names these missions were to bear, did not include St. Francis. Father Serra, grieved at the omission of the founder of his Order, protested: "Is not our own dear Father St. Francis to have a mission assigned to him?" Galvez replied, "Let him show us his port and he shall have one there." A land expedition set out in

Lake Merced, Set in Wonderful Meadows of Wild Flowers.

1769 from San Diego, where the first of the Upper California missions was established, to seek the bay of Monterey, which was known as a favorable harbor, and to establish the second mission there. When the company passed by the bay of Monterey without recognizing it and pushing northward, discovered the land-locked bay which now bears the name of San Francisco, they were in all probability the first white men to look upon its waters. On the return of the expedition to San Diego the important discovery was reported to Serra. He recalled his former conversation with Galvez, and believed that St. Francis had interposed to lead the little band to the port where he would have his mission.

If, as is barely possible, the outer bay was named in honor of Sir Francis Drake,there is no doubt that it was the name of the Saint of Assisi which was bestowed upon the inner one. When the news of the discovery reached Galvez, he, too, believed that the expedition had been led by the Saint to this spot; but it was not until six years later that the Mission was established. In 1772 a land expedition explored the eastern shore of the bay. Later, in 1774, another came up the western side, passing Lake Merced (named by a later expedition Nuestra Señora de la Merced, Our Lady of Mercy) and arrived at Point Lobos December 4, where they erected a cross on the summit of the hill. Continuous and heavy rains drove them back to Monterey.

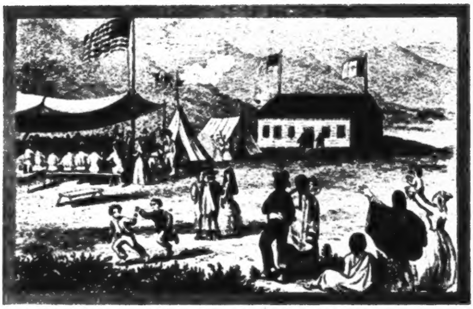
In 1775 Juan de Ayala, as commander of the San Carlos, was sent to make a survey of the bay. He took with him a launch, which, on reaching the entrance, he sent in to explore the straits, now known as the Golden Gate. Finding that it proceeded without difficulty he followed, August 5, 1775, in the San Carlos, the first ship to enter what is now known as San Francisco bay. He sailed around the inner shores and obtained wood and water for the ship from an island which he named Nuestra Señora de los Angeles, shortened now to Angel Island.

In March, 1776, another expedition selected the sites for the Presidio and Mission, and in September and October of that year both were established.

San Francisco had a third beginning, the later settlement of Yerba Buena which finally, in its expansion, embraced the other two. Like the others, it was of Spanish birth, but it was soon adopted by American traders and in a decade was in reality an American town.

For many years the Spanish settlers lived at the Presidio. Later, some of them made homes at the Mission, though at first only the friars and their Indian converts were there. From the early part of the nineteenth century the bay was visited occasionally by foreign ships, and from 1820 on, there was considerable traffic in hides with the missions and great ranches, ships from the New England coast being frequent visitors. It was found that the best anchorage was in a small cove called Yerba Buena, from the mint-like vine or "good herb" which grew abundantly around the shores. This cove lay between what was known as Clark's Point, near the present corner of Broadway and Battery streets, and Rincon Point to the south, curving in to Montgomery street between Washington and Jackson streets. As customs duties were collected on goods brought into California, it seemed advisable that the public officials should be near the anchorage instead of several miles away, at the Presidio or the Mission. So in May, 1835, Figueroa, then Governor of California under Mexico, planned a settlement on the cove. He appointed as Harbor Master, or Captain of the Port, William A. Richardson, a naturalized Englishman who had lived on the Sausalito ranch since 1822. Richardson at once erected a shelter for his family near the middle of what is now Dupont street, between Clay and Washington streets. It was little more than a tent, consisting of ship's canvas on redwood posts. Richardson went into the business of collecting the hides and tallow from the missions and ranches. In 1836 Jacob P. Leese, having asso-

First Custom House. An Adobe Building in the Plaza.



Leese's House and First Fourth of July Celebration.

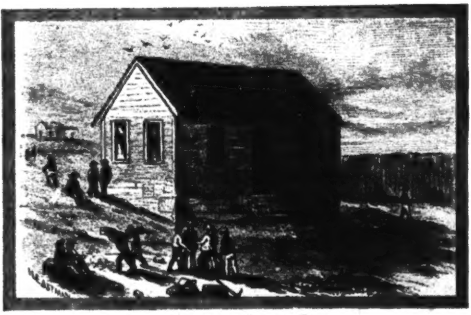
ciated with himself Nathan Spear and William Hinckley, two merchants of Monterey, came to the cove to establish a general store. He brought with him lumber for a house and, being granted a hundred vara lot adjoining Richardson on the south, hastened the building of his home; the first genuine frame structure of the future city. It was finished the morning of July 4 and Independence Day was celebrated by a house-warming. Three vessels in the harbor (two American and one Mexican) contributed bunting for decoration, and the Mexican and American flags floated amicably above the new home. Guests, sixty in number, came from the Presidio, the Mission, from Sonoma and from all the ranches around. Feasting, toasts, music, dancing and other amusements filled two days and the intervening night.

Although Figueroa died before his project of a settlement could be carried out, he is entitled to be called the founder of Yerba Buena. Shortly after Figueroa's death Francisco de Haro, Alcalde of the Presidio of San Francisco, caused a street to be laid out called *La Calle de la Fundacion*, or Foundation street. It ran from a point near the present corner of Kearny and Pine streets northwest toward North Beach. The district bounded by California, Pacific, Montgomery and Dupont streets was a grassy slope toward the cove; on the south and west were steep, sandy hills covered with bushes and scrub oak. No wagon had ever visited the cove and there were only horse trails through the thickets.

The first survey was made in 1839 by Jean Vioget, lots previously having been granted at random, though they were afterward made to conform with Vioget's map, which included only the land bounded now by Montgomery, Powell, California and Broadway streets. No name was given to any street, and the two main streets were Kearny from Sacramento to Pacific and Dupont from Clay to Pacific.

In 1838 a wagon road was opened to the Mission by cutting out the bushes and scrub oaks in a line eight feet wide; but, as there were no vehicles except the Mexican *carretas* (ox-carts with solid wheels cut from logs), the main benefit was to enable horsemen to pass with greater ease. In 1840 there were four Americans, four Englishmen and six other Europeans at Yerba Buena; in 1841 about thirty-one families. This year the Russian establishment at Fort Ross was purchased by General Sutter, and the Russian Fur Company left the country. At the same time the Hudson's Bay Company, having undertaken to supply Sitka with products from California, established a permanent agency in Yerba Buena, in charge of Mr. Ray, the son-in-law of Dr. McLaughlin, the Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, at Vancouver, Washington.

The early Californians were fond of recreation and any especial event was an excuse for a celebration. From the time of Jacob Leese's first Fourth of July festivities, the day was usually marked by rejoicing, all nationalities represented at the cove joining with the Americans. In 1840 a celebration took place in which Californians, English, French, Irish and Germans entered into the festivities with all the ardor of the Americans. During the day a grand picnic was held on Rinçon Hill, followed in the evening by a ball at Captain Richardson's house. Late in the evening a fine dinner was served and dancing continued until daylight. To enable prominent families around the bay to attend, boats were sent to different points a day or two before to bring them in, and they were returned in the same way after the event. Wedding celebrations lasted for several days–dancing every night until far into the morning hours, a few hours' sleep, picnics and bull-fighting in the afternoon. This programme was sometimes continued for a week. Picnics were popular. In the spring the hills toward the ocean were covered with wild strawberries. Parties were formed for camping there to enjoy the fruit, and the berries were made the occasion of

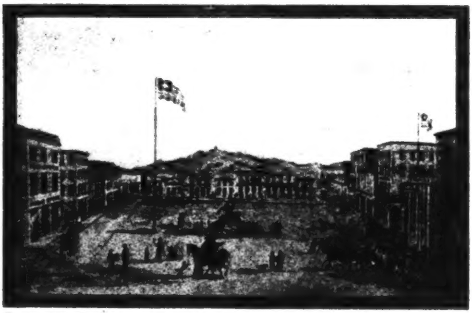


First School House, Near Southwest Corner of Plaza, 1847.

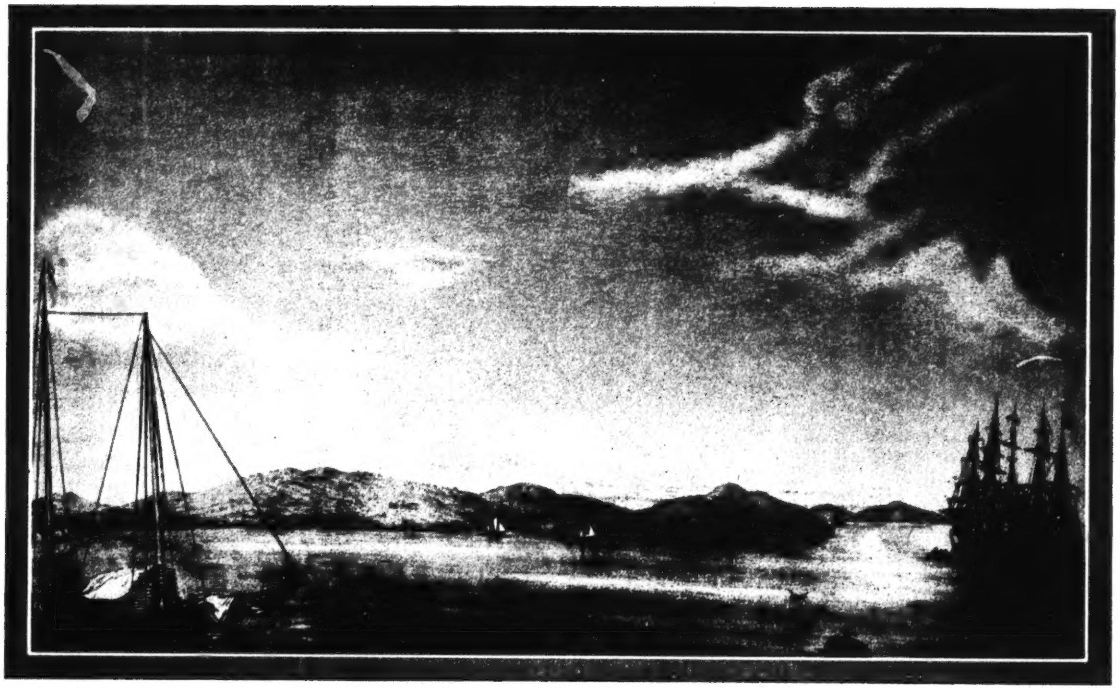
a great *merienda*, sometimes concluding with a ball on the return to the settlement.

In 1844 the business portion of the settlement consisted of three general stores, four groceries, one restaurant, two saloons, three carpenter shops and one blacksmith shop.

All navigators who entered the bay, from Ayala down, testified that the harbor was unsurpassed in size and natural advantages. Kotzebue, the Russian, who visited the bay in 1824, said: "This water, over which scarcely a solitary boat is seen to glide, will reflect the flags of all nations;" and Dana prophesied that "if ever California becomes a prosperous country, this bay will be the center of its prosperity." In 1845 George Bancroft, then Secretary of the United States Navy, wrote to Commodore Sloat, commanding the American squadron in the Pacific: "If you should ascertain, with certainty, that Mexico has declared war against the United States, you will at once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco." The bay was recognized as a most important point. But there was not much growth in the little settlement upon its shores until after July, 1846, when California became the territory of the United States, as an outcome of the declaration of war with Mexico. On the ninth of July, by order of Commodore Sloat, from Monterey, the American flag was raised in the Plaza (afterward called Portsmouth Square) by Captain Montgomery of the Portsmouth, then lying in the harbor, and proclamation was made that "henceforth California will be a portion of the United States." There had been more or less fighting in the State, in the struggles among the different Mexican factions and in the opposition of the Californians to the prospective American occupation. It had not disturbed Yerba Buena, but in general the Californians there and in the vicinity were glad to have their country come under American rule, feeling that they had thus a better assurance of tranquillity. Many leading families were connected by marriage with Americans and had long felt that they were separated from the Mexicans.



Portsmouth Square in 1852.



The Cove in 1837. Leese's and Richardson's Houses on the Hillside. Trading Schooner of Leese at the Left. From Drawing By Jean Vioget. Certified by Leese.

A Dream of the Golden Gate.

When the ships came first through the sunset Golden
Gate of the West to the opal bay,
Bosomed deep in the tranquil olden
Calm of a long-past age it lay;
Few were the wares of the trading crew,
The cares and wants of the settlers few;
Few were the hopes stout hearts embolden
To risk the voyage—few cared to stay.

When the ships come now through the mist-wreathed Golden
Gate of the West to the land-locked bay,
Rich are the freights they engulf and fold in
Their deep, dark hulls as they anchor weigh;
Fruits of earth's bosom—corn and wine,
Gold from the depths of the sunless mine,
Choicest of things that are bought and sold in
The marts of the nation—these are they.

When the ships shall come through the fort-flanked Golden
Gate of the West to the wharf-lined bay,
And the great World's Fair of the age be holden
Along its shores in august display,
Then the new City of the Sea
In her high zenith crowned shall be
And the fame of the Queen of the West extolled in
The songs of the bards of a later day.

—Robert Duncan Milne.
Published in the Nineties.

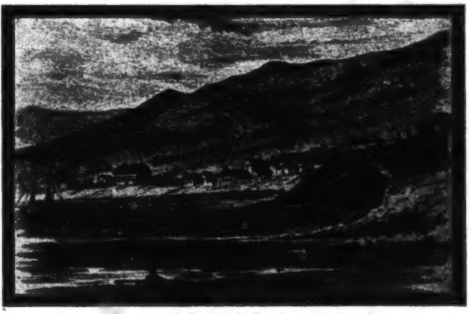
One of the first acts of Captain Montgomery was to appoint one of the lieutenants of the Portsmouth, Washington A. Bartlett, as Alcalde of Yerba Buena, and the little town of two score houses under American rule soon outstripped the village of Dolores, which formerly held supremacy.

Three weeks after the proclamation of Captain Montgomery, there was a large accession to the population. A ship, the Brooklyn, arrived from New York, with two hundred and thirty-eight immigrants, all but a dozen of them Mormons. Their leader was Samuel Brannan, publisher of a Mormon paper in New York, who became in January, 1847, the publisher of the *California Star*, San Francisco's first newspaper. A few months later *The Californian*, established by Walter Colton and Robert Semple in Monterey and the first newspaper of California, was removed to Yerba Buena.

The Mormons were mostly skilled mechanics and farmers and, being industrious, soon filled a useful place in the little community. They did not attempt to make converts and their descendants, if not they themselves, in general abandoned their peculiar faith.

By the dictum of the Alcalde, in 1847 the name San Francisco was substituted for Yerba Buena, the objections to the latter name being that it was difficult of spelling and pronunciation and did not properly represent the great bay which was well known on the Atlantic coast, and of which Yerba Buena hoped and expected to become the chief port.

Edwin Bryant was the second Alcalde. He was succeeded by George Hyde. About this time the boundaries of the town were extended south and west. A census taken in 1847 reports the population of San Francisco, exclusive of officers and soldiers, as numbering four hundred and fifty-nine. This excludes also the village of Dolores, which was not then a part of San Francisco. Of this population not more than half were natives of the United States. There were about



Yerba Buena Cove and Part of Settlement in 1847.

Sutter's Millrace, Where Marshall Discovered Gold.

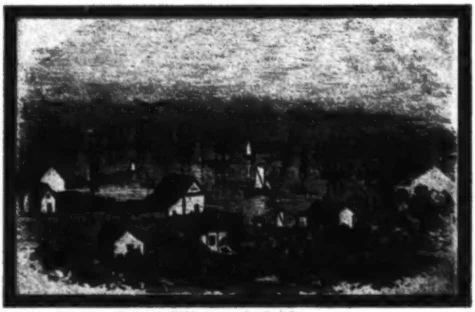
forty each of Spanish-Californians, Indians and Kanakas. In the seventeen months which ended in August, 1847, one hundred and fifty-seven houses had been built; a quarter of them adobe, the rest board shanties.

Many lots having been purchased and some buildings put up, stagnation ensued for a time, and it was agreed that something must be done to stimulate immigration. Therefore, a special number of the *California Star*, for circulation in the East, was published in March, 1848. A six-column article by Doctor V. V. J. Fourgeaud set forth the attractions of San Francisco in somewhat exaggerated terms but giving considerable correct information. A courier with two thousand copies was dispatched overland for Independence, Mo., which place it was expected he would reach in sixty days. From there the papers were to be distributed throughout the East. Another edition, containing more information and offering more attractions for immigrants, was to be sent in the following June, but it was unnecessary. Before that time the rumor of gold (which had been mentioned incidentally in the issue of March) had become a confirmed fact, the news of which it needed no special courier to disseminate.

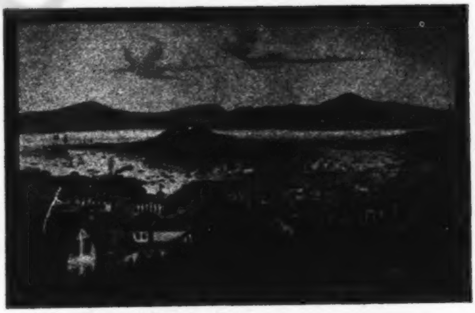
The story of the discovery of gold by James Marshall, an American employed by Sutter in building a saw-mill, is too well known to repeat in detail. The discovery was made in January, 1848. Neither Marshall nor any of his companions knew how to make accurate tests, and it was not until specimens were sent to San Francisco and pronounced to be gold by an old miner there that they were sure of their good fortune. Eight years before, gold had been found in California, in Los Angeles county, by some Mexicans passing through from Sonora. A good deal from that source found its way into Los Angeles. Henry Mellus, trading along the coast, collected about five thousand dollars' worth, which he transmitted to Boston in the Alert. Later he made other remittances, and some found its way to Yerba

Buena. Probably in 1840 and 1841 a hundred thousand dollars' worth was taken from those diggings. The padres knew of gold in the Sacramento valley long before its discovery by Marshall. Indians from that vicinity sometimes brought them bits of the shining metal; but, fearful of its effect upon the Indians if they knew its value, the padres cautioned them to secrecy. They made no use themselves of the knowledge, and only revealed the important fact once or twice in conversation.

Activities in San Francisco ceased as soon as it was certainly known that there was gold in New Helvetia, as Captain Sutter's settlement was called. Every boat coming down brought more gold; every returning boat took more of the population, until the town was almost deserted. *The Californian* and the *Star* suspended publication and editors and compositors rushed to the mines with the rest. The price of lots in San Francisco fell, but business soon revived, for it was realized that with the great rush to the mines which was inevitably coming there would be an enlarged demand for all sorts of supplies. In May the miners were all from the vicinity of the bay, in June they came from further south; in July from Los Angeles, and by fall they were coming from Oregon, the Hawaiian Islands, from Mexico and Peru. The excitement spread to the East. From Maine to Texas it occupied the thoughts of all. In *Seeking the Golden Fleece*, Dr. Stillman says: "At the close of the month of January, 1849, ninety vessels had sailed from the various eastern ports, conveying nearly eight thousand men, and seventy more ships were up for passage. * * * Editors, who in the columns of their papers had discouraged the movement and exhorted young men to be satisfied with the slow gains of home industry, sold out and anticipated the quickest of us at the gold mines by at least a month. Ministers of the gospel raised their voices against the dangers of riches and, like Cassandra, prophesied unutterable woes upon the country, and started in the first ship as missionaries to San Francisco."



Yerba Buena Cove. Winter of 1849-'50.



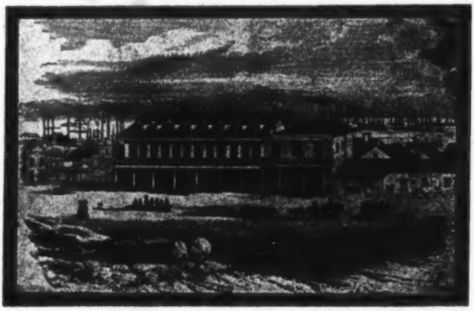
San Francisco and Bay in 1851.

In February, 1849, the first steamer came through the Golden Gate, the first boat of the Pacific Mail Company. War vessels lying in the bay greeted the newcomer with a display of bunting, salutes, music by the band and cheers by the crews. People flocked to Telegraph Hill, and there was great rejoicing that San Francisco was connected by steam with the East. The steamer brought word that two more boats belonging to the same company were on their way around the Horn, and that there would be monthly communication with the East by way of the Isthmus.

The beginning of 1849 saw San Francisco with a population of two thousand. By the end of the year there were at least six times as many. Though the rush to the mines continued, there were many who recognized that fortunes were to be made in trade and professions, and stayed in San Francisco to reap their dollars there. Men who had lived frugally on a few dollars a month now came from the mines with hundreds to spend, and demanding the best. Men came without outfits, to go to the mines; doctors were needed, lawyers were needed, ministers and teachers. They all came, and the wants of all must be supplied. The prices of everything were exorbitantly high. Washing (Bayard Taylor tells us in *El Dorado*) was eight dollars a dozen, and much of it was sent to China and the Sandwich Islands, because it could be done cheaper than in San Francisco. One returning vessel from Canton brought back two hundred and fifty dozen, and one from the Sandwich Islands, a hundred and fifty dozen. Lumber shipped from New York, which had cost a thousand dollars, brought fourteen thousand in San Francisco. A man landing from a ship with old New York newspapers in his pockets could sell them for a dollar apiece. Stephen J. Field bought in New York a dozen chamois skins, in which to wrap the stationery he was bringing, for which he paid a dollar apiece. On his arrival, sixteen dollars was eagerly paid for each. The skins were to be made into bags for holding gold dust. Rents soared out of sight. A man looking for a law office was shown a cellar six feet deep and twelve feet square which he could have for two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Cottages, costing in the East about fifteen hundred dollars, with partitions of cloth and paper, rented for a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. The Parker House, which had cost thirty thousand dollars to build, rented for fifteen thousand a month. A canvas tent, fifteen by twenty-five feet, occupied as a gambling den, paid forty thousand a year rent. Wages were in proportion. Household servants were paid from one hundred to two hundred dollars a month. A cartman of Mellus, Howard & Co. received six thousand a year. Other workmen received from fifteen to twenty dollars a day. It was necessary to pay high wages to keep the workmen from going to the mines. An old menu used in 1849 ran as follows: "Bean soup, $1; hash, low grade, 75 cents; hash, eighteen carat, $1; beef, plain, $1; beef, with one potato, $1.15; baked beans, plain, 75 cents; baked beans, greased, $1; two potatoes, 50 cents; two potatoes, peeled, 75 cents; rice pudding, 75 cents." Bishop Kip, in 1853, paid $5 for an apple for his sick wife.

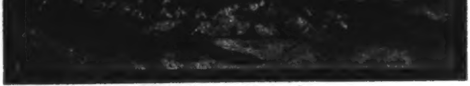
Fortunes were made in a week. A citizen died insolvent to the amount of $41,000; by the time his affairs could be settled, real estate had so advanced in value that, after his debts were paid, his heirs had an income of $40,000 a year. Fifteen per cent a month was sometimes paid for money, and it was not unduly difficult to pay it. Bayard Taylor wrote: "Never have I had so much difficulty in establishing, satisfactorily to my own senses, the reality of what I saw and heard. One knows not whether he is awake or in some wonderful dream."

Pages might be written of these enchanted times, but there was another side. Some who had sold their all to get to the mines returned unsuccessful, keenly disappointed. Some returned with money, but broken in health by exposure and poor food. Some came back only to lose their

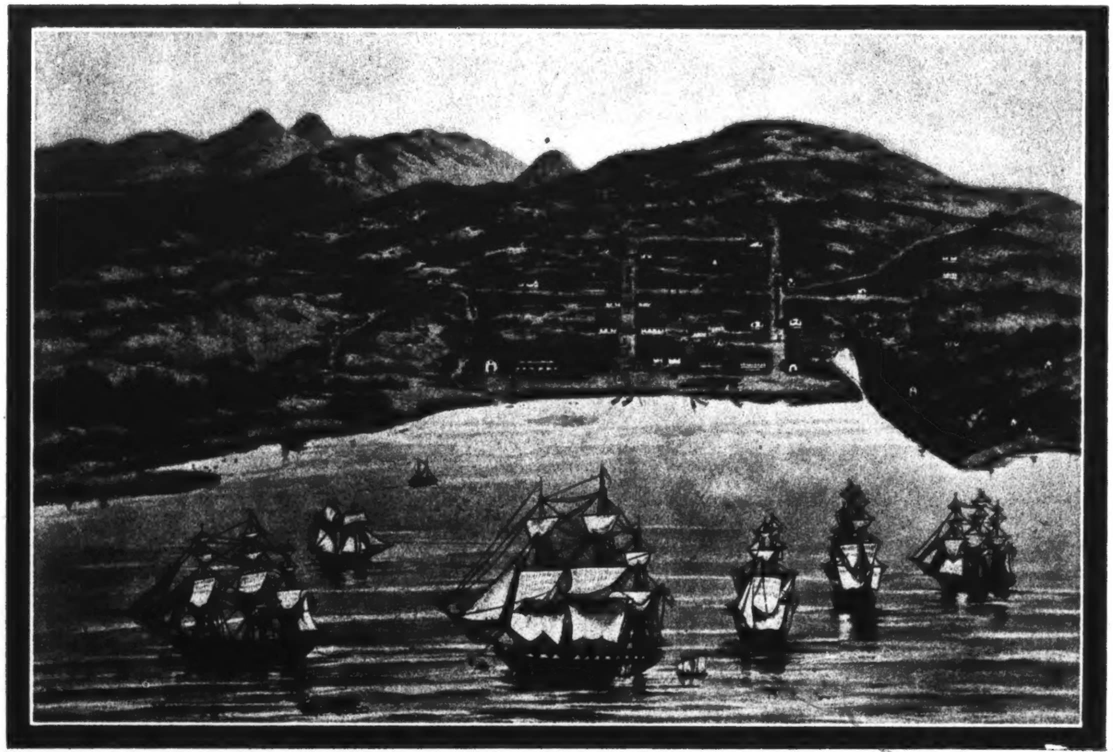


The Parker House on Kearny Street, Opposite the Plaza, 1849.

golden wealth in gambling and other vices. Some of the discomforts of daily life can be well imagined from Bayard Taylor's description of the remarkable scene presented by the town in 1849: "The barren side of the hill before us was covered with tents and canvas houses, and nearly in front a large two-story building bore the sign,'Fremont Family Hotel.' As yet we were only in the suburbs. Crossing the shoulder of the hill, the view extended around the curve of the bay, and hundreds of tents and houses appeared, scattered all over the heights and along the shore for more than a mile. On every side stood buildings of all kinds, begun or half finished, and the greater part mere canvas sheds, open in front and covered with all kinds of signs in all languages. Great quantities of goods were piled in the open air for want of a place to store them in. The streets were full of people, hurrying to and fro, and of as diverse and bizarre a character as the houses–Yankees of every variety, native Californians in sarapes and sombreros, Chilians, Sonorians, Kanakas from Hawaii, Chinese with long pig-tails, and Malays armed with creeses. We came at last to the Plaza, now dignified by the name of Portsmouth Square. From a high pole in front of a long one-story building, used as a Custom House, the American flag was flying." Almost the same view is given by the Rev. William Taylor, a Methodist missionary,who came late in 1849 and spent seven years in San Francisco, doing good among his fellow men and lifting up his voice for righteousness wherever he could gather an audience, in church or street. He said: "When we reached the summit of the hill above Clark's Point, we stopped and took a view of the city of tents; not a brick house in the place and but few wooden ones, and not a wharf or pier in the harbor. But for a few old adobe houses, it would have been easy to imagine that the whole city was pitched the evening before to accommodate a vast caravan for the night." Some months later he emphasized the discomforts by adding: "I have often gone out in the morning following a stormy night



The "City of Tents," Winter of 1849-'50.



San Francisco in
1846, Showing Lagoon and
Stream Bridged by
Captain Hinckley
(page 44). Central
Ship the Portsmouth.
Original Drawing Attested
by General Vallejo,
J. D. Stevenson
and George Hyde.

** * The Bay of San Francisco is the safe, convenient and commodious harbor where trade will be concentrated. In a very few years numerous vessels of all nations—men-of-war, merchantmen, whalers, the Chinese junk, and the powerful steamers—will find here the safest anchorage, the most central situation, and the best market of the Pacific. * * Besides, it appears that the American Government has resolved upon securing the right of establishing a ship canal near the neck of land which divides the two Americas—and there is every reason to believe that this grand and beneficent project will be realized. The advantages which would result from it for California are so evident that we deem it unnecessary to allude to them.*

—Written in March, 1848, by Dr. V. V. G. Fourgeaud, for the Special Number of the "California Star," which was circulated in the East.

and found whole rows of tents lying flat on the ground, and scattered in every direction by the merciless blasts of winter."

The hill, from what is now Vallejo street to California above Stockton, was nearly covered with chaparral. There was no grading, planking or paving in any of the streets. The winter of 1849-50 was extraordinarily wet and the ungraded and unpaved streets became Sloughs of Despond. Men and horses were frequently mired and extricated with great difficulty. Two horses sank so deep that they could not be rescued, and three men, probably intoxicated, suffocated over night in the mud of Montgomery street. Lumber and labor were so costly that it was impossible to build sidewalks. Dirt and brush were thrown in the crosswalks, supplemented by kegs and barrels. Finally the goods of overstocked merchants were used to help out the difficulty and, on Montgomery street, between Clay and Jackson, a sort of walk was made of bags of Chilian flour, pressed down nearly out of sight, extended by a row of cooking stoves and boxes of tobacco. In other places barrels of spoiled provisions, kegs of nails and some of the useless gold-washing machines, which every vessel brought, were converted into stepping stones.

From December, 1849, to June, 1851, occurred six disastrous fires, each of which nearly annihilated the business part of the town. Millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed. Only an indomitable spirit and almost superhuman courage could have survived so many disasters. Instead of bewailing their losses, the day after a fire men were pouring water on the embers, wagons were hauling away the debris and bringing fresh materials for the new buildings. Realizing that wood and canvas offered little resistance to flames, once they had made any headway, an effort was made to erect more substantial buildings of brick and and stone. Labor was so high that bricks could not be made nor stone cut at home, so granite, ready dressed, was brought from China, and bricks from Sydney, London and New York. Shortly after these fires the common coun-

Early City Seal, and Seal of City and County.

Celebration of Admission Day, 1850.

cil adopted for a corporation seal the design of a phœnix rising from flames before the Golden Gate. When a new seal was adopted by the consolidated City and County of San Francisco, the phœnix was still retained as a crest above the shield. Its peculiar appropriateness was demonstrated in later years, when the same spirit and courage of the people carried them through the crisis of 1906 and rebuilt the city in three and a half years.

In 1850, September ninth, California was admitted to the Union as a State. From 1846 until the admission, California had occupied an anomalous position, for during those four years it belonged to the United States as the fruit of conquest, and yet, curiously, it never had a territorial form of government. The supreme power was military, but the civil government, especially in the towns, was allowed to go on very much as when under Mexican rule. The delay in settling its political status was due to political intrigues at Washington.

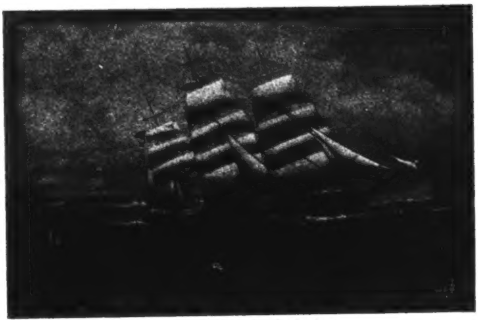
The news of the admission was received on the eighteenth of October, by the mail steamer, Oregon, amidst the greatest rejoicing. The ship entered the harbor with an unusual display of bunting and soon the good tidings flew from mouth to mouth. Business was suspended and in a short time the hills and housetops were black with people. When the steamer rounded Clark's Point, her masts covered with flags, a universal shout arose from the people on shore which was repeated again and again. At night the town was illuminated, bonfires blazed on the hills and rockets were fired incessantly. Impromptu parties added to the festivity. The twenty-ninth was set apart as an especial day of rejoicing. A procession, of which the Chinese formed an important feature, marched through the streets. There was an oration at Portsmouth Square, singing by a large choir, salutes from great guns, and bonfires and fireworks in the evening, which terminated in a grand ball, at which five hundred gentlemen and three hundred ladies danced till daylight. Not long after, San Francisco received a full city charter. John W. Geary was the first mayor.

As early as 1849 a station was erected on Telegraph Hill, from which to observe the incoming vessels. A tall pole on which were movable arms was used to signal the character of the vessel to the people in the town below, whether a sailing vessel or a side-wheel steamer of the Pacific Mail. Later a station was established on Point Lobos, whence a vessel could be observed at a much farther distance, the news signaled to Telegraph Hill and from there to the town. This use of Telegraph Hill gave it its name. In 1853 the erection of a telegraph line to Point Lobos, connected with the Merchants' Exchange, led to the abandonment of the former signals from there and from Telegraph Hill. The city was also put into telegraphic communication with San Jose, Stockton, Sacramento and Marysville.

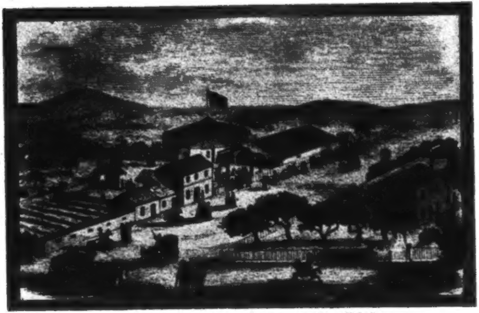
After the Panama Railroad was completed, steamers arrived and departed twice a month. The days before the steamers departed were collection days, in order that merchants might be able to transmit the money East for goods. The custom of making collections twice a month persisted until the fire, and merchants spoke of those days as "steamer days" long after transmissions of money by steamer had ceased.

It was the California trade which developed the old clipper ships, which shortened the time of sailing between the Atlantic and the Pacific by several weeks. The old personal names, The Eliza, The Euphemia, were dropped; and names were chosen emblematic of their speed, The Flying Cloud, The White Squall, The Sea Witch, The Meteor.

In 1854 the city was lighted for the first time with gas. The price was $15 per thousand. Two plank roads had been built to the Mission, one by Mission street, the other by Folsom. Near the latter street, at about the corner of Sixth and Harrison streets, was Russ's Garden. Charles Warren Stoddard wrote of it: "It flourished in the Fifties, this



A Clipper Ship. W. A. Coulter's Painting in Merchants' Exchange.



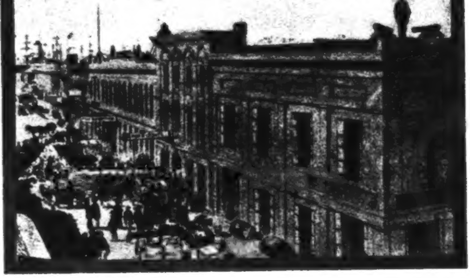
Russ' Garden. Home of Mr. Russ at the Right.

very German garden, the pride and property of Mr. Christian Russ. It was a little bit of the Fatherland, transported as if by magic and set down among the hillocks, towards the Mission Dolores. Well I remember being taken there at intervals, to find little tables among artificial bowers, where sat whole families, sedate or merry. * * * There was always something to be seen, to be listened to, to be done. Meals were served at all hours, and beer at all minutes. I remember how scanty the foliage was; I remember the high wind that blew in from the sea, and the pavilion that was a wonder-world of never-failing attractiveness." Stoddard tells us too of "The Willows, another sylvan retreat. There were some willows, but I fear they were numbered, and there was an al fresco theatre. The place had quite a Frenchy atmosphere, and was not at all German as was Russ's Garden. French singers sang French songs upon the stage." The Willows was in a depression near Valencia street, between Seventeenth and Nineteenth.

The two Vigilance Committees, of 1851 and 1856, had an important influence upon the history of San Francisco. They accomplished ends which seemed hopeless by any other means. Their success was sometimes made the excuse for illegal proceedings elsewhere which had less happy results. In 1851 a committee of leading citizens, realizing that grave crimes were being committed in their midst and that judges, prosecuting attorneys and police were inefficient, if not corrupt (since the criminals were not brought to justice), banded themselves together, chose a jury, a prosecuting attorney, appointed lawyers to defend the accused, and tried several men for different crimes. Though the act itself was illegal, the trials were carried on with legal care. Some prisoners were acquitted; others were sentenced and executed. Many convicts who had been deported to Australia from Great Britain had landed here. By orders of the Vigilance Committee, they were forbidden to land and many were sent out of the country.

No judicial proceedings on behalf of the State were ever taken against members of the Committee. After it had done its work its meetings ceased, though it never formally disbanded.

By 1856 corruption of city officials and tolerance of crime had again reached such a point that the substantial citizens revolted. Gambling was a prominent feature of the city. El Dorado, the Bella Union, the Verandah, the Arcade, the Casino were a few of the notorious houses. A thousand homicides had been committed in the city between 1849 and 1856, and there had been only seven executions. The ballot box was stuffed, the forgeries of Henry Meiggs, who built Meiggs' wharf at North Beach, went unpunished and he was allowed to escape out of the country. The courts failed to administer justice and the opinion prevailed that the only way to correct all these abuses was by another extra-legal organization. The murder of James King of William, the editor of the *Bulletin*, by James Casey (whom he had denounced as a ballot-box stuffer and a former convict from Sing Sing, New York) precipitated matters. An organization was effected of three thousand men, who were formed into companies and drilled. There was a general suspension of business. Casey and Cora (another murderer) were tried and convicted and hanged in front of the Vigilance headquarters, a building on Sacramento street known afterwards as Fort Gunnybags, from the precautionary measures the Committee thought best to take, by barricading the building with bags of sand. After the execution of Cora and Casey the Committee turned their attention to the ballot-box stuffers, and soon the professional criminals fled in terror from the city. Meantime the militia was ordered by the Governor to put down the Committee, by force if necessary. William T. Sherman, then a banker in San Francisco, was selected to command it. An endeavor was made to form a Law and Order party, but the Committee was supported by public opinion and, being divided among themselves, the Law and Order party accomplished nothing. Sher-



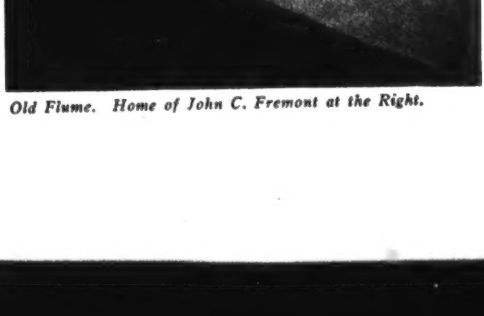
Fort Gunnybags.

man resigned, as he could not procure arms. Two months after the execution of Cora and Casey two more hangings took place by order of the Vigilance Committee–Hetherington and Bruce, both murderers. These four executions were the only ones ordered by the Committee. In each case the prisoner was undoubtedly guilty and regarded as such by the community. Each was tried deliberately and executed publicly. Soon after these executions the Committee disbanded, having been in session two and a half months. The city took a general holiday to witness the disbanding, and thousands came from the interior to see those who had defied the law in the interest of justice. Flags and flowers adorned the streets. The sidewalks were lined with ladies as the procession of five thousand passed. It included one hundred and fifty members of the Committee of 1851, artillery companies, dragoons, forty-nine physicians and surgeons, Vigilante police, hundreds of citizens on horseback, thirty-three companies of the Vigilante infantry, and numerous military bands.

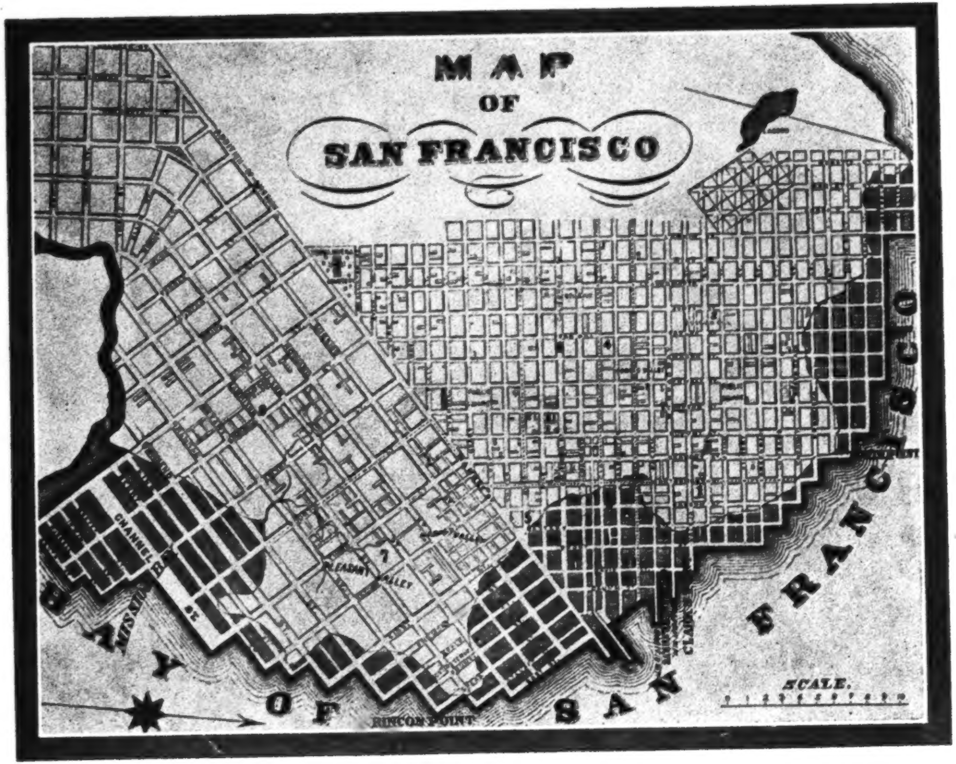
After the dissolution, many citizens who had been opposed to the Committee, fearing that such an organization would lead to riots and violence, expressed satisfaction and surprise at the good results. Others cherished bitterness which lasted for years.

In 1858 water was brought into the city from Lobos creek, by a wooden flume running from the mouth of the creek around the Presidio and Fort Point and along the bay shore to Telegraph Hill. In *In the Footsteps of the Padres*, Stoddard gives us a description of the old flume which his boyish footsteps travelled on their way to the beach. This line was the original basis of the Spring Valley Water Works. Previous to the construction of the flume the city was supplied by springs, a few artesian wells, or, for those at a distance from such supplies, by cart and carrier. Water-carrying was lucrative business.

The city was gradually enlarging its borders. In 1858 an official map was made which embraced, it was declared, "all the land the city was ever likely to occupy for



Old Flume. Home of John C. Fremont at the Right.


MAP
OF
SAN FRANCISCO
BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO
CHANNEL
ST.
PLEASANT VALLEY
CLARKS
RINCON POINT
SCALE.

When Larkin Street Was the Western Boundary. Showing Outline of Old Coves and Points.

Deathless

Thews of the dauntless Norman Knight, blood of the Saxon thane,
Eye of the hillman, eagle wise, scanning the far-off plain,
Mind of the gentle Puritan, stern in his single thought–
This was the blood of the Pioneer, this was the Argonaut.

Out on the hills of the Sunset Land, out by the Western gate,
Builded a city to last for aye, under the hand of Fate;
This was the Temple of Destiny, out of the Future wrought;
This was the lasting monument raised by the Argonaut.

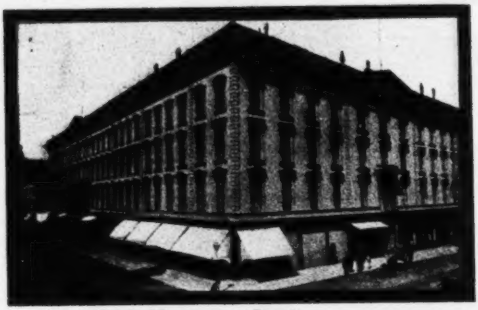
* * *

—Lowell Otus Reese

any purpose whatever." The north and east boundaries were the shores of the bay. The southern limit was Eighteenth street, and the western, Larkin street! When the fire of 1906 was over, all that remained of the city lay almost exactly outside those boundaries made forty-eight years before! In 1858, discovery of gold on the Fraser river started a rush for the new fields, and it was feared at one time that the city would be almost depopulated. Real estate lost half its value, but it was only a temporary depression in the fortunes of the city. There were individual losses, but the disappointed miners flocked back to "God's country," declaring they would never leave it again. Soon real estate recovered from its momentary decline; and in 1859, the Hayes Tract, west of Larkin street and south of Turk, was put upon the market, so soon after it had been declared that Larkin street must remain the western boundary.

The city's population grew more and more cosmopolitan: English, Scotch, Irish, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Turk, Russian, Swede, Syrian, Persian, Hindoo, Malay, Chinese, Japanese, Pacific Islander, Mexican, Central and Southern American, and African were found upon the streets, in characteristic dress and speaking their characteristic tongues. The circulating medium was as varied as the people who handled it. There were English sovereigns, and Spanish doubloons; there were private coins—five and ten dollar pieces of Moffat & Company; five, ten and twenty dollar pieces of Baldwin & Company; five and ten dollar pieces of Dubosq & Company, and five dollar pieces of Schultz & Company and Dunbar & Company. There were stamped ingots, varying in value from forty to a hundred and fifty dollars, and fifty dollar coins (large, octagonal discs a little thicker than a double-eagle) which went by the name of slugs. There were also round fifty dollar pieces, as well as a few private twenty-five dollar coins. In silver there were American dollars, Mexican pesos and reals, the French five-franc pieces, Indian rupees, English shillings and sixpences.

Bella Union, Verandah and El Dorado, North and East of Plaza.



Occidental Hotel, Montgomery Street.

Anything about the size of an American dollar, as the French five-franc piece, circulated for a dollar, although it might contain much less silver; and the same with other coins. A rupee passed for a half dollar, an English shilling for a quarter, or two bits. No coin less than a bit or real was recognized, but an English sixpence or an American dime passed for a bit. The latter was often called a short bit, and the rest of the quarter a long bit.

In 1860 the Pony Express was established, carrying letters between St. Joseph, Mo. (the western end of the railroad on the Atlantic slope), and Sacramento, on the Pacific slope. By relays, the trip was made in about ten and a half days, each horse travelling about twenty-four miles. The mail was sent twice a week each way. The rate of postage being five dollars a half ounce, only important letters were sent in this way. The time for letters between New York and San Francisco was reduced to thirteen days; news was brought down to ten, as the rider received by telegraph at St. Joseph, before starting, the latest news from the East. These messengers, riding night and day across the plains through bands of hostile Indians, are among the most heroic characters of American history.

Previous to the early Sixties, the titles of land south of Pine street had been in dispute; so the growth of the city had been largely north of Pine on Stockton, Powell, Mason and Taylor streets. All the hotels except the Oriental were north of Pine street, and so were the churches. When the titles were settled the growth of the southern part was rapid. In earlier days omnibuses ran every half hour between North Beach and South Park; but about this time horse-cars, and steam-cars on Market street and Valencia, furnished transportation.

After a period of financial depression, the rapid advance of agriculture in the State and the development of silver mines in Nevada furnished new stimulus to the city's activities. The Russ

House, the Lick House and the Occidental Hotel were built, in addition to fourteen hundred new houses in the course of the year ending August, 1861.

The Sixties were years of great excitement—the years of the Civil War, the building of the Central Pacific Railroad and the development of the Comstock lode in Nevada, which enriched to an enormous degree a number of San Franciscans and made and lost fortunes for others through the speculations which were stimulated.

At the outbreak of the Civil War the fate of California was undecided. Many Southerners, ardent sympathizers with the cause of secession, were within her borders. Thomas Starr King, Senator Baker and others roused by their eloquence the latent loyalty of the people and the cause of the Union triumphed. The same fervid voice of King pleaded for the cause of the Sanitary Commission with such force that at the first meeting $6,600 was contributed. Later, committees were appointed and the work systematized, with the result that out of the $4,800,000 cash the Sanitary Commission received, California contributed nearly $1,250,000. San Francisco alone sent $360,000 the first year and $25,000 a month thereafter.

In January, 1863, ground was broken at Sacramento for the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad; Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker and Mark Hopkins, thereafter known as the "Big Four," being associated in the work. To Theodore D. Judah, who was employed as engineer for the laying out and construction of the earlier short road from Sacramento to Folsom, is due in a large measure the construction of this road. His zeal and activity inspired confidence in the men who undertook the enterprise, and it was he who discovered the most practicable pass over the Sierras. He died at the early age of thirty-seven. In May, 1869, the last spike of the Central Pacific Railroad was driven near Salt Lake, and the Atlantic and Pacific became united by steel rails.

A Former Nob Hill Mansion, the Home of Charles Crocker.

The First Palace Hotel, Opened in 1875.

The mansions on Nob Hill were built in the Seventies by millionaires created by the Central Pacific and the silver mines of Nevada. The hill acquired its present name through the universal adoption of the slang term given to it after these houses of the "nobs" were erected. There is a tradition, not very well authenticated, that in some early *Gazeteer* the name "Knob" was applied to it and that at this time the "K" was dropped, leaving the more picturesque title. Be this as it may, it has been Nob Hill since the Seventies.

During this decade the Palace Hotel was built; the City Hall was begun; San Francisco had become a metropolis.

William C. Ralston (who had contributed so much to the activities of the city and the State) died, leaving the Bank of California, of which he was president, in financial difficulties. Ralston had been a promoter on a great scale. He entertained lavishly at his country home at Belmont, where there were accommodations for a hundred guests. Shortly before his death, he built a house in the city for similar entertainment. The scale of his hospitality was such that it was rumored (though without foundation) the bank allowed him $150,000 a year for this purpose. He was charitable, considerate and obliging, and he left many warm friends. The bank was reorganized by the stockholders in the interests of protection to the business of the city. The stockholders, many of them millionaires, formed a syndicate, supplied the lost capital by assessment and reopened the bank five weeks after it closed, since when, as a financial institution, it has ranked with the strongest on the Pacific coast.

In 1876 James Lick died, leaving nearly all his vast fortune to benefactions for the city and State. The Lick Observatory, the Lick School of Mechanical Arts, the Lick Free Baths, the Old Ladies' Home and statuary in the city and in Golden Gate Park are some of his gifts. After the payment of all appropriations and the gifts to his relatives, the remainder of his fortune was divided between the California Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers. His name should always be held in grateful remembrance. He was one of the curious characters of which there have been so many in San Francisco. He was a cabinet-maker with scanty education, a native of Pennsylvania, who emigrated when a young man to South America where he accumulated $30,000. He came to San Francisco in 1847 and invested his savings in real estate. His fortune was made almost exclusively by the rise in land values; for instance, for the lot on which the Lick House stood he gave $300. A few years after he died it was worth $750,000. He built a grist mill on Guadalupe creek near San Jose, which made excellent flour, but was especially noteworthy because its inside timbers were made of solid mahogany. It was said that before he left his Pennsylvania home he was refused the hand of a miller's daughter, and that he then vowed he would build a mill of his own some day which would open their eyes with astonishment. He planted an extensive orchard and garden, in which were grown nearly every kind of tree, shrub or vegetable which could be cultivated in the State. He built a large and costly mansion near San Jose which he never occupied. He lived frugally in a tiny house, not much more than a shanty. Though without much education, he had a great veneration for science, and believed that by promoting its cultivation he could do the greatest good to mankind. Theodore Hittell pays him the following tribute: "Everything indicated a pure, unselfish, disinterested, benevolent, highly enlightened philanthropy; and the more all the circumstances are considered, the more excellent, sublime and worthy of admiration appears the man who could and did so act."

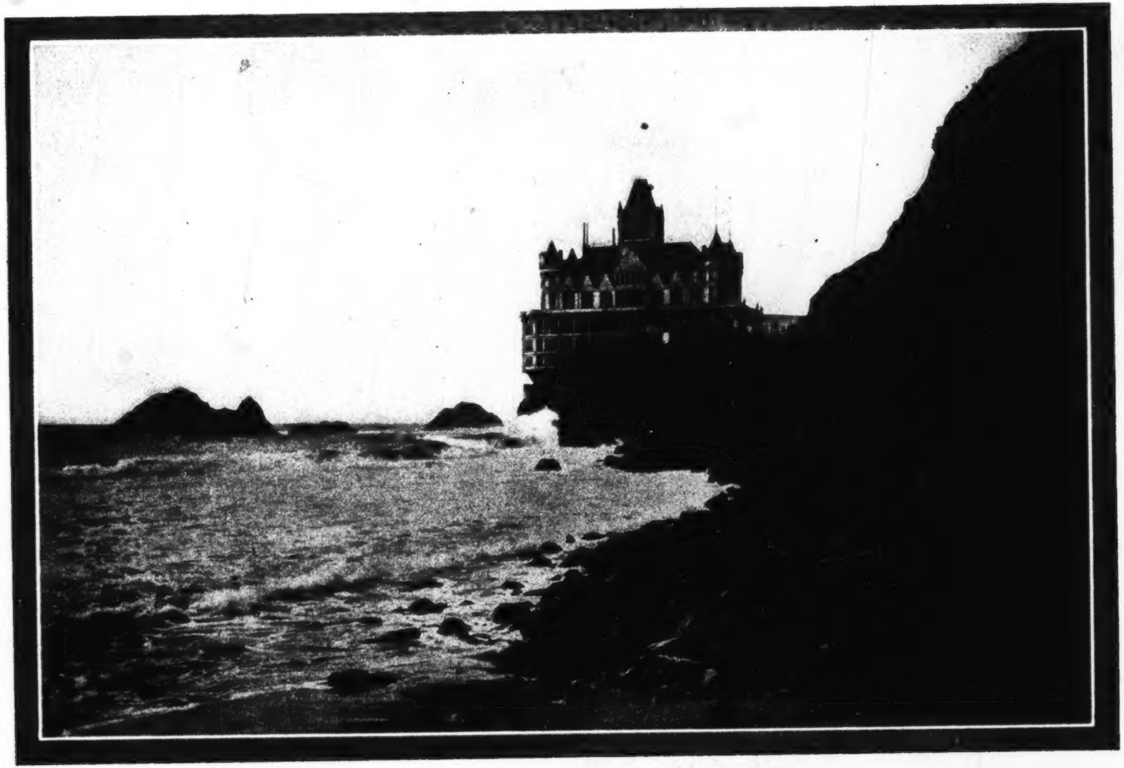
Another great benefactor of San Francisco was Adolph Sutro. He was born in Aix-la-Chapelle in 1830 and came to this city in 1850. After spending nearly a decade in business in San Francisco, he went to Virginia City, Nevada. While there he conceived the idea of constructing a great

The Lick House, Montgomery Street near Post.

tunnel under the silver mines to drain them, furnish better ventilation and enable the ore and debris to be removed with greater facility. The owners of the mines at first fell in with the scheme, but, finding that Sutro was not a man whom they could control, they opposed him; and, as many of them were large stockholders in the Bank of California, he found he could not raise money there. Single-handed and alone he fought his way, secured legislation, lectured in Nevada, the East and Europe upon his project, raised the necessary money and personally pushed the work to completion. The tunnel did all that he claimed; the mine owners were finally glad to pay him to allow the water from their mines to drain through it, that being cheaper for them than pumping, and Sutro finally sold his stock at a good figure. He returned to San Francisco and during his lifetime added much to the advantages of the city, and many of his works live after him. He bought the bare hills of the San Miguel rancho, which he named Mount Parnassus. He covered them with trees that have grown into a forest and greatly beautify the city. He bought the grounds now known as Sutro Heights, made the beautiful garden which he opened to the public, and built the great salt water baths which bear his name. He bought the Cliff House property and built the house of that name which was destroyed by fire in 1907, and he collected in Europe the immense library of books and manuscripts (known as the Sutro Library) which he offered to the city under certain conditions with which the city failed to comply.

The centennial year of the birth of American independence–1876–was observed in San Francisco with especial emphasis, the rejoicing of the city being not only on account of the Nation, but also because it was the anniversary of her own birth. The celebration began on the Saturday before the Fourth of July by patriotic sermons in the synagogues, followed by others of a similar character in the churches Sunday. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at the Presidio there were sham

Sutro Gardens, the Entrance.



The Cliff House,
Built by Adolph Sutro.
Destroyed by Fire
in 1907.
Photograph by
L. E. Edgeworth.

On the Heights.

While round the rock where bask the seal
The gulls in sunny circles wheel,
The waters of the Golden Shore
Lave her fair sands, and fret no more.

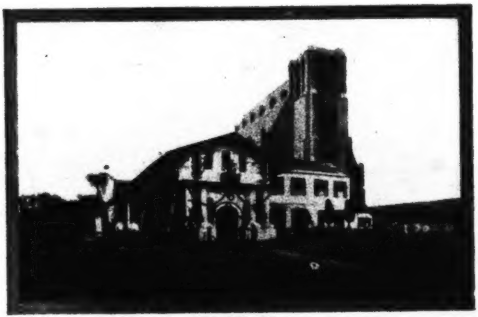
A charm is on the sea, the bay,
The glistening white caps melt away;
Between the brown walls silently
The dipping ships are steering by.

A shape unseen, of might unguessed,
Sits at this gateway of the West;
Smiling she waits here by the sea,
Beckoning our glories yet to be.

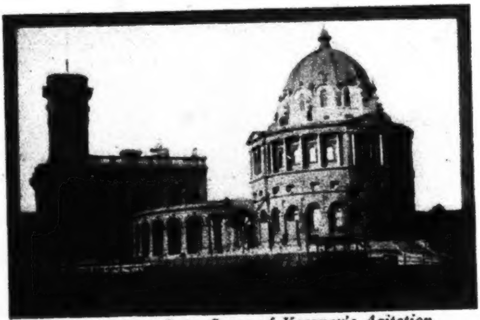
—*John Vance Cheney.*

battles, firing at a target-boat by warships in the bay, processions, illuminations, orations and balls. The hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the Mission was celebrated on the eighth of October by a large procession, services in the old church and orations by Archbishop Alemany, General Mariano Vallejo and John W. Dwinelle.

The years 1876 and 1877 were periods of business depression in San Francisco, and many of the laboring class were thrown out of work. The news of the great labor and railroad riots in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Pittsburg fired the smouldering discontent which at first was turned against the Chinese. One laundry was burned and others were wrecked. Threats were made to drive out the Asiatics, by fire if necessary. As the police force was insufficient to handle the mob, if aroused, and as there were about three hundred Chinese laundries in a city composed largely of wooden houses, the situation was grave. There was danger of the destruction of the whole city by fire. A public meeting of citizens was called and a protective association was formed under the leadership of William T. Coleman, who had been president of the Vigilantes in 1856. On application to the United States Government, arms were granted and several vessels were sent from Mare Island, as threats had been made against the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, that company being held responsible by the laboring men for bringing over the Chinese. Arms were distributed among the citizens and they were formed into companies and drilled. Coleman, not wishing to use firearms if it could be avoided, obtained six thousand pick-handles which were given out, to be used as clubs if the necessity arose. The rioters congregated one night near the threatened docks and set fire to lumber yards near by. Policemen and a large number of the pick-handle brigade fought them and there was a hard struggle which lasted two hours. A few were killed and a number wounded. By midnight the city was quiet and for a time there were no more disturbances. The war vessels went



The Centennial of the Old Mission.



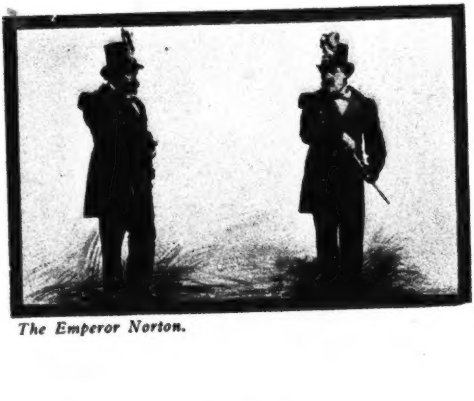
City Hall and Sand Lots, Scene of Kearney's Agitation.

back to Mare Island, the arms were returned to the Government, and thanks forwarded to the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy. But discontent continued among the laboring classes. A man arose who was ambitious to become the leader, Dennis Kearney, an Irish drayman who had been recently naturalized. He addressed the workmen in halls and on street corners and, finally, regularly every Sunday afternoon in vacant sand-lots before the City Hall. The party which he tried to organize, as a Trade and Labor Union, or Workingman's party, came to be known as the Sand-lot party and Kearney as the sand-lot agitator. He used the most incendiary language–at first against the Chinese, but soon against capitalists in general, who throve, he declared, on the cheap labor of the Chinese. He incited the unemployed to take matters into their own hands (use fire and hemp, if necessary) to drive out the Chinese, and to make the thieves, as he called the capitalists, give up their plunder. He declared that he and his followers would march to the City Hall, clear out the police force and hang the prosecuting attorney, and he made even direr threats against any member of the Workingman's party who should flag in interest. With three thousand men he led a demonstration against the millionaires of Nob Hill. He and other leaders were arrested for inciting riots. While in jail they weakened and wrote to the Mayor, making promises of moderation for the future. The Mayor did not interfere, but, when their trial came up, the ordinance under which they were arrested was found invalid. Again they were arrested and again discharged. This time they made a great parade of nearly ten thousand people, with banners and mottoes. There was more talk of lynching the magnates and destroying property, of dropping dynamite from balloons into the Chinese quarters. Kearney, hearing that the Legislature was likely to interfere, said in one of his tirades,"If the Legislature oversteps the bounds of decency, then I say, Hemp! Hemp! Hemp!" One of his followers, a sort of evangelist, fond of quoting Bible passages, added, "What are we to do with these people, that are starving our poor, and degrading our wives aud daughters and sisters? And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Take all the heads of the people and hang them before the Lord.'" The Grand Jury indicted them but again they were released. Finally an act was introduced and passed in Senate and Assembly which had the effect of quieting the demagogues, and at the same time the police was increased. From the sand-lot movement arose the Workingman's party, each member of which bound himself to sever all connection with other political parties.

The Second Constitutional Convention met in Sacramento in 1878. The Workingman's party formed one wing of it. All sorts of propositions were brought forward, most of them aimed against the Chinese and those who employed them. Some counselled moderation; some drastic measures. Only one voice in the convention, loud enough to be heard, seems to have been lifted in their favor–that of Charles V. Stuart of Sonoma county.

As the years went by, San Francisco's expansion and municipal problems became more those of the ordinary city. Her Mission era, her gold and her silver era had passed. She made history daily, but it was not unusual history, though she still retained her charm of the bizarre. The Emperor Norton walked the streets, levying tribute from his loyal "subjects," as he needed it–a crack-brained Frenchman of courtly manners, who had once been a man of affairs. He imagined himself the Emperor of the World, was given carte-blanche at most of the restaurants and theatrés, clothed by the officers of the Presidio in the military garb he thought suitable, and kept in spending money by the purchase of the fifty-cent "bonds" he issued as seemed to him needful. In what other city could he have passed his days so happily?

The surface was rippled in 1894 by the Mid-Winter Fair, held in Golden Gate Park, an aftermath of the Chicago Fair of 1893, and



The Emperor Norton.

The Uncontrollable, Devouring Fire.

during the Spanish war the the soldier element was very much in evidence. Immense camps filled unused spaces and Market street often resounded to the marching feet of regiments, going to or returning from the Philippines. Then life went on as before and it seemed as if the dramatic days of the city were over, but she awoke one morning to the greatest tragedy of her existence.

In the early dawn of April eighteenth, 1906, occurred the earthquake which, with its resultant fires, was the greatest disaster of modern times. The fires, uncontrollable by reason of the broken water mains, swept on until over four square miles–two thousand five hundred and ninety-three acres, more than five hundred city blocks–were consumed. Only dynamiting of the eastern side of Van Ness avenue throughout its entire length saved the rest of the city. The story of the appalling disaster has been told so many times in newspapers and magazine articles, and in serious books, and so many allusions have been made in this book, in connection with different portions of the city, that only a few prominent and picturesque features will be noted here. A characteristic which impressed everyone was the calm acceptance of what had occurred; there was little bemoaning and no hysteria. During the days of the fire the tension was terrible; people held their breath and waited. One who went through it will never forget the relaxation and relief when, on the third night, soldiers rode through the streets of the western part of the city announcing that the danger was past, the fire under control. To a large extent, certainly for the first few weeks, individual losses were sunk in the great totality. Nobody complained. Perhaps home and means of livlihood were gone, but all cheerfully said, "We are no worse off than the rest," and took up the burden of trying to bring order out of chaos. Later, when the first feelings of dazed bewilderment and of dumb acquiescence wore away, natural feelings must have asserted themselves, in rich and poor alike. Household treasures, heirlooms, prized collections were ashes; private libraries, private art-galleries, artists' studios–no one can estimate these losses. The pictures in one private gallery were worth a quarter of a million–a loss to those who wrought the pictures as well as to the owner, since that much less remained in the world of their work to give lustre to their names. The stamp collection lost by one man was valued at $80,000. One thing the people did save–their household pets. As the endless procession passed towards the Park and Presidio–three days and two nights the steady tramp of feet was not stilled–the number of canaries, parrots and cats which were carried, and of dogs which followed, was remarkable. It seemed as if St. Francis, in the destruction of his city, had put it into their hearts to remember his "little brothers."

"Choose!" cried the Fiend, and his breath
  Withered the blossoming city;
"I am Destruction and Death–
  Choose! Is it greed, now, or pity?
Ye have been given this hour,
  Hardly I wait on your pleasure;
What will ye save from my power,
  Life or your treasure?"

Then with one voice they replied:
  "All that earth hath in its giving
Reckon we nothing beside
  Even the least of the living."
–Charles K. Field.

For nearly six weeks there could be no fire of any sort in the houses. There was no gas; chimneys had to be rebuilt and inspected before ranges could be used. So everyone cooked in the street before his door, and the stoves varied from a piece of sheet-iron, or a grate, on six bricks, to the largest kitchen range. Those who had used only gas for cooking in their houses were obliged to improvise stoves as best they could. Japanese and Chinese servants usually stayed with

Street Kitchens in April, 1906.

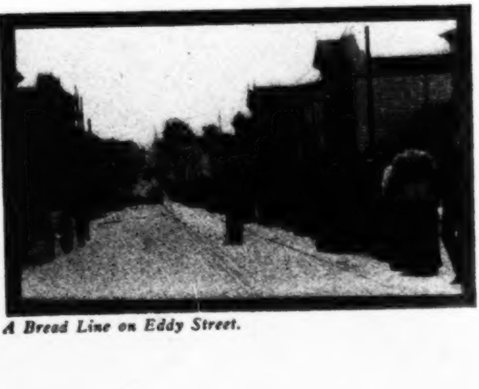
the families where they were working. White servants usually departed to join their own families if they were within reach. So many a lady fried the beefsteaks and boiled the water for her family whose kitchen had been almost a terra incognita to her. Often her husband, his business being wiped away, joined her and they made a sort of picnic of the enforced inconveniences, congratulating themselves that they had something to cook. Nevertheless, it was no picnic to cook for six weeks on the curb in front of the house, with the kitchen at the back, half the length of the lot away. Most San Francisco houses have high porches, but thankful might the householder be who, if the pepper or salt was forgotten, did not have to travel one or two long flights of stairs, as did the dwellers in upper flats. The situation made for neighborliness and kindly interchange of helpful offices.

"An' Mrs. Van Bergen she greets me these days
With a smile an' a nod of the head;
'Ah, Mrs. McGinnis, how are you?' she says,
'An' do you like Government bread?'
She fetches a bag made of crockydile skin
An' I've got a sack when we meet,
But the same kind of coffee an' crackers goes in,
An' it's all of it cooked in the street.

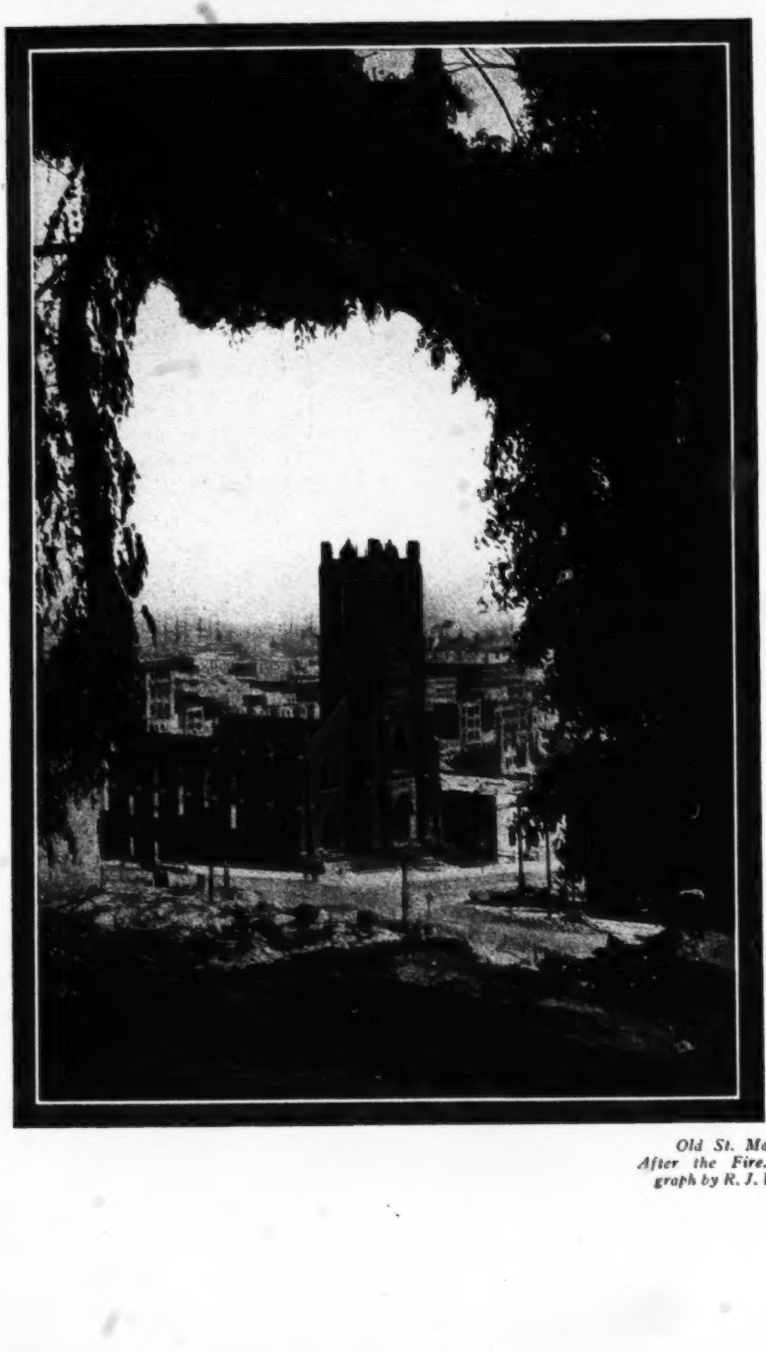
Sure Mrs. Van Bergen is takin' it fine,
Ye'd think she was used to the food;
We're gettin' acquainted a-standin' in line,
An' it's doin' the both of us good."
—*Charles K. Field.*

As the days went by, shelters were built around these kitchens, to keep out the wind and dust of the street–old shutters, bill boards, linoleum, gunnysacks stretched around stakes, packing boxes–anything which could be found in the neighborhood was pressed into service. Then the streets began to look like camps–long rows of these shelters on each side of the road.

One cheerful soul put up a motto, "Make the best of it and forget the rest of it!"



A Bread Line on Eddy Street.



Old St. Mary's After the Fire. Photograph by R. J. Waters.

To San Francisco.

** * Better than halls of justice and pavilions of pleasure, beter than churches and homes, are loving hearts, tried by a common sorrow, triumphing over a common disaster. To-day, facing a loss which has appalled the world, thou art the richest in the federation of cities, for thou hast tested the courage of thy people, proved the love and loyalty of thy children, made certain both the heroism and the kindliness of thy daughters and sons. Hail, dear San Francisco, pueblo of gray friars and Spanish dons, camp of the argonauts, metropolis of the new Pacific—Hail, City of Yesterday and Tomorrow! I salute thee reborn, rejuvenated, casting the slough that unworthily envisaged thee, rising out of thy burned self to a more fair, more glorious realization of thy promise and thy destiny!*

—From dedication to "San Francisco Through Earthquake and Fire," by Charles Keeler, 1906.

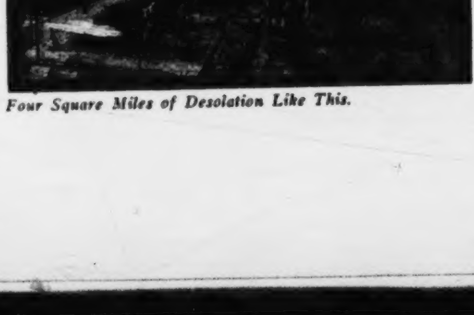
And soon most of the little shacks bore a sign–some humorous, some offering good advice–all speaking of cheerfulness and hope. Some recalled past glories with "The Fairmont," and "The Zinkand," while near by was seen "The Unfairmont," and the "Tincanned." One was "The Wayside Inn," and close by was "The Inside Out." One wrote, "Out in the cold world, out in the street;" but such self-pity could not be tolerated, so some one added, "But what's the use of kicking, when you've got enough to eat." "Do-drop In" was attached to one. There was "The New St. Francis" and "The Palace Grill" and "Little America," the latter a shelter made of American flags. "The House of Mirth" was there, and "The House of Mystery." Some were moved to encourage their fellow men by dropping into rhyme:

"Don't cast around that look of gloom,
Like you've stepped out of a tomb.
Hide your heartache if you're sad;
Make believe you're feeling glad.
Chase the mean look from your eye;
Things will boom up bye and bye."

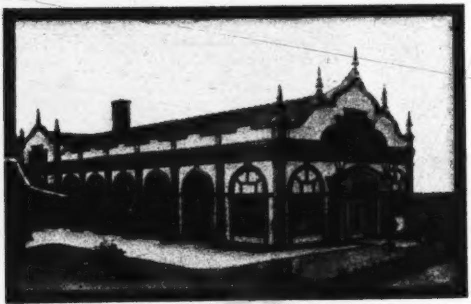
Others offered the same advice in more condensed form, "Look pleasant; it is not expensive," "Never say die; let the other fellow do that."

The humorous signs found their way down town. On Fillmore street a push-cart, furnishing sandwiches and coffee, called your attention with "Meals à la cart." Further down town the ruin of a store bore the inscription, "Forced to move on account of alterations on April 18th." Another said, "Pushed to the wall, but coming through." Another ambitious one wrote, "First to shake, first to burn, first to begin, a living to earn." Near the top of a tall sky-scraper, in which the flames had done their work, an attorney hung out a sign, "Moved because the elevators are not running."

Fillmore street, a cross-town street in the Western Addition, had a good many small stores, which made the nucleus of a new retail center.



Four Square Miles of Desolation Like This.


Tea House and Terrace of City of Paris.

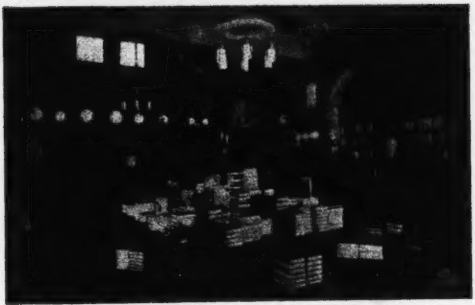
Before the ashes had ceased falling, every available house on the street was rented. One man advertised, "My rent receipt for my present location is dated April 20th, 1906." Such high rents were offered for the houses that every fortunate owner could afford to move out and live on his income elsewhere. Doctors, lawyers and dentists opened offices on the upper floors, the lower were filled with shops of every variety, and Fillmore street became for a time the main retail street. It soon bore the aspect of a country fair. All sorts of booths, tents and hastily erected sheds filled the vacant lots and street corners. Lunch wagons and counters close to the sidewalks offered refreshments, and "pop," lemonade and all sorts of soft drinks, to allay the thirst of throats parched by mortar-dust and ashes. Spielers at the corners cried out their wares. It was pandemonium. All saloons were closed and no liquor could be had except on the prescription of a physician, countersigned by General Greely. As a consequence San Francisco was free from crime as it had never been before. The next phase of shopping accommodations was when the larger firms opened in houses. Some of the merchants and bankers used their own homes; others rented houses, mostly on the west side of Van Ness avenue. As in the case of Fillmore street, the enormous rents paid would amply compensate for any damage to the homes. Van Ness avenue was chosen because it was further down town, a wide and pleasant street, and on the eastern side (entirely vacant by reason of the dynamiting) temporary store buildings could soon be erected.

It was a curious experience to enter a store by a marble vestibule, find yourself in a beautiful great hall, with carved oak staircase and stained-glass windows, to have the goods you desired brought to you from the pantry or sideboard drawers or from the library shelves, to have them spread before you on a beautiful great dining-table, around which not long before wit and beauty had made merry; or, in another room, to be served at a hastily improvised pine counter, while your feet pressed the rich velvet carpet and your eyes rested upon the fine oil paintings which had not yet been taken from the walls. If you wandered up the stairway to look at suits or coats, perhaps you were asked to step into the bath-room to be fitted. It was a topsy-turvy land, but in a few months Van Ness avenue became a delightful shopping street. On the eastern side were temporary structures with large plate-glass windows, giving the effect of handsome stores. On the western side, temporary fronts with large windows were built from the houses to the sidewalk. One store, occupying a mansion, built on the terraced garden in the rear a pretty tea house, which became a very popular place with ladies.

It was a sight to stir the heart and warm the blood—yes, to bring a lump in the throat—to walk up Van Ness avenue on a sunny afternoon. From the pole which surmounted each building waved one or two flags and a pennant, all flying straight in the afternoon western breeze. The pennant bore the name of the store or firm, one flag was the Stars and Stripes and, if there were two, the other marked the nationality of the owners; the flags of all nations mingled with our own. Flying gaily the whole length of the avenue, they symbolized triumph over disaster, and proclaimed to the world the spirit which sent the merchants back down town to the old locality three and a half years after the desolating fire.

In the light of the splendid new buildings which now cover what the fire laid waste, how queer the croakings of the few pessimists of those times read. The generosity of the world to the stricken city, and the kind words which cheered her through her well-nigh impossible task, will never be forgotten, and we can all afford to laugh together now over these words of discouragement: "How any thinking person can go into the ruins of the destroyed city and mingle with the people and then buoyantly declare that San Francisco

Van Ness Avenue in Sixty Days—The Banners of Hope.



A Temporary Store—Shop of Paul Elder & Company.

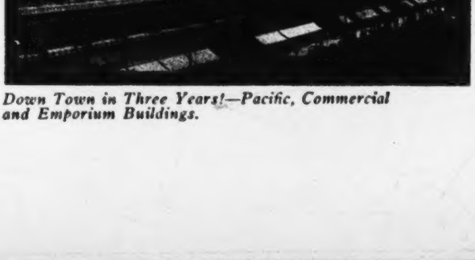
will rise like a Phœnix from her ashes, more beautiful and more prosperous than ever, is not understandable. How any man can calmly compute the universal loss and say that within a few years San Francisco will be rebuilt, is also incomprehensible. Poor old San Francisco is prostrate. She is dead. There is no city; there is no business. There are only clusters of residences." It is to be hoped that the writer of that article has walked the streets of the new city, has visited the new stores and public buildings, has examined the bank clearings and has seen the plans of the great Exposition. An Exposition of such magnitude has never been undertaken, and, as San Franciscans have proved that they can do things, there is every reason to expect a great achievement. Dead? No! Nor would she be if she were overtaken again by a like calamity—from which fate this, or any other, city might devoutly pray to be spared. The same spirit, which led the pioneer of 1851 to put "Nil Desperandum" over his door when rebuilding after the fourth fire, is still alive.

> "Did they think that the sons of the men who had won
> With their lives to the Golden Gate
> Were the sort that would yelp like the beggars for help
> Or would sprawl in the ruins and wait?
> It was then that the crashing of hammer and steel
> Made a glorious music to hear,
> For our fathers had beaten the very same tune
> With the ax of the pioneer."
>
> —*W. O. McGeehan.*

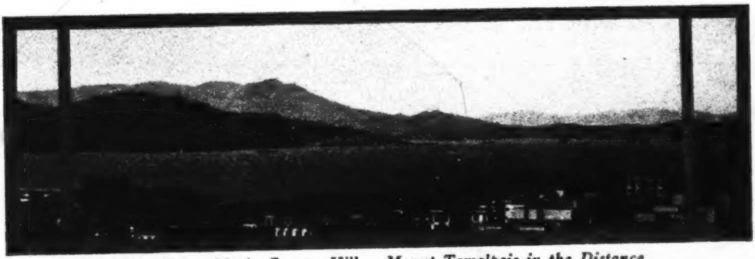
We have lost forever some things of the old days—landmarks, customs and expressions, which kept alive the early history. The business man no longer makes his collections twice a month and speaks of these days as "steamer days;" but he still prefers gold and silver coin to bank notes. We seldom hear now of fifty vara and hundred vara lots, but we still speak of "over in the Mission" and "the Potrero." Enough of the early color is left to tinge the commonplace with romance; and the city is still, as Stevenson called it, "the smelting pot of races." More than half its newspapers are published in a foreign language, and almost every denomination of churches holds services in half a dozen different tongues. If, some day, on Market street, one hears the sound of martial music and the tramp of marching feet, and asks what these bands and banners mean, he is likely to be told that they are the Czechs, or perhaps the Montenegrins, making holiday–some people of whom one did not suppose the city contained more than a handful; and here are hundreds in line. On Columbus Day, thousands of Italians make a long and impressive procession. The Fourteenth of July brings out as many Frenchmen to celebrate the Fall of the Bastile.

The climate makes for the joy of living, though belied by some who notice only the fog and windy afternoons of summer. But it is the wind which keeps the air clean and pure and free from disease; and every San Franciscan who, away from home, experiences extreme summer heat, longs for a whiff of the bracing fog. As we escape extreme heat, so do we also extreme cold. The average winter temperature is fifty-one degrees, and the average summer temperature, fifty-nine degrees. There is perfect freedom from thunderstorms, cyclones, blizzards and sun-strokes, and in planning for outings, for nine months of the year, no account need be taken of possible weather conditions.

And now at the beginning of a distinct era of the city's life, a new generation of men is coming into public activity and prominence–men of that same indomitable energy and matchless courage which characterized both the founders and the builders. Without the fortitude and experience of the older men, the city could not have been rebuilt; without the new blood of this vigorous younger generation, the amazing rehabilitation would still be in the distant future. In spirit, the San Francisco of the present is the true and logical successor of the San Francisco of other days.



Down Town in Three Years!—Pacific, Commercial and Emporium Buildings.

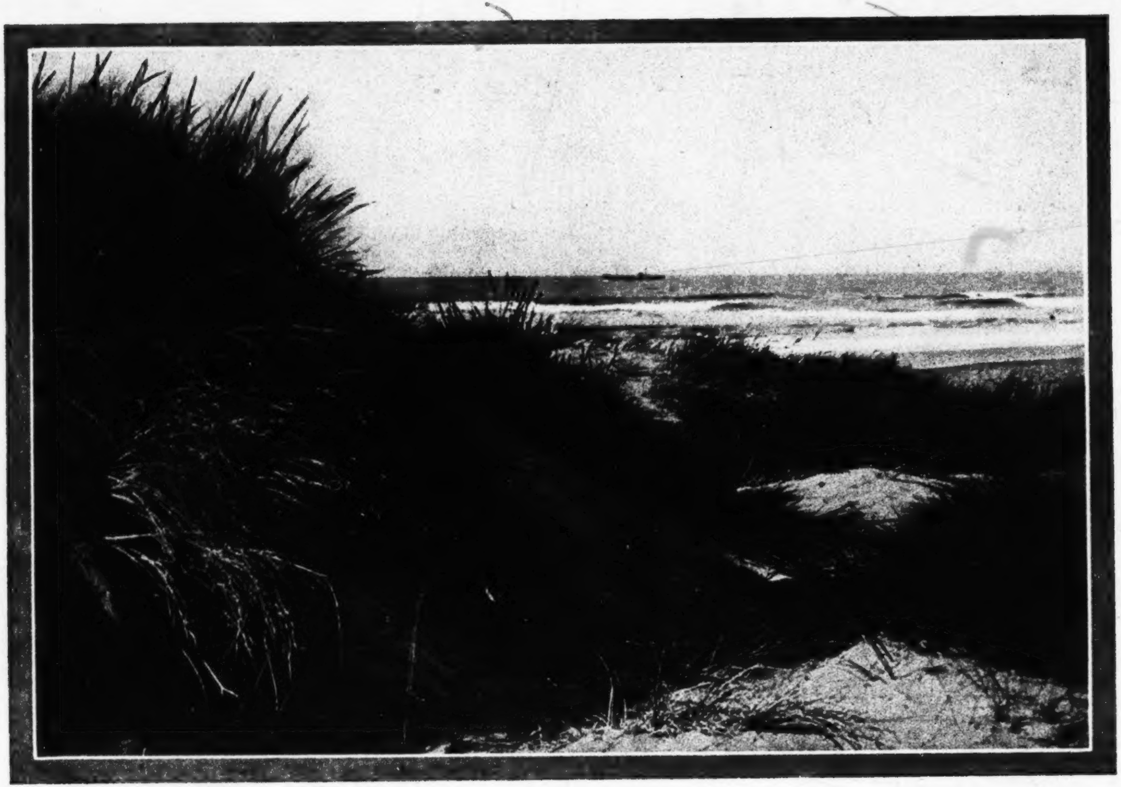


Across the Golden Gate. Marin County Hills. Mount Tamalpais in the Distance.

Chapter Two · Physical Characteristics

San Francisco occupies the extreme northern end of a peninsula, about thirty miles long and averaging about fifteen miles in width. At San Francisco it is seven miles across. Three sides of the city are lapped by water. The ocean washes the western boundary, the Golden Gate and San Francisco bay the northern, and the bay the eastern. The land is mostly sand dunes, with an occasional outcropping of rock. The bay–a land-locked harbor,"where the navies of the world could ride"–is irregular in shape, about seventy miles long and averaging ten miles in width. From San Francisco to the Alameda County shores it is less than five miles across. The northern part is called San Pablo bay. From this, Suisun bay opens to the east, through the Straits of Carquinez. Into Suisun bay flow the mingled waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, which drain the great, fertile Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. Vallejo and Benicia (where the Southern Pacific trains are ferried across the Carquinez straits) are between Suisun and San Pablo bays. Napa, Sonoma and Petaluma are a little further north, all surrounded by beautiful country, all watered by creeks which flow into the bay.

Marin county, with its pretty towns nestled among the hills of the Coast range, lies between San Pablo bay and the ocean, north of the Golden Gate. Mount Tamalpais is the dominating peak of Marin county, the changeful beauty of whose hills adds to the varied attractiveness of San Francisco. From the city's northern slopes one can see the shadows unfold their wonderful depths of color when the hills are dry and brown, or watch the mist of green steal over them day by day, after the first fall rains.



Reclaiming the
Sand Dunes on the Edge
of the Pacific.
From Such Material
Golden Gate Park
was Made. Photograph
by E. N. Sewall.

At Point Lobos.

* * *

Brown pipers run upon the sand
Like shadows; far out from the land
Gray gulls slide up against the blue;
One shining spar is sudden manned
By squadrons of their wrecking crew.

My city is beyond the hill;
I cannot hear its voices shrill;
I little heed its gains and greeds;
Here is my song, where waters spill
Their liquid strophes in the reeds.

And to this music I forswear
Whatever soils the world with care;
I see the listless waters toss—
I track the swift lark through the air—
I lie with sunlight on the moss.

* * *

Until the homely sunburnt Heads,
The tumbling hills in browns and reds,
And gray sand-hillocks everywhere
Are buried in the mist that sheds
Its subtle snow upon the air.

* * *

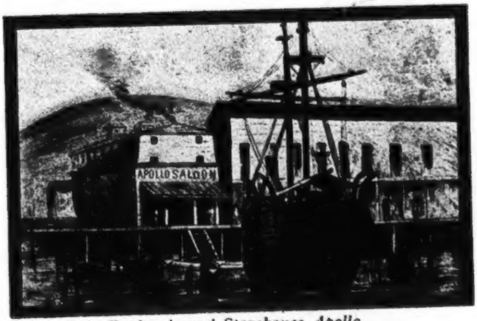
—Charles Warren Stoddard.

Along the eastern shore of the bay lie Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda, with San Lorenzo, San Leandro and Haywards (once parts of great Spanish ranches) stretching along towards the south, a little way back from the bay. Near the southern end are San Jose and Santa Clara in the beautiful Santa Clara valley, "the garden and orchard of San Francisco." A drive through the great orchards in blossom week is a drive through fairyland.

A break in the Coast range forms the Golden Gate; straits about five miles long and averaging one and three-quarters miles in width, which connect the bay with the ocean. At the narrowest part, between Fort Point and Lime Point, it is only one mile wide. The name, Golden Gate, first appears in the *Geographical Memoir* and relative map, published by Fremont in 1848, so it is supposed that it was bestowed by him. There has been some discussion as to the significance of the name. An entrance to the land of gold is the first thought that springs to mind, but the name was given before the richness of Marshall's discovery was known. Some have supposed that the hillside slopes, golden with poppies, suggested the name. The general opinion has been that Fremont meant the name to signify the gateway to a rich and fertile country; but one who has once seen a superb California sunset through the Gate–the sun sinking into the ocean directly opposite its opening, and gilding the whole passage with heavenly light–can scarcely fail to believe that to Fremont, too, was vouchsafed that vision, and that such a sight inspired the name.

In common with other cities, San Francisco has undergone great physical changes in the course of expansion; in her case, to an even greater extent than is usual. Hills and valleys have disappeared, lagoons and swamps and streams have been drained and filled, and another generation will find it difficult, if not impossible, to trace out the old features. Even now, in the number of her hills, San Francisco can outdo Rome, and there were many more at the beginning of her growth. Being mostly of sand, their removal was not too difficult

Sunset Through the Golden Gate.



Prison Brig Euphemia and Storehouse Apollo.

and, before the cable car was invented to solve the problem of transportation over them, they had to be removed to enable the city to expand. The principal elevations remain, however, and are known to-day by the names which were early given them. Hills presuppose valleys. Several are mentioned in the diaries of early days whose names are now seldom heard.

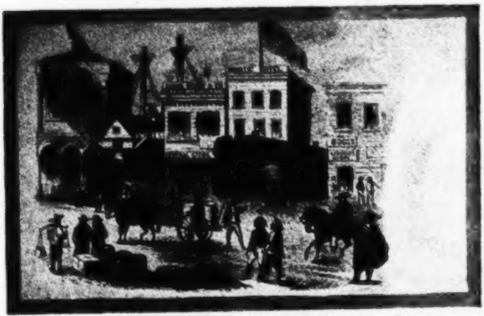
The water-front has, perhaps, undergone the greatest change of all. Yerba Buena (or Loma Alta) cove was an indentation between Rincon Point on the south and Clark's Point on the north. The latter was at about the present corner of Broadway and Battery streets. The cove extended inland to Montgomery street, between Jackson and Washington. From there to the present water-front is all made land. The Ferry building is about in the middle of the cove. The water came within two blocks of the Palace Hotel. The phrase, "when the water came up to Montgomery street," denotes a certain era in the history of the town. The filling in of the water-front began very soon after the discovery of gold in 1848, and in the filling a number of abandoned ships were enclosed. Hundreds of men risked their lives in old, unseaworthy craft to get here. The ships were not fit to make the return voyage. Others of a better class were deserted, their crews rushing off to the mines. No one could be hired to take them back to the eastern coast. Many of these were beached, used for a while for different purposes, and when the filling in began were soon fast among the piles. The "Euphemia" was purchased by the Ayuntamiento, or town council, for a prison. Others were used for warehouses. Some were converted into hotels or saloons. The "Niantic" was on the lot now the southwest corner of Clay and Sansome streets. Piles were driven on each side to steady her, and she was then used for a storehouse. After a time it was filled in around her. It was no unusual sight in the early days to see a great hull between two buildings.

One of the fires of 1851 destroyed all of the "Niantic" above ground. Soon after, a hotel–The Niantic House–was built on the old hulk as foundation. In 1872 it was torn down to make room for improvements and, in excavating, the workmen found the bottom of the ship's hold filled with dirt and, buried in the dirt, several packages of merchandise and a case of champagne. So recently as the early nineteen hundreds, a portion of this hull was disclosed in making way for some new buildings. In October, 1911, a hull was unearthed near the corner of Clay and Battery streets. It was built of tremendously heavy oak and sheathed with copper. At first it was concluded to be an old Spanish warship of the time before the Gringo came but, all the warships known to have visited the coast being accounted for, it was concluded to be a whaler, built in an unusually substantial manner for ramming ice.

Very soon after the filling in of the water lots began, wharves were extended into deep water. In 1849 Broadway wharf was constructed, two hundred and fifty feet in length, and by the end of the same year one was run out from Montgomery street, on a line with Commercial, eight hundred feet. This was known as Long Wharf. Life on Commercial street and on the wharf was full of curious sights. All sorts of people crowded there. Auction shops, old clothes stores, saloons and gambling houses lined the street on both sides.

The wharves proved good investments, so others soon followed, and before two years were over there were more than six thousand feet of wharves, costing over a million dollars.

In 1850, Henry Meiggs became a prominent citizen of San Francisco. He had a sawmill at North Beach. He became convinced that the growth of the city must be towards the north. Millions had been made by the filling in of the water lots at Yerba Buena cove, and he thought he could do the same thing at North Beach. He bought largely, persuaded his friends to buy, and then built a wharf two thousand


The Niantic Hotel, Corner of Clay and Sansome Streets.

Meiggs' Wharf, North Beach.

feet in length, known as Meiggs' wharf. Some years later at the beach end of this wharf was an old saloon with which was connected a museum and menagerie. They had many visitors, particularly country people who were looking for interesting sights of the city. The museum contained many curious and rare objects, some of them of considerable value. Apparently it was never cleaned. Undisturbed cobwebs festooned the walls and the place acquired the sobriquet of the "Cobweb Museum."

Meiggs filled in lots, graded some streets and did much for the improvement of that end of the town. It all took more money than he could spare. He was popular and was able to borrow right and left, but the settling of Mexican land titles directed the growth of the town south instead of north, and Meiggs was not able to meet his indebtedness. He forged warrants and finally, the coils tightening around him, he took refuge in flight. He engaged a brig, took his family and brother with him and, telling his friends he was going to sail on the bay, sailed through the Golden Gate. The next day it was found that he had failed for $800,000. Tremendous excitement followed, but he was out of reach. He went to Chile and Peru and constructed railroads for both countries, to the satisfaction of both governments. He became a respected citizen there, but he longed to pay his debts, and to return to San Francisco if he could be exempt from trial. Though the California Legislature passed bills allowing him to do so, they were unconstitutional, and he died in Peru in 1877.

In the Sixties, the Oakland railroad wharf was constructed, three thousand six hundred feet long, which made regular ferry service possible instead of being obliged to depend upon tides.

Saint Ann's Valley, one of the valleys sometimes mentioned in the old books, lay between the southern end of Powell street and the Mission, and was traversed by one of the regular routes to the Mission. A building, called Saint Ann's, before the fire marked the old entrance to the valley. Happy Valley lay between the base of the California Street Hill and Rincon Hill, extending towards Twin Peaks. Market street ran through the length of its shifting sand dunes. Just south lay Pleasant Valley. Noe Valley was southwest of the Mission, in a plot granted by Governor Pio Pico in 1845 to José de Jesus Noe. The burial vault of the Noe family is in the old Mission church, marked by a slab in the floor. Eureka Valley lay west of Noe Valley, between the present Twenty-first street and Twin Peaks. Hayes Valley was a fertile spot surrounded by sand-hills, laid out extensively in truck gardens. Colonel Thomas Hayes, the owner, lived during the Fifties at the opening of the valley on what is now the block bounded by Van Ness avenue, Franklin, Hayes and Fell streets. Near him lived James Van Ness, author of the Van Ness ordinance which settled the title of outside lands, later mayor of the city. Colonel Hayes had a beautiful garden, covering a block of ground about his home. He was very hospitable, and entertained twenty or thirty gentlemen at luncheon every Sunday. His over-generosity in endorsing paper for his friends proved his financial ruin, and in 1859 his property was divided into lots and sold at auction.

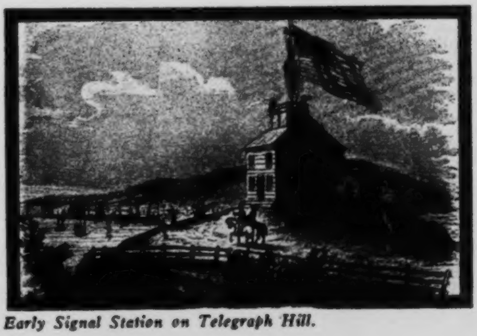
Three lagoons, within the early boundaries of the city, are no more to be found. At the time the Mission was established there was one near the spot selected. Several small streams flowed into it and one from it southeast to the bay. Washerwoman's lagoon was a small lake south of Black Point and west of what is now Larkin street. As water cost not less than a bit a bucket, before the flume of 1858 brought water from Lobos Creek and Mountain Lake into town, not much washing was done at home. Indian women, and later Chinese, used this fresh water pond for a giant washtub, and thus it received its name. It is said that the Chinamen had a way of slapping the surface of the water with the clothes, which made a great noise that could be heard at a considerable distance. There was a

Life On Long Wharf, 1852 (page 41).

lagoon covering several acres, with its center near the intersection of Jackson and Montgomery streets. It was fed by water from a ravine which ran down Sacramento street. Near the southwest corner of Sacramento and Montgomery streets stood an Indian sweat house, or temescal, built near the lagoon so that the Indians, after their steaming, could plunge into the cold water. This temescal stood until 1842. The lagoon was connected with the bay by a small stream which overflowed at high tide. As much of the settled portion of the town was south of this stream and lagoon, to get to Clark's Point people had to cross the creek the best way they could, by wading or jumping. When Captain Hinckley was Alcalde he had a little bridge built. It was a great convenience, but even more an object of curiosity as a great public improvement. People came from far and near to see it, especially the native Californians, who came from the Mission and elsewhere with their wives and children to wonder at it.

Near the corner of Mission and Seventh streets was a swamp which extended towards Mission cove. This likewise has been drained and filled, but the made ground at the time of the earthquake caused some trouble near the present Post Office.

Telegraph Hill received its name from its early use as a signal station, to inform the people in the town when a ship was coming in. The matchless view from its summit made it a favorite objective point for a walk when the town was clustered near its base. The north and east sides were early blasted away, and ships (unloading their merchandise below) carried away the debris as ballast. Small cottages climbed the sides as the years went by, their gardens almost perpendicular behind them. Stairways led up and down to the houses, with little bridges here and there to span the gullies. In *The Secret of Telegraph Hill*, one of Bret Harte's short stories, the scene is laid on Telegraph Hill in those days. With its incomparable view, it should have been terraced and made a pleasure garden. The slopes and base are now a part of the Italian quarter.



Early Signal Station on Telegraph Hill.

Warner's Cobweb Museum Which, with His Menagerie, was On North Beach at the Southern End of Meiggs' Wharf. Cobwebs Hung Like Clouds From the Ceiling and Veiled Pictures and Frames.

North Beach.

(After Spenser).

Lo! where the castle of bold Pfeiffer throws
Its sullen shadow on the rolling tide—
No more the home where joy and wealth repose,
But now where wassailers in cells abide;
See yon long quay that stretches far and wide,
Well known to citizens as wharf of Meiggs;
There each sweet Sabbath walks in maiden pride
The pensive Margaret and brave Pat, whose legs
Encased in broadcloth oft keep time with Peg's.

* * *

Hard by there stands an ancient hostelrie,
And at its side a garden, where the bear,
The stealthy catamount, and coon agree
To work deceit on all who gather there;
And when Augusta—that unconscious fair—
With nuts and apples plieth bruin free,
Lo! the green parrot claweth her back hair
And the gray monkey grabbeth fruits that she
On her gay bonnet wears, and laugheth loud in glee!

—Bret Harte.

During the fire many Italians in the vicinity saved their little homes by covering the roofs with blankets wet with the home-made wine stored in their cellars. Continual blasting has made the hill still more shabby than it need be.

"O, Telygraft Hill, she sits proud as a queen,
And th' docks lie below in th' glare,
And th' bay runs beyant her all purple and green
Wid th' gingerbread island out there,
And th' ferryboats toot at owld Telygraft Hill,
And th' Hill it don't care if they do,
While th' Bradys and Caseys av Telygraft Hill
Joost sit there enj'yin' th' view.
 For th' Irish they live on th' top av it,
 And th' Dagoes they live on th' base av it,
 And th' goats and th' chicks and th' brickbats and shticks
 Is joombled all over th' face av it,
 Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
 Crazy owld, daisy owld Telygraft Hill!"—*Wallace Irwin.*

But Telegraph Hill—so scarred and abused, its splendid site unheeded, save by the few who have been struggling for its improvement—is likely to come into its own. A glorious dream, which seems well on the way towards realization, is to crown the summit of the hill with a reproduction in white marble of the Parthenon in the days of its glory. The Greeks of San Francisco, led by the Grecian Consul, are planning this illustrious memorial for the Exposition of 1915. It will add the crowning beauty to the scene which will greet the voyager as he enters the bay. Height after height when passed will be seen to lift towards heaven a splendid structure, but the city will "proudly wear the Parthenon as the best gem upon her zone."

From Russian Hill the views are as magnificent as from Telegraph Hill, and it is somewhat more accessible. It received its name from the Russian burial ground which was on its slopes during the days of the Hudson's Bay agency in San Francisco. The small cluster of houses which surmount it was saved during the fire by individual effort.

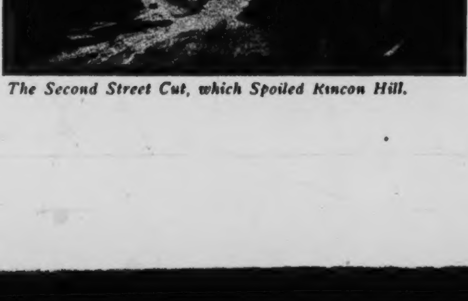
Telegraph Hill and Old Amusement Hall.

Russian Hill and the Hills Across the Bay.

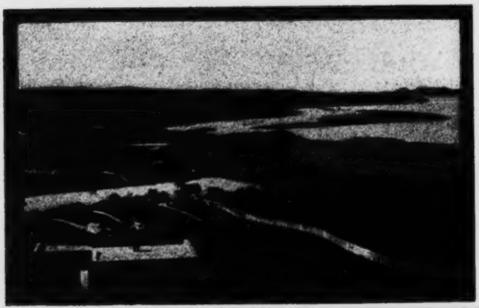
James Hopper, in his graphic story of the days of the fire, tells of standing on the top of Russian Hill at the end of the third day and thinking he heard strains of music. "It was no hallucination," he wrote. "Upon the top of the Jones Street hill, in the middle of the street, the only thing standing in that direction for miles was a piano. A man was playing upon it. I could see his hands rising and falling, his body swaying. In the wind his long, black hair and loosened tie streamed. The wind bore the sounds away from me, but in a lull I finally heard the music. It was Saint Saens's 'Danse Macabre,' the death dance.. His hands beat up and down, his body swayed, his hair streamed, and from the crest down over the devastated city poured, like a cascade, the notes with their sound of shaken dry bones."

Lone Mountain, the conical hill surmounted by a cross, rising abruptly from the western part of the city; Twin Peaks, at the head of Market street; Buena Vista Hill; Bernal Heights; Strawberry Hill in the Park; Nob Hill; Mount Parnassus–all have kept their early contours; but Rincon Hill, how fallen from its great estate! First the favorite picnic grounds of Yerba Buena days, then a fashionable residence district where trees waved and gardens surrounded the homes of wealth, then cut and gashed and graded until now one can scarcely define its boundaries; and there are none so poor to do it reverence. Here in the late Seventies, after its glory had departed, Charles Warren Stoddard "set up his tabernacle in the ruins of a house, which even then 'stood upon the order of its going.'" Here, one day, to "the modest side door which had become the front door because the rest of the building was gone," came "a lean, lithe stranger. I knew him for a poet by his unshorn locks, and his luminous eyes, the pallor of his face, and his exquisitely sensitive hands." The "crumbling estate," the "sighing cypresses" and the "shaky stairway" were to him singularly appealing, "for he was a poet and a romancer and his name was Robert Louis Stevenson." Everyone knows that it was through his talks with Stoddard in that eyrie on Rincon Hill that Stevenson first fell under the spell of the islands of the Pacific. In *The Wrecker*, Stevenson has described that "place of precarious, sandy cliffs, deep, sandy cuttings, solitary ancient houses, and the butt-ends of streets." The Second Street gash, which ruined the hill, was a real estate speculation which benefited nobody. Stoddard tells of a bridge, "an agony of wood and iron," which leaped the chasm. Gertrude Atherton has used the hill and South Park as a setting for her story, *The Californians*.

The first survey of Yerba Buena by Jean Vioget included only twenty-four blocks and named no streets. In 1846 Jasper O'Farrell, a civil engineer, was appointed to make a second survey of the town and enlarge its boundaries. His map included Post, Leavenworth and Francisco streets and, in the southern part of the town, four blocks fronting on Fourth street and also eleven on Second street. It was thought advisable to change the acute and obtuse angles of Vioget's lots by making the streets cross each other at right angles. This transferred the situation of all the lots, and was afterwards called "O'Farrell's Swing" of the city. The corner of Kearny and Washington streets was the pivot of the swing. The new maps gave to the streets their present names–Montgomery, Dupont and Stockton, to remind the people of the part of the navy in the foundation of their city; Kearny, Mason, Fremont and Taylor, to commemorate the army. To the other streets were given the names of early citizens–Howard, Brannan, Bryant, Sutter, Folsom, Hyde, Jones, Harrison, Leavenworth, Leidesdorff. Larkin, the American consul at Monterey, was also remembered, as was General Vallejo, who was friendly to the Americans. Market street was first marked out by O'Farrell, who fully understood the importance of making the main street in the southern part of the town conform in direction with the route



The Second Street Cut, which Spoiled Rincon Hill.



Washerwoman's Lagoon (page 43).

usually taken from Yerba Buena to the Mission. This street was made later by the town council, of which James Van Ness was a member. It also laid out and named Van Ness avenue for him. O'Farrell's name was given to a street, and the first mayor (John W. Geary) stood sponsor for another. As the town expanded its borders the new streets were given the names of local men of importance. Broderick, Hayes, Haight, McAllister were thus remembered. The names of some streets have a geographical significance. Laguna led towards the old Washerwoman's lagoon; Devisadero once marked the division between the city limits and outside lands.

The so-called wagon road, cut through chaparral and scrub oak in 1838 from Yerba Buena to the Mission, although it allowed riders to pass without danger of being scraped off their horses, afforded little amelioration of the way underfoot. It was through deep sand and by a circuitous route and, though different paths were sought out as the years went by, all must skirt the big morass, which lengthened the distance considerably. The journey was such an undertaking that it cost $15 or $2c to move a load of hay from the Mission to the city. In 1849 Governor Burnett paid the owner of a spring wagon $150 to move his family from the city to San Jose, bad roads to the Mission compelling this excessive cost. In 1850 Charles Wilson proposed to build at his own expense a plank road from the city to the Mission, provided he were allowed to collect tolls and to have exclusive right of way. His proposition was at first denied, but a bill which enabled him to proceed finally passed the board of Aldermen over the Alcalde's veto. He had intended to build a bridge several hundred feet long over the quagmire before mentioned but, after driving two twenty-foot piles (one on top of the other) out of sight with two blows of the pile-driver, that project had to be abandoned. Finally the road was laid over a crib of logs which was built on a platform laid over the bog. This at first was perfectly level, but it shook when any one drove or rode over it, and finally sank in the center at least five feet. The road ran by Kearny, Third and Mission streets, from California street to Fifteenth, three and three-quarters miles. Mission street was preferred to Market because there was a high sand-hill on Market, between Second and Fifth. A deep cut was made through sand-hills on Kearny street for the passage of this road. One, at Post street, could not be driven around, and here the toll-gate was placed. The cost of building this road was about $30,000 a mile; the investment paid nearly eight per cent. a month.

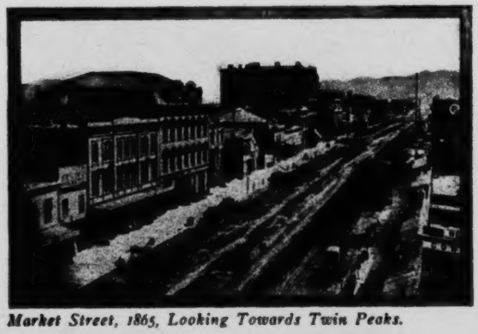
As the city grew there was talk of opening a parallel free road to the Mission, but the Plank Road Company obtained another franchise for a road on Folsom street. This ran for half a mile across swamps, between Third and Eighth streets, and there was great difficulty in filling the swamps. A high tide in 1854 overflowed the road between Fourth and Fifth streets and floated off much of the planking. The two roads, between 1853 and 1858, when they reverted to the city and became free, paid three per cent. a month net on the capital invested.

In 1854 Powell street was graded from Clay to North Beach; also Pacific street, where a deep cut was made through a rocky hill between Montgomery and Sansome streets. Omnibuses, which had been instituted in 1852, began to run regularly every half hour between North Beach and South Park. In 1863 omnibuses were superseded by horse-cars, operated by the Omnibus Street Railroad Company. In 1860 a steam railroad was constructed, from where Lotta's Fountain now stands, through Market and Valencia streets, which gave easy access to Hayes Valley and the Mission. The North Beach and Mission Street Railway and the Central were in operation in 1863. In 1866 the Sutter Street road and the Bay View road were completed. For all these various lines the streets were graded, sand-hills removed and depressions filled, so that hardly any portion of the city within its early boundaries remained

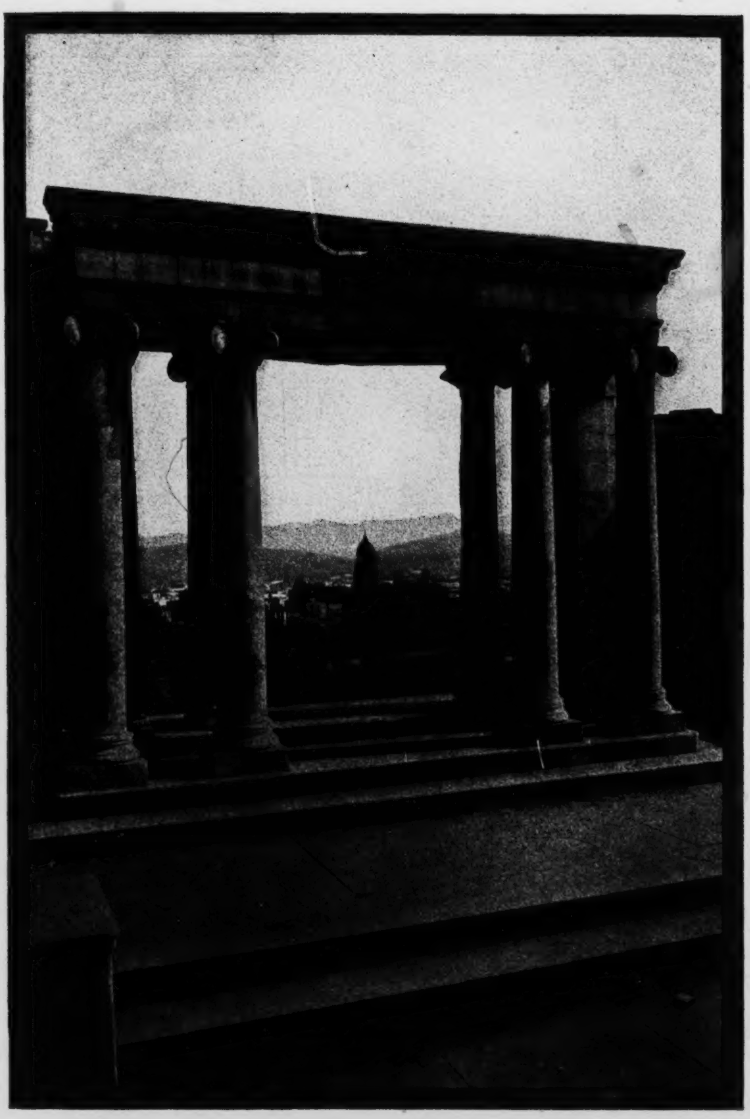
Orphan Asylum and St. Patrick's Church, 1856. Palace Hotel Site, Rincon Hill Beyond.

at the old levels; but, as the city expanded, the hills grew steeper towards the west and the problem of transportation became a serious one. The invention of the cable car by A. S. Hallidie, of San Francisco, solved the problem and, from 1873 when the Clay Street line proved itself a success, steep hills were no barrier to the city's growth.

It is a great pity that in laying out the city some of the roads had not been made to wind around the steep hills, conforming to their contour, instead of going uncompromisingly over or through and cutting and slashing so ruthlessly, as has been done; sometimes laying out streets so steep that they became grass grown for want of travel, at other times spoiling sections by disfiguring cuts in order that streets may be level. Realizing the need of a comprehensive plan which should correct as far as possible these mistakes and provide for the reconstruction and further development of the city along more artistic (as well as more convenient) lines, in 1904 a number of earnest citizens banded themselves together as "An Association for the Improvement and Adornment of San Francisco." They invited Daniel H. Burnham, of Chicago, who had designed the beautiful White City of the Chicago World's Fair, to come to San Francisco and show us how a city could attain to the beauty which an incomparable location had made her birthright. Mr. Burnham, with his assistants, worked for months in a bungalow on Twin Peaks, the city spread out like a map before them. After much study a plan was devised which supplemented our checker-board streets by diagonal avenues making short cuts between centers of interest; which gave by winding roadways easy access to steep hills; which provided a civic center for public buildings; which laid out boulevards surrounding the city and connecting Golden Gate Park, the Presidio and Twin Peaks. It was a beautiful dream, and would also have made for convenience of all traffic if it could have been carried out. Our minds were full of it when the fire came and made its clean sweep.



Market Street, 1865, Looking Towards Twin Peaks.



After the Fire.
Portico of Home of A. N. Towne
On Nob Hill. (See page 69).
Photograph by R. J. Waters.

San Francisco.

* * *

Gray wind-blown ashes, broken, toppling wall
And ruined hearth—are these thy funeral pyre?
Black desolation covering as a pall—
Is this the end, my love and my desire?

Nay; strong, undaunted, thoughtless of despair,
The Will that builded thee shall build again,
And all thy broken promise spring more fair,
Thou mighty mother of as mighty men!

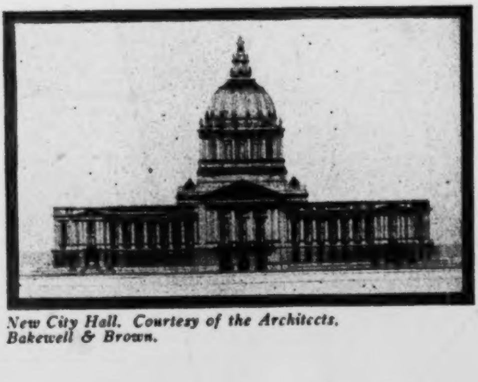
Thou wilt arise invincible, supreme!
The earth to voice thy glory never tire,
And song, unborn, shall chant no nobler theme,
Proud city of my love and my desire!

But I—shall see thee ever as of old!
Thy wraith of pearl, wall, minaret, and spire,
Framed in the mists that veil thy Gate of Gold,
Lost city of my love and my desire!

—Ina Coolbrith.

Then seemed the great opportunity for carrying out the plan, or some modification of it at least. But with the necessity laid upon the property owners to rebuild as soon as possible, the alterations did not seem of such vital importance. The reduction of size of many lots under the Burnham plan, the necessary purchases of land by the city and the time required in rearranging titles seemed prohibitive in the dire necessity of the times; so the old uncompromising lines were followed and the streets remained as before. Though as a whole the plan will not be carried out, its influence will be felt as the city develops. The civic center, as planned by the present city administration in conjunction with the Exposition committee, and the water-front boulevard, which is a part of the Exposition design, express two of its important features.

The ordinance authorizing the bond issue for the new City Hall provided also for the purchase of adjacent lands required for other public buildings, the whole when completed to form a civic center of permanent beauty and dignity. The ordinance covered the area bounded by Market street, Golden Gate avenue, Van Ness avenue and Hayes street; but, on account of the great expense involved in the purchase of improved property, it is probable the plot will be limited to the old City Hall site, the Mechanics' Pavilion property, and the two adjacent blocks north, facing Larkin street, with Marshall Square widened one hundred feet on each side. This provides the requisite space for a magnificent group of buildings arranged around a central plaza covering two city blocks. Trees, shrubs, grass and flowers will enhance the architectural effects while, through the approaches from Market street and Van Ness avenue, vistas of the fine façades will be afforded. This group will probably comprise, besides the City Hall, an Auditorium, a Public Library, an Art Museum, an Opera House and perhaps a State Building. The Exposition Committee proposes to erect a million-dollar Auditorium, which will remain as a permanent memorial of the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition.



New City Hall. Courtesy of the Architects, Bakewell & Brown.

The Ferry Tower, as We See It from the Ferry Boats.

Chapter Three · Ferry Building · Water Front

The main gateway to San Francisco is the impressive Ferry Building. Those who come by sea are landed at the near-by docks. This is fortunate–the only other entrance (the Southern Pacific station at Third and Townsend streets) being quite unworthy of a city of this size and importance. Terminal facilities, with a handsome station building in a more convenient portion of the city, are a part of the Southern Pacific Company's plans for future development. The terminus of most overland trains, those of the Shasta Route and some of the Los Angeles trains, is the eastern side of the bay, and passengers are transferred by ferry to San Francisco. Only the Coast Line of the Southern Pacific, a beautiful scenic route to Los Angeles, and suburban trains down the peninsula leave from the station at Third and Townsend streets.

The Ferry Building was erected by the State Board of Harbor Commissioners in 1896, at a cost of over $1,000,000. It is built of Colusa sandstone, with marble lavishly used for wainscots, partitions, et cetera. It has a frontage of 659 feet, a depth of 156 feet and is surmounted in the center by a graceful clock tower, 32 feet square and 240 feet high. The dial is 22 feet in diameter, with numerals 3 feet in length. The arcaded front on the ground floor leads to the waiting rooms of the different ferry lines. North of the central tower are the Key Route, Santa Fe, Western Pacific, Sausalito and Tiburon lines. The Key Route connects with local electric trains on the other side of the bay for Oakland, Berkeley and Piedmont. The Santa Fe ferry goes to Point Richmond to connect with overland trains. The Western Pacific is an overland route, while Sausalito and

Tiburon ferries connect with the Northwestern-Pacific lines. By the Sausalito line Mill Valley, Mount Tamalpais, San Anselmo and San Rafael are reached.

South of the central tower are the Southern Pacific ferries to Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and overland. The Creek Route ferry boat for the foot of Broadway, Oakland, leaves hourly from a dock just south of the Southern Pacific slips. There are also public telephone booths, telegraph and express offices, places for checking hand luggage, news, candy and flower stands. The baggage room of the Southern Pacific is at the extreme south of the building. Near by is a branch postoffice.

On the second floor is a grand nave, the full length of the building. Here large receptions have been held, and flower shows of great beauty and interest. South and north of the main stairways, up another short flight, are the exhibits of the State Development Board and the State Mining Bureau, both well worth a visit. They are open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. There are notable exhibitions of all the State products and extensive collections of minerals, relief maps, an information desk, bulletins and other printed matter; and lectures, with stereopticon views, are given every afternoon from 2 to 4. Admission to all is free, and literature is freely distributed. Between the two stairways is the Ladies' Waiting Room.

The offices of the Harbor Commissioners open from the grand nave, also those of the State Horticultural Commissioner and of the State Railroad Commissioners. From this floor are the entrances to the upper decks of the ferry boats.

North and south of the Ferry Building are the steamship docks–miles of concrete seawall, with wharves stretching out into the bay; miles of enchantment to the stroller "where the world-end steamers wait." How difficult in the old school-room, far from the sea, to fix in our minds the "chief products" of a country! What bugbears they were in our old geography lessons! Here, at our very feet great ships are

The Ferry Building From the Embarcadero.

"Where the World-End Steamers Wait."

pouring them out or are loading with our own productions for far-off lands. Here is geography made alive. Here are copra and cocoanuts and bananas from the South seas; here are tea and silks from the Orient; here is coffee from Costa Rica and Brazil; coal from Australia; lumber from the northern ports; perhaps a rare whaler from the Arctic seas. Here we "touch Asia, the Cape of Good Hope and the Happy Islands." Further on, ships are loading with our own wheat or barley, with canned fruit or salmon for other ports. That ship, with yellow-brown stacks banded with red, white and blue, is a United States transport, taking on army stores for the Philippines. This little schooner is being fitted to search for the Cocos Island treasure. From here Stevenson set sail for the South Seas, and Jack London began his cruise of the Snark. Here are Commerce and Adventure side by side.

What variety of craft—the big ocean liners, the coast steamers (somewhat smaller) for Los Angeles, Portland or Seattle, the odd-looking, stern-wheel river steamers for Stockton or Sacramento, the trim boats of the Monticello line for Vallejo and Mare Island, schooners with four, five or six masts, and small sloops. Out in the bay a grim, gray warship is anchored—perhaps more than one, our own or foreign. Sometimes a Chinese junk, sailing to us from another century, lies alongside the last creation of the shipbuilders' art. The huge, white Southern Pacific ferry boats are plying back and forth, and the smaller and swifter yellow boats of the Key Route. Government naphtha launches dart out from the island opposite, fussy little tugs are pushing their ponderous charges or looking for a job, while in the distance (if it is the right time of the tide) are seen the picturesque lateen sails of the fishing boats going out or coming in the Golden Gate. From Fisherman's Wharf on North Beach, where the Greek and Neapolitan fishermen foregather, around to the China Basin, all is fascinating to a lover of the sea.

FERRY BUILDING · WATER FRONT

Ernest Peixotto says,"If you want to behold a bit of the Bay of Naples, go some misty morning to Fisherman's Wharf." Go any time of day and you will be rewarded. If the fleet is out, you will find some of the fishermen left behind to mend their nets, festooning them along the wharf to dry, or busy about their boats–always picturesque–their love of color displayed in bright shirts, in red and blue Tams, or in their gay little boats, painted in rainbow colors, bright blue, yellow, green or striped. And if you have happened upon just the right time to see the fleet, the sight is unforgetable–dozens of these bright boats with their tawny, three-cornered sails like a flock of great, yellow butterflies as they glide over the water. To reach Fisherman's Wharf, take the Powell Street car marked North Beach and walk a couple of blocks beyond the end of the car line.

Away around at the other end of the water front, in South San Francisco (and reached only by water), is Hunter's Point Dry Dock, the largest in America. Half way between the dry dock and the Ferry Building is the Union Iron Works, founded in 1849 by James and Peter Donahue. In 1850 their shops were situated on First street between Market and Mission, nearly opposite where the commemorative Donahue fountain now stands. The tide came up under the workshops on the east side of First street. The plant at first consisted only of a small furnace with a blast produced by blacksmiths' bellows, the whole not even protected by covering from the weather. From this small beginning was developed the great establishment which can turn out any craft from a gasoline launch to a battleship. Here were built the Ohio of the United States navy, which was launched by President McKinley in 1901, and the Oregon, famed for that wonderful trip around the Horn during the Spanish war, and which we hope will lead the fleet through the Panama Canal in 1915. The Union Iron Works may be reached by the Broadway cars going south on Kearny and Third streets. These cars start from the Ferry Building.

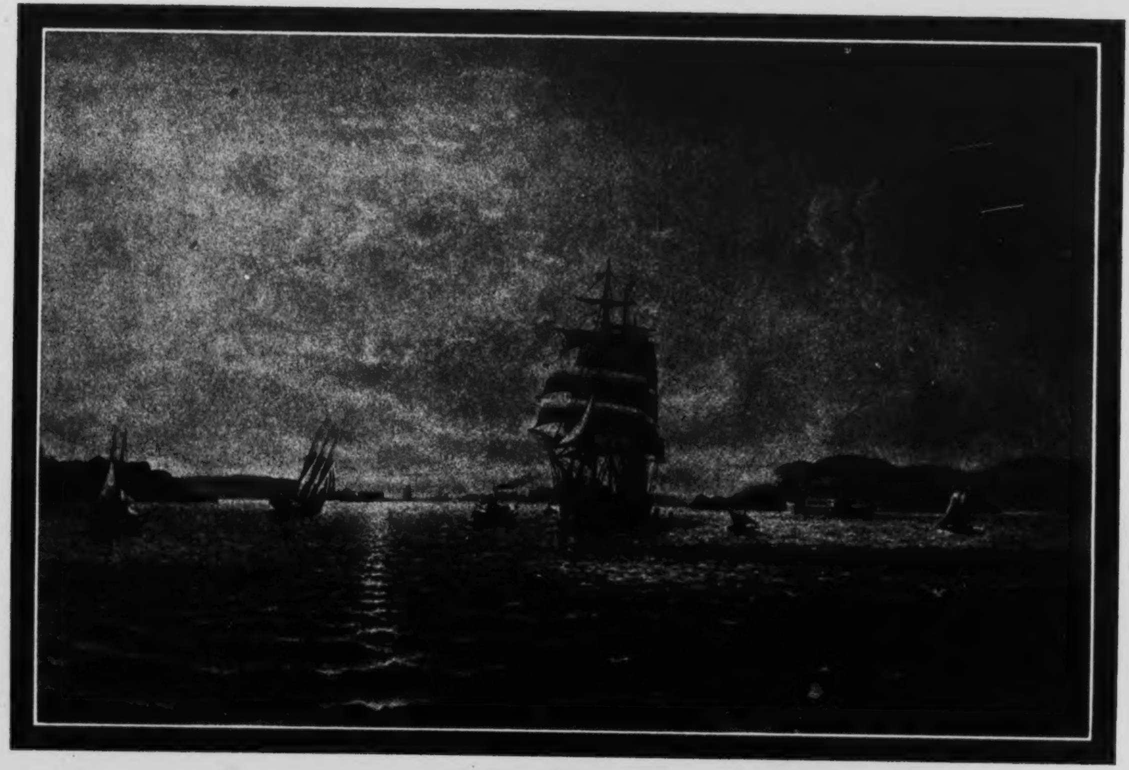
Fisherman's Wharf When the Fleet Is In.

The First Cable Car. Clay Street.

Chapter Four • Street Car Systems

The first regular transportation afforded the city was by omnibus in 1852. In 1860 steam cars from Lotta's fountain to the Mission offered swifter means of travel between those two points, giving access to Hayes Valley and The Willows. In 1863 horse cars were substituted for omnibuses and operated by the Omnibus Street Railroad Company. From time to time franchises were granted to other companies. Lines were extended along streets which were fairly level and where cuts could be made; but it was not until the invention of the cable car by A. S. Hallidie, of San Francisco, assisted by Joseph Britton and William Eppenheimer, that street cars could be operated on the steep grades. In 1873 a trial cable was laid on Clay street, between Kearny and Jones. This was the first cable street railway in the world. Proving successful, the line was extended on Clay street, and cable cars were soon put in operation on other hilly streets. In the early Nineties electricity was applied to the level roads and new electric lines were built. Roads south of Market street were first electrified. In 1902 the United Railroads of San Francisco, incorporated under the laws of California, acquired the holdings of most of the San Francisco street railroads. The parent company is the United Railways Investment Company of New Jersey.

Great changes are being discussed; to accommodate the ever-growing traffic, to open up new districts and to provide for rapid transportation to the Exposition grounds in 1915. It is hoped that the municipality and the present street railway interests will work in harmony to meet the present and future demands. The city, owning the Geary Street Railway, has an



San Francisco Bay.
From a Painting by
W. A. Coulter.

San Francisco—From the Sea.

* * *

Wrap her, O Fog! in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

* * *

So shall she, cowled, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.
Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;
Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies.
When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;
When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;
When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift,
And all fulfilled the vision, we
Who watch and wait shall never see—
Who, in the morning of her race,
Toiled fair or meanly in our place—
But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

—*Bret Harte*

opportunity to experiment with a municipally conducted road. As franchises expire or arrangements with present interests can be made, the city may find it expedient to take over the operation of all the roads.

The obstacles offered by the many and abrupt hills of San Francisco have been surmounted by the various street railway lines; it is now proposed to tunnel through the hills, in order to shorten distances and afford quicker service.

Five tunnels are at present under consideration. The legal difficulties have been overcome by favorable decisions of the State Supreme Court and the necessary funds will be raised by district assessment. The Stockton Street tunnel will be the first built. This (connecting as it will the center of the city with North Beach by a few minutes' walk or ride) will enhance the value of North Beach property and establish a direct line from the heart of the hotel district to the Exposition grounds at Harbor View. A proposed route is from Stockton and Market streets along Stockton to Columbus (formerly Montgomery) avenue, along Columbus avenue to North Point and from North Point to the main entrance of the Exposition, a seven minutes' ride from the shopping center. Ferry boats from North Beach to Marin county will bring the latter region into much quicker communication with the city than is at present possible.

The proposed tunnel on Broadway from Mason to Larkin streets would form a desirable extension of the line through the Stockton Street tunnel and permit Pacific Heights and Harbor View to be reached from down town without much grade.

A recommendation of Bion Arnold (the noted street-railway expert, who was employed by the city to examine conditions here) is a tunnel under Fort Mason at Beach street, to enable freight for the Exposition to be carried into the grounds. If this tunnel is constructed it can be used in connection with the projected belt line around the city.

A tunnel is projected in the Western Addition for a

Emporium Building and a Market Street Safety Station.

Looking Down Market Street. A Safety Station.

direct cross-town line to Harbor View. Marsden Manson, the City Engineer, recommends Fillmore street as the route. He also recommends that all the buildings on Fillmore street between Sutter and Bush be set back one hundred feet and that, as the portal of the tunnel, a building a block long be erected; the first floor to be occupied by markets, the second by an auditorium, and a roof garden above, thus affording a revenue—an ambitious project, but one which, if carried out, will be a substantial addition to the city.

A tunnel through Twin Peaks is practically certain, to extend Market street to the ocean and to open up the territory west of Twin Peaks for homes. It will begin at Haight and Market streets. In connection with this tunnel there is proposed a subway to the Ferry Building, which would afford a much-needed solution of the difficulties caused by the frequent congestion of cars on lower Market street. A subway under lower Mission street and intersecting cross-town subways will also undoubtedly be accomplished in time.

Second-floor exits from the Ferry Building, over the Embarcadero to Market street, are contemplated, for the handling of ferry-boat crowds with greater ease and dispatch.

A belt line, starting from the Ferry Building and encircling the city, is another plan of extension. It is also designed to meet the demand for quicker and better transportation down the peninsula. All of these projects will probably carried out before 1915.

Most of the street car lines of the city lead directly to the Ferry Building at the foot of Market street. The few that do not (with one exception, the Geary street line) transfer their passengers to the ferry lines; so that, conversely, all parts of the city may be easily reached from the ferries. Market street at the ferries may be likened to the handle of a fan, whence radiate to the north, west and south, like the sticks of a fan, the various lines. All these lines but one are a part of the United Railroads system. The Market Street lines pass around the inner or outer loop directly in front of the Ferry tower. These go out Market street, all passing the Palace Hotel and the most important business section, turning to the west and south at various points, and connecting with cross-town lines. It should be noted that *all* the streets north of Market begin at Market and run to the west or north with Market street as a base, while south of Market the streets are parallel to it or at right angles.

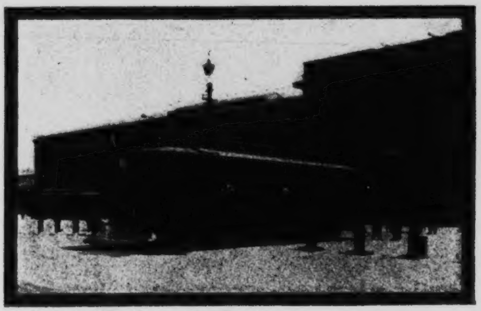
Just north of the center of the Ferry Building is the Sacramento Street line, which goes west on Sacramento street through Chinatown to the western part of the city, returning on Clay street and passing Portsmouth Square.

The Union Street line also starts near the northern wing of the Ferry Building, going through the Italian quarter to Harbor View and the Presidio. It is not a part of the United Railroads systems, and transfers only with Hyde street, Polk and Fillmore.

Here also is the Broadway, Kearny and Third Street line, which winds along the base of Telegraph Hill and through the Italian quarter into the northern end of Kearny street, and thence south to the Third and Townsend Street (Southern Pacific) station. Though the station can thus be reached from the ferries without change, one can go in less time by taking any of the Market Street cars and transferring to this line at Third and Market streets.

South of the Market Street loop, coming in at right angles to it, are the various lines of the territory south of Market street; the Folsom street, Harrison, Howard, and Mission Street lines, the Bryant and Brannan line, the Guerrero Street and Ingleside lines, and that to the cemeteries.

A Sight-Seeing car of the United Railroads leaves the loop in front of the Ferry Building twice a day—at 10 A. M. and at 2:00 P. M. The fare is seventy-five cents for a trip three and one-half hours' long, including many of the interesting sights of the city and admission to the Sutro



A Sight-Seeing Car at the Ferries.

Baths and Museum. A lecturer accompanies each trip. The United Railroads will also rent sight-seeing cars for trolley parties, to be run over the lines of its system.

San Francisco is so well covered by the network of lines of the United Railways that, with its liberal system of transfers, almost any part of the city may be easily reached by street car and for a five-cent fare, and long rides taken from the ferries to the ocean and suburban districts. The ride to the beach by the Cliff House line on Sutter street affords views of the Golden Gate and its rocky shores which can be obtained in no other way.

The Parkside line connects with cars marked "20" of the Fourth and Ellis Street line at Lincoln Way (formerly H street) and Twentieth avenue. It runs south on Twentieth avenue to T street and out T street to Thirty-fifth avenue, where transfers are given to the Mission line which extends to the ocean. Both lines afford many glimpses of the surf between the lupine-clothed sand dunes.

Besides the lines of the United Railroads there are several independent lines.

The California Street line starts at Market street, one block from the Ferry Building and, passing the edge of Chinatown and the Fairmont Hotel, goes over Nob Hill to the western part of the city. It connects only with the Hyde and O'Farrell line and with one at its western terminus going to the beach.

The Geary Street line, municipally owned, is now newly equipped. It begins at Market and Geary streets and runs west to Golden Gate Park; but will probably soon extend from the ferries to the ocean.

The Union Street line, which runs from the ferries to the Presidio Reservation, transfers to Hyde Street, to Polk Street and to the Fillmore Street lines.

The Hyde Street and O'Farrell line transfers to the California Street and the Union Street lines.

Land's End, on Cliff Car Line—Mile Rock Lighthouse.

The Stadium, Golden Gate Park, Where President Taft Broke Ground for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Chapter Five · Golden Gate Park

GOLDEN GATE PARK is one of the glories of San Francisco. It extends from near the center of the city three miles westward to the ocean, with a strip one block wide (called the Panhandle) running from its eastern border one-half mile further into the city. It contains 1013 acres, of which more than 400 are in thorough cultivation, the rest planted with handsome trees, adorned with lakes and laid out with drives, bridle paths and walks. It is one of the great parks of the world, ranking with Central Park of New York, Fairmount of Philadelphia and the Bois de Boulogne of Paris.

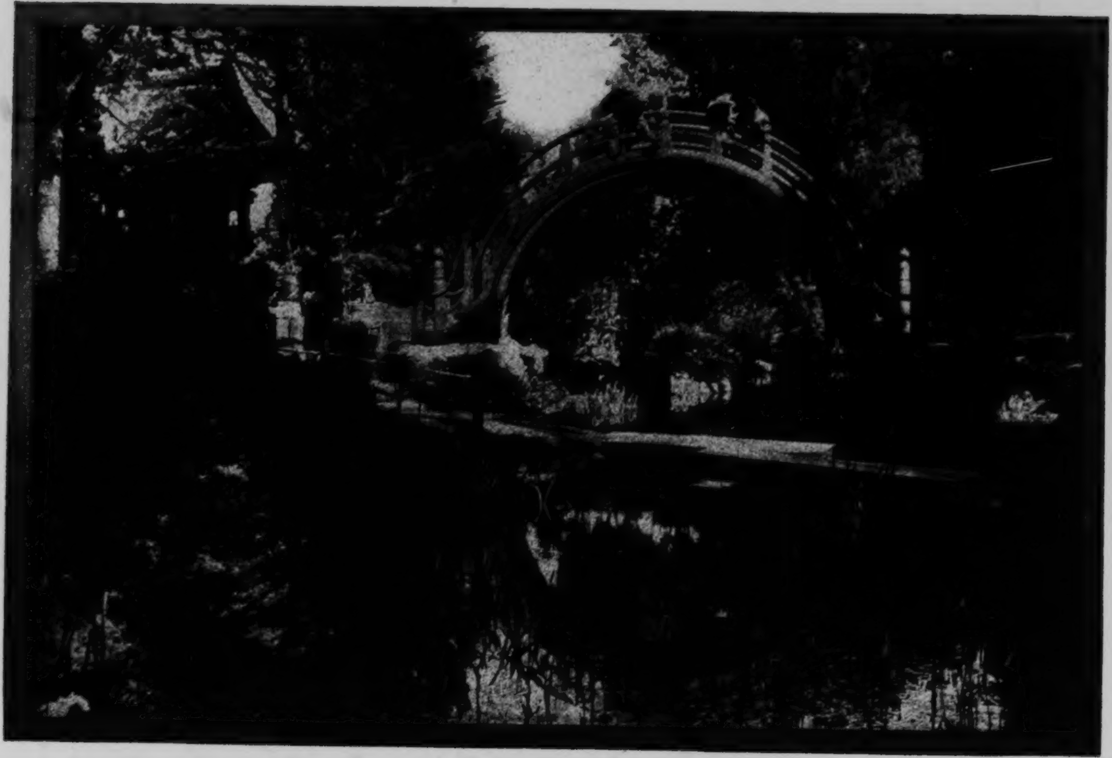
In 1864 the agitation for a large public park began. Squatters and claimants from Devisadero street to the ocean were asked to give a portion of the land they claimed in exchange for a clear title from the city to the remainder, the city being the rightful owner to four square leagues of land in the Pueblo of San Francisco. The squatters and claimants agreed upon ten per cent. The land was appraised and an assessment of ten per cent. upon the whole was sufficient to pay for the land taken for park purposes. The Legislature of 1869-70 passed the bill which settled these matters. To Justice Stephen J. Field is mainly due the credit for legislative work which resulted in the creation of Golden Gate Park. Given the land, to create these charming vistas of lawn, trees and shrubbery, these carpets of flowers, and shimmering lakes, all from a waste of shifting sand dunes, was an achievement of note. A fortunate climate, plenty of water, gifts from generous citizens, broad-minded commissioners and a park superintendent of taste and skill have all combined to bring about a result which is a joy to San Franciscans and to the temporary dwellers within their gates. Trees have grown with great rapidity to noble size, flowers flourish unchecked by frost, while lawns are green and beautiful throughout the year. No signs, "keep off the grass," offend the eye and mar the pleasure of those who like to feel the springing turf beneath their feet; yet no more beautiful grass is found anywhere. Children romp unchecked over the lawns, the ball fields scarcely show on their green surface a trace of their daily use, and even the exquisite, velvety surface of the bowling green, as level as a billiard table, is not marred by the sport to which it is dedicated.

In every way possible this park is made to minister to the health and pleasure of the people. Means are afforded for all sorts of outdoor sports for children, youths and adults, and they are all there making use of them. For the children there are swings and teeters and toboggan slides, rides in the goat-carts or on the donkeys or on the weird animals of the merry-go-round. For the older ones there are baseball fields for different ages, croquet, tennis courts without number (including secluded ones for beginners), boating on Stow Lake and a lake for wading and bathing. For the adults there is on Stow Lake a fly-casting pier; there is Spreckels Lake for the sailing of model yachts, the bowling green and walks and drives.

Every Sunday and legal holiday (when not prevented by rain, and such days are surprisingly few) an excellent band of fifty pieces plays in the massive stone Temple of Music, the gift of Claus Spreckels. Facing it are open-air seats for twenty thousand, shaded in summer by elms and maples planted for the purpose.

At the children's playground, in a handsome stone building (the gift of William Sharon), is a restaurant where luncheons are served at reasonable prices, the aim being not to make money but to accommodate the public. Here are good milk, boiled rice and other simple dishes for the

Swings of Children's Playground, and Restaurant Building.



In the Japanese
Tea Garden, Golden Gate
Park. Photograph by
B. D. Johnson.

The Tennis Courts. Sutro Hill in the Background.

The Stadium and Other Athletic Fields.—Between Thirtieth and Thirty-sixth avenues, midway between the north and south boundaries, the stadium—a noble, great, grassy arena—occupies thirty acres of the park. It is easily reached by the "Beach" car of the McAllister Street line, through an entrance near Spreckels Lake, at Thirty-sixth avenue. It can also be reached from the car line on the southern boundary, but the walk is a little longer. It was designed by Superintendent John McLaren and Commissioner A. B. Spreckels. A grassy terrace, ten feet high and thirty feet wide, sloping to the center, surrounds it. This will accommodate 60,000 spectators, while the grandstand will add 40,000 more to the number. A trotting track sixty feet wide encircles it. The entrances are through tunnels under the track. At the base of the terrace is a footpath; within this, a bicycle track. Near the eastern end is a quarter-mile cinder track. Within this are spaces for vaulting, jumping and hammer throwing. A basket-ball court and six football fields find room in the great arena.

On October 14, 1911, a typically glorious California day, President Taft, in the presence of nearly 100,000 people, broke ground in the stadium for the great Panama-Pacific Exposition. The completion and adornment of the stadium in an appropriate manner is a part of the plan of the Exposition managers.

Near Seventh avenue and Lincoln Way, on the southern side of the park, are nine baseball fields. There is a field for younger boys between Lake Alvord and the children's playground. The bowling green is west of the walk leading down from the restaurant, sheltered, and partly concealed by shrubbery.

A little to the north is the croquet ground, with the tennis courts just beyond, half-way between the children's playground and the conservatory.

The Dutch Windmills and Park Water Supply.—Golden Gate Park has its own independent water supply. From a system of wells and a pumping plant a supply of 1,500,000 gallons is obtained at a cost of two cents per thousand gallons. From this source comes the water that flows over Huntington Falls into Stow Lake and thence, by gravitation, moistens the eastern and most highly cultivated area of the park.

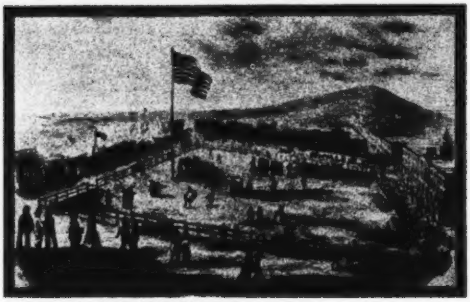
A greater supply being needed for the newer lakes and middle and western divisions of the park, Commissioners Reuben H. Lloyd and A. B. Spreckels conceived the idea that wells might be sunk and the winds used as motive power for pumping the water to the level required. Test wells furnishing evidence that plenty of water was available, and it being thought that a Dutch windmill would add a picturesque feature to the scenery, as well as serve a utilitarian purpose, one was constructed near the northwest corner of the park, at a cost of $25,000. The pumping capacity is 30,000 gallons an hour, furnishing a never-failing supply at a low cost.

Later, through the generosity of Samuel G. Murphy, a second windmill was built near the southwest corner. It furnishes 40,000 gallons an hour, and is the largest in the world.

The Gjoa.—Near the northern windmill, not far from the Great Highway, nestled in a hollow almost surrounded by trees and shrubbery, is the Norwegian sloop Gjoa, the famous vessel in which Captain Roald Amundsen in 1908 made his historic northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a passage sought for since the time of Columbus. Captain Amundsen, on behalf of Norway, presented the sloop to the city. The gift was accepted by Mayor Taylor and committed to the care of the park commissioners. The vessel was beached south of the Cliff House and moved by means of rollers to its present position.

Beach Chalet.—On the ocean boulevard, or Great Highway, and nearly opposite the Gjoa, is the Beach Chalet, a restaurant and resting place belonging to the park. From its western balconies is a glorious view of the ocean and beach, and, in clear weather, of the Farralone Islands.

Beaching the Gjoa, Preparatory to Drawing Her in.



Portsmouth Square in 1854.

square. The first hotel worthy of the name was erected in 1846, on the southwest corner of Clay and Kearny streets—the City Hotel. This was a long, one-story adobe building, with a verandah on the Kearny Street front. The custom house fronted on the square, and later the post-office was on the corner of Pike and Clay streets. In 1849 the Rev. Albert Williams, founder of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, preached his first sermon in the public schoolhouse, situated on the southwest corner of the plaza. This schoolhouse was a memorable building, then the only place for public meetings in the city. Mr. Williams says: "A bell on a column in the rear of the building gave no uncertain sound. Union religious services were held here morning and evening on Sunday. On secular days the place was occupied by my 'Institute,' a private school, and on certain evenings by the Town Council, known as the Ayuntamiento, and also by the District Assembly and by occasional public gatherings."

The first bank was on Kearny street, opposite the square. The first store building was on Clay and Dupont streets and the first newspaper office one block distant.

On July 8, 1846, with appropriate ceremonies, the American flag was here first raised in San Francisco. The flag was from the United States Sloop of War Portsmouth, then lying in the bay. It was raised by Captain Montgomery of the sloop, assisted by his command of sailors and marines, and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the Portsmouth, proclaiming the occupation of northern California by the United States. From this deed the plaza received its later name of Portsmouth Square; and Montgomery street, one block east, was given the name of the captain.

Here was the seething center of life of early days. Sometimes it resounded to joyous celebrations; sometimes the gatherings were sombre. In 1850 there was in the square a procession of all the Chinese in the city (about a hundred), dressed in their richest robes; the purpose was to bid them welcome to our shores—a sharp contrast to their later treatment—and to distribute among them, with speeches through an interpreter, Chinese books and leaflets, secular and religious. In 1851 one of the hangings by the Vigilance Committee took place in the plaza, from a beam projecting from the custom house.

Gradually schools and churches, custom house and post-office have withdrawn from its vicinity, but its surroundings are no less interesting. To the north stretches the Latin quarter, west is Chinatown, while opposite is the fine new Hall of Justice, replacing the previous one destroyed by the earthquake and fire of 1906.

The lingerer on the square can hear the tongues of many far-away lands. Foreigners fill the benches or sun themselves on the grass, as they did when R. L. S. sat there in 1879 and in watching that strange life ebb and flow about him, and in listening to sailor yarns, received the inspirations of some of his later tales. And so, when the fountain was to be erected "To Remember Robert Louis Stevenson," this spot was chosen for its site. It was the first monument erected to his memory, and was designed by Mr. Bruce Porter and Mr. Willis Polk.

It is but a few short blocks to the site of the Bush Street restaurant where Stevenson ate his fifty-cent dinners, "a copious meal, with half a bottle of wine," and to the site of 608 Bush street, where he passed some dreary weeks. Both places had vanished before the fire of 1906 made its clean sweep, but the first meeting of the Stevenson Fellowship, which commemorated the birthday of Stevenson by a supper and appropriate speeches, was held in this restaurant, and from there the company walked to the square to decorate the monument with wreaths and flowers. It was a notable gathering: Mrs. Stevenson; Jules Simoneau, of Monterey, the old French restaurateur with whom Stevenson "discussed the universe and

Portsmouth Square, With the Stevenson Monument.

At the Presidio of San Francisco.

The rose and honeysuckle intertwine
Their fond arms here in beauty's own sweet way;
Here loveliest grasses never know decay,
And every wall is eloquent with vine;
Far-reaching avenues make beckoning sign,
Where, as we stroll in lingering, glad delay,
The trilling songster glorifies the sway
That gives to him inviolable shrine.
And yet, within this beauty-haunted place
War keeps his dreadful engines at command,
With frowning brow and unrelaxing hand;
And as we saunter on in pensive pace,
We start to see,'mid these so lovely bowers,
A tiger sleeping on a bed of flowers.

—Edward Robeson Taylor.

the Presidio. The walls stand as they did, with some changes made to accommodate a small garrison of United States troops. It has a noble situation and I saw from it a clipper ship of the very largest class coming through the Gate, under her fore and aft sails. Thence I rode to the fort, now nearly finished, on the southern shore of the Gate, and made an inspection of it. It is very expensive and of the latest style. One of the engineers here is Custis Lee, who has just left West Point at the head of his class, a son of Colonel Robert E. Lee, who distinguished himself in the Mexican War." The fort with the expensive equipment is old Fort Winfield Scott at Fort Point. It was begun in 1854, taking the place of the Mexican Fort Blanco. It was about seven years building and cost $2,000,000. Now, of course, it is hopelessly out of date.

In 1846, between Dana's two visits, the American flag was raised in all the Presidios of California. When gold discovery rapidly increased the population of San Francisco, the Presidio became more and more important. It is now one of the most desirable military posts and one of the most strongly fortified. Two mammoth guns can here be seen, each shot of which costs $1,000. There are twelve-inch mortars capable of throwing an 800-pound shell five miles.

During our war with Spain, the Presidio was a scene of great activity. It was the chief point of departure of our soldiers for the Philippines. The bodies of thousands sacrificed there rest in its cemeteries. Every returning transport adds a few to the number.

Linked with the Presidio is the sad story of Doña Concepcion Arguello, the beautiful daughter of Don José Arguello, the Commandante of the Presidio in 1806, and sister of Don Luis Arguello, who is buried close to the old Mission church. Rezánov, chamberlain of the Russian emperor, came in the interest of the Imperial Russian-American Fur Company to negotiate for Russian settlements in California. While

Fort Scott, Lime Point Opposite. Narrowest Part of Golden Gate.

Fort Mason at Black Point. Alcatraz Island Beyond.

diplomacy made its slow way "He from grave provincial magnates oft had turned to talk apart, With the Commandante's daughter on the questions of the heart." He won her heart, and sailed away to report the result of his negotiations, and to gain the consent of his Emperor to his marriage. Months and years drifted by, but no word came from the absent lover to Doña Concepcion by the Golden Gate.

> "Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow, empty breeze;
> Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant smiling seas;
> Week by week the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks;
> Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks
> Till the rains came, and far breaking, on the fierce southwester tost,
> Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.
>
> "So each year the seasons shifted, wet and warm, and drear and dry:
> Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky—
> Still it brought no ship, nor message, brought no tidings, ill or meet,
> For the statesmanlike commander, for the daughter fair and sweet."

So she waited, "Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown." Many years afterwards, Sir George Simpson, in his journey around the world, brought the news that Rezánov was killed by a fall from his horse while crossing Siberia on his homeward journey. Suspense ended, hope crushed out, Doña Concepcion became a nun. Bret Harte has woven the pathetic tale into a poem, and Gertrude Atherton has embodied it in her novel, *Rezánov*.

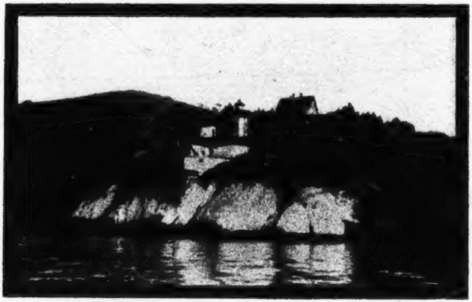
The Presidio Parkway connects Golden Gate Park with the Presidio. It is a boulevard, one mile long, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth avenues, extending from Fulton street on the northern boundary of the park to the southern line of the Government Reservation, entering at a point near the old United States Marine Hospital, passing Mountain Lake Park. There is a main driveway with a path fifteen feet wide paralleling it on each side, two feet higher than the driveway and connected with it by a grassy slope ten feet wide. Along this slope are shade trees with flowering shrubs between. Outside the paths are wide strips, outlined with grassy borders, planted with trees and shrubs.

The McDowell Avenue drive in the Presidio is an impressive one. It begins at the left of the Central Avenue entrance, skirts along Baker's Beach and passes some of the big disappearing guns of our harbor defense.

The Presidio is easily reached by car line. Its tree-bordered paths and wide stretches of field and wood make walking in the grounds a pleasure. The Union Street car line goes directly there from the ferry, but the best route for the pedestrian is to take a Jackson Street car on Sutter street to the Central Avenue entrance. Here is a shady path where the trees meet in an arcade overhead. The walk is rather long, but downhill all the way, joining finally the main road which leads to the hospital buildings. On both sides of the main road are the officers' quarters with lawns, trees and abundant flowers. A walk, bordered by cannon balls in a space between two yards, leads to the parade ground. Following the main road down a little farther, and turning to the right, between two hedges of flowers, the way leads to a long white bridge, or elevated sidewalk, probably paced by a sentry. This leads to the Union Street car line, which runs a short distance into the grounds.

Near the foot of Van Ness avenue is Black Point, once the home of John C. Fremont and his brilliant wife, Jessie Benton. This is now a Government Reservation. Here is Fort Mason, the home of the Commandant. This place, as well as the Presidio, was a refuge for homeless ones in April, 1906. For two days and nights the unending procession crept along Van Ness avenue, seeking safety, shelter and food. Tents were given out at once from the stores of the Presidio, followed soon by shoes and army clothing for those who were in need of them. Kitchens were established, water, food and milk distributed and the whole machinery of army organiza-

To the Parade Ground.



Lighthouse, Yerba Buena Island.

tion was set going in deeds of mercy.

The northern point of the Presidio, which is also the most northern of the peninsula, is called Fort Point. Here is old Fort Winfield Scott, no longer used for defense. Opposite can be seen the white buildings of the lighthouse and Fort Baker at Lime Point, in Marin county. This is the narrowest part of the Golden Gate, one mile across.

At the Government Reservation of fifty acres on Point Lobos (point of wolves) are the fortifications of Fort Miley, which, with the lighthouse and defenses on Point Bonita (pretty point) opposite, guard the western entrance to the bay.

ALCATRAZ ISLAND.–This is a small island of picturesque outline, just opposite the entrance of the Golden Gate into the bay. Its Spanish name perpetuates the pelicans, which once frequented it. Its rugged lines and steep shores suggest the Chateau d'If to readers of Dumas. Here is the military prison and a lighthouse which can be seen nineteen miles at sea. There is a submarine torpedo station here, and a fog bell. The Sausalito ferry boats pass very near this island.

YERBA BUENA OR GOAT ISLAND.–This island was named by the Spaniards for the Yerba Buena, or "good herb," abounding on the island, and which was used by them medicinally. Probably the island first bore the name which later was given to the cove. This, in turn, gave its name to the settlement on its shores. In later years, vessels entering the bay turned loose on the island superfluous goats, which had been brought for fresh meat on the voyage. Breeding there, they soon covered the island, and gave it its second name.

Richard H. Dana, in 1835, wrote of the "large and beautifully wooded islands of the bay," so we may infer that Yerba Buena was once clothed with trees.

The island contains 350 acres. A Naval Training School is located here. There is also a lighthouse and fog signal.

GOVERNMENT RESERVATIONS

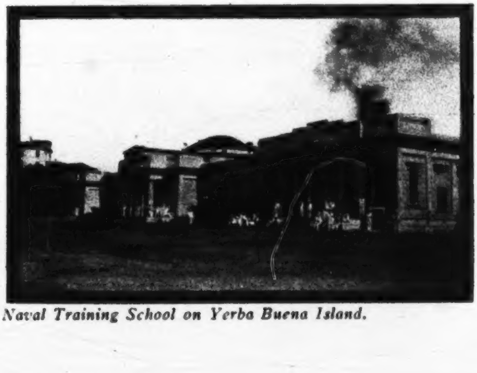
Angel Island.–Juan Bautista de Ayala, who, in August, 1775, sailed through the Golden Gate in the San Carlos, gave to what is now known as Angel Island the name of Isla de Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles–too long a name for hurried Americans. Richard H. Dana, writing of it in 1835, says "a small island about two leagues from the anchorage, called by us Wood island and by the Spaniards Isla de Los Angeles, was covered with trees to the water's edge." He added that great numbers of deer overran the islands and hills of San Francisco bay.

This island contains about 600 acres. On its northern side is the Quarantine Station, one of the largest and best equipped in the world. On the western shore is the Army Post, Fort McDowell. On the eastern shore is the Army Discharge Camp. The Immigration Station is a place of great interest on the arrival of foreign ships. Our immigrants are now mostly from oriental countries, but with the opening of the Panama canal, the station will rival Ellis Island in the number and variety of those who pass through its gates. A military road encircles the island. Permits to visit the islands may be obtained from army headquarters.

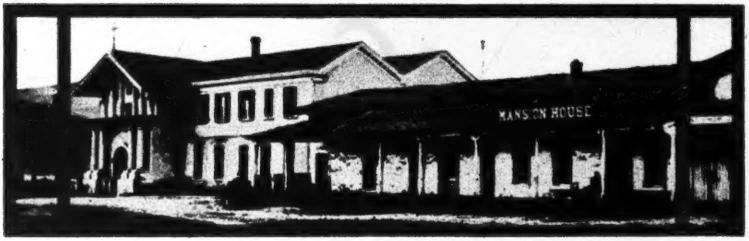
Mare Island.–This island is in the northern part of the bay, opposite the city of Vallejo. It is reached by the steamboats of the Monticello line and by ferry from Vallejo. It is the chief naval station of the Pacific, with a large drydock.

William Heath Davis, in his *Sixty Years in California*, says: "On Mare Island, from 1840 to 1843, were as many as 3,000 elk. They crossed to the mainland and recrossed by swimming. They were all killed for their hides and tallow."

The Government has spent millions of dollars here. The drydock is large enough to hold the great war vessels, and here they may be seen, undergoing repairs. In contrast to these modern fighting ships may be seen many obselete ones. The old Man-of-War Independence, which fought in the war of 1812, and some of the Spanish ships captured by Admiral Dewey in Manila bay, are here.



Naval Training School on Yerba Buena Island.



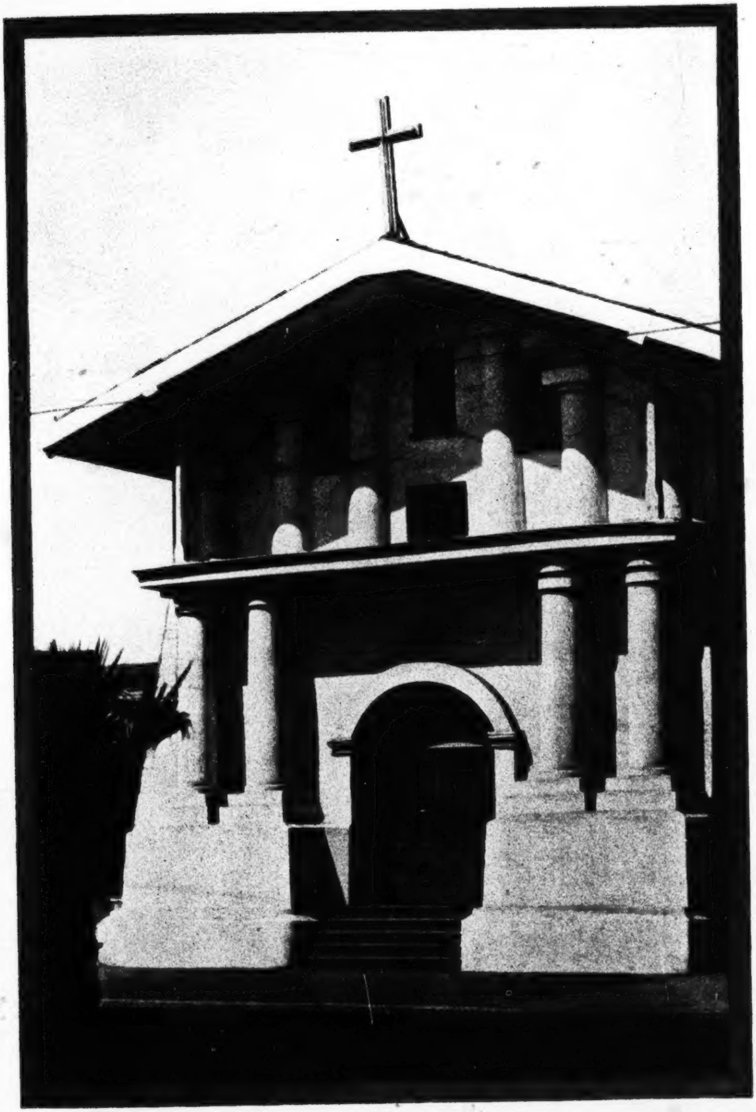
Mission Church in 1865. Old Hotel, the Mansion House.

Chapter Eight · The Old Mission

The pious fathers and the soldiers who pressed their weary way northward, where white man's foot had never trod, had no thought of romance. The fathers came to win the land for Christ; the soldiers came to guard them, and to hold the land for Spain. But as those days, so strangely different from our own, have receded into the past, they have become to us more and more romantic. As we gaze at the façade of the old church, at the thick adobe walls, at the quaint tiled roof and the "Bells of the Past" lashed to their beams with rawhide thongs, they have the power to call up a series of pictures and to shed over them the "color of romance" as nothing else in San Francisco can.

In the dream pageant which passes before our eyes we see first the little band of soldiers, with Father Font and Commanders Anza and Moraga at their head, struggling over the sandy hills, from the already selected site of the Presidio, to find a fertile, sheltered spot for the mission. A level, grassy plain, near a small lake, and "a stream of sweet waters," invites them. It being in the last days of Lent, the name of Our Lady of Sorrows is given to the lake and creek, the Laguna and Arroyo de Nuestra Señora de Los Dolores. The site is fixed upon and this picture fades away, for these are not the founders of the mission.

A few months later, another cavalcade comes into view, this time from the south, a long line of soldiers, settlers with their families, horses and cattle, Moraga at their head with Fathers Palou and Cambon. We see them make their camp and pitch their tents, fifteen in number, on the grassy plain near the lake. The next day a booth of brush, with a simple altar, is added to



The Mission To-day.
Photograph by Gabriel Moulin.

The Angelus

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With color of Romance,

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,
Girdle the heathen land.

* * *

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding
I touch the farther Past–
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last;

* * *

Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

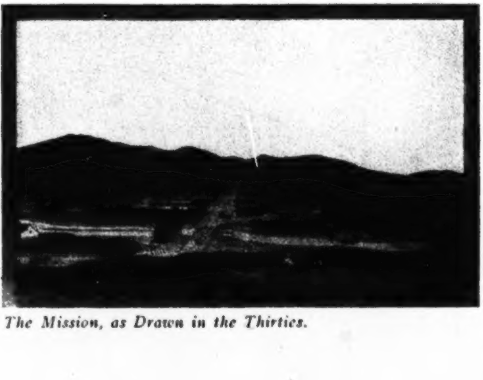
—Bret Harte

the picture, and on the following day, June 29th, we see them all gathered to witness the celebration of the first mass at Dolores.

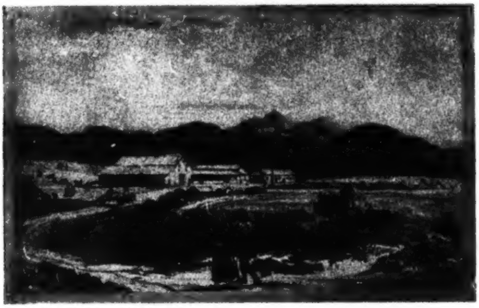
Again the picture changes. Most of the company have moved north on the peninsula and are working on the buildings of the Presidio. The band at the mission site is now only the two missionaries, their three Indian servants and six soldiers. The cattle are left with them, to graze over the fertile plains.

The scene moves on. The San Carlos has arrived and, when the rude buildings of the Presidio are completed, Quiros, the commander of the ship, his chaplain, one of his pilots, the surgeon and some of the sailors come over to the lake, and soon we see them busy, helping the missionaries to build shelter for themselves and a temporary church. Some are driving in the poles of the palisade walls, some are plastering them with mud. When the roofs of tule thatch are added, all is ready. The church is to be dedicated and the work of converting the Indians to begin. The formal celebration of the foundation of the mission was to have been on the feast day of St. Francis, October 4th; but, Moraga being absent, it was postponed till his return.

The next picture is that of October 9, 1776, the day of the celebration. The rude church and simple altar are hung around with flags and pennants brought from the San Carlos. We see all the people in procession, bearing an image of St. Francis to the altar, where it is placed. Mass is said, and the Mission of San Francisco d'Assisi, projected seven years before, has become a reality. A year passes, and we have a glimpse of Father Junipero Serra, the presidente of the missions, on his first visit. He had longed for a mission dedicated to his beloved St. Francis, the founder of his order, and now he sees his hopes realized. The church is little more than a hut, but in it he celebrates mass before seventeen adult Indian converts. He passes over to the Presidio, thanking God that "now our Father St. Francis, with the Holy Cross of the Procession of the Missions, has reached the last limit of the Californian continent."



The Mission, as Drawn in the Thirties.



Mission in the Thirties.

But no thought enters his mind of the great city which is to arise from this beginning.

The next scene brings us to April 25, 1782, when the cornerstone of the new church was laid. This is to be our own church which we visit to-day. The Indians have been gathered in and taught useful arts, as well as religion. They can hew and dress the wood, and make the sun-dried bricks; the fathers directing the work. We see the troops from the Presidio again engaged in a solemn ceremonial. In the cornerstone is enclosed an image of St. Francis, some relics in the form of bones of St. Pius, and of other holy martyrs, medals of various saints, and silver coins. This foundation stone of the new church is laid about one thousand varas southeast of the first one.

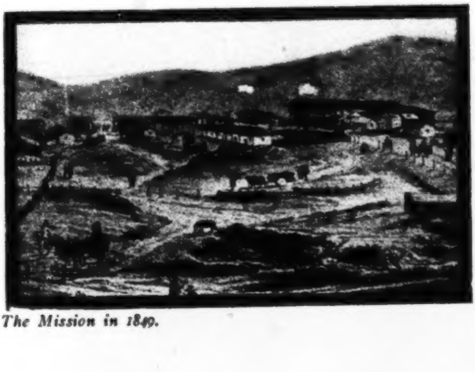
For our next picture of the mission we are indebted to Vancouver, who visited it in 1793. Buildings have been added and form two sides of a quadrangle. They are made of adobe, or sun-dried bricks. The huts of the Indians are made of willow poles woven with twigs; all are thatched with grass and tule. In one large room are Indians weaving, on the looms they have built, blankets from wool they have raised. On other looms, they are weaving their clothing. They are making soap and tanning hides. The stock, small and large, has increased to thousands. Hundreds of Indians have been baptized. In 1795, we see pottery making added to the industries. The church and other buildings are roofed with tiles.

Dr. Langsdorff, who accompanied the Russian chamberlain, Rezánov, in 1806, paints a pleasant picture for us. He commends the lives of the padres at the mission, praising their self-sacrifice. He speaks of the industries of the Indians, of the skill of the women in basket weaving, and of the herds of cattle and horses.

General Vallejo, in his oration at the centennial celebration of the founding of the mission, gives us another bright picture. "In one of my journeys to San Francisco, during the year 1826, I found this mission in all its splendor and state of preservation, consisting at that time of one church, the residence of the reverend fathers, granaries, warehouses for merchandise, guardhouse for the soldiers, prison, an orchard of fruit trees and vegetable garden, cemetery, the entire rancheria or Indian village, all constructed of adobe houses with tile roofs, the whole laid out with great regularity, forming streets; and a tannery and a soap factory. That is to say, on that portion which actually lies between Church, Dolores and Guerrero streets from north to south, and between Fifteenth and Seventeenth streets from east to west."

These were the golden days of the missions. In 1825, that of St. Francis is said to have possessed 76,000 head of cattle, more than 3,000 horses, nearly 1,000 mules, 2,000 hogs, 79,000 sheep and 456 oxen. Besides this stock, in the granaries were 18,000 bushels of wheat and barley, in the storehouses $35,000 worth of merchandise, and $25,000 in gold and silver coin. Fruits and vegetables from their orchards and gardens, wine from their own vineyards, enriched the table of the padres. The stranger was made welcome to their best, the spent horse was exchanged for the pick of their herds, recompense was refused and, cheered and refreshed, the traveler was sent on his way with a blessing. For many years the missions, about a day's horseback journey apart, were the only places where a traveler could find rest and food. Business with other nations was in the hands of the padres. The coast trade was mostly in hides and tallow, with grain for the Russian settlements. But these days were numbered.

The pictures grow more sombre; the good days of the mission have passed. In 1835 it was secularized, the Indians were scattered, and there is no record of any of the property being divided among them, as was the case with some of the missions at secularization. The property, consisting of real estate, church property and the livestock, was valued at about $60,000. Anticipating secularization, the padres had sold off the cattle and allowed the herds to diminish. In



The Mission in 1849.

The Mission in 1856.

1845 Pio Pico issued a proclamation to the Indians of the mission, enjoining them to reunite and occupy the property or it would be declared abandoned and would be disposed of; but the Indians did not come back. The church was returned to the custody of the Archbishop, under whose care it still remains. When Captain Montgomery raised his flag in Portsmouth Square and proclaimed California a part of the United States, the days of the mission as a living force had passed away forever. But though now our interest is largely transferred to the settlement on the bay, the pictures of the mission do not cease to unroll before us.

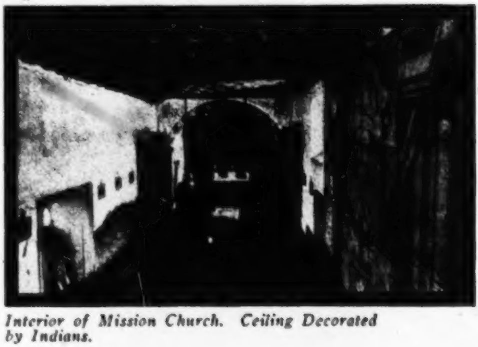
Dana comes, serving before the mast in the good ship Pilgrim, from Boston. For more than a year his ship went up and down the coast, collecting its cargo of hides from the missions and the great Spanish ranches. He gives us only a line or two of Mission Dolores at this time,"as ruinous as the Presidio, almost deserted, with but few Indians attached to it and but little property;" but we have through him vivid pictures of the traffic in hides, from the rounding up of the cattle to the stowing of the ship,and of life at other missions,and in the seaport towns of those days. Twenty-four years later he visited San Francisco, and gives us another glimpse of the mission. "It had a strangely solitary aspect, enhanced by its surroundings of the most uncongenial, rapidly growing modernisms, the hoar of ages surrounded by the brightest, slightest and rapidest of growths. Its old belfry still clanged with the discordant bells; mass is saying within, for it was used as a place of worship for the extreme south part of the city."

Next we see Bayard Taylor leaving San Francisco one afternoon in 1849 and wading through the three miles of deep sand to the mission. Following him over the hills that same evening to the Sanchez rancho, we see him at the "large adobe house, the ruins of a former mission." This is an interesting glimpse of something now wholly obliterated.

The same year we see the Reverend Albert Williams "with one saddle horse for the common use of our party of four. Our route lay through St. Ann's and Hayes Valleys and over intervening sandhills. St. Ann's Valley was overspread with a thick grove of scraggy dwarf oaks. * * In Hayes Valley we pause to regale ourselves with its luscious wild strawberries. With ups and downs and winding courses, it is a good three miles to the mission premises. Here a novel sight of old and new, Spanish and American, was presented to our view. The principal mission buildings still stood, their massive adobe walls crumbling into decay, the church in partial ruin, its interior dark, gloomy and uncomfortable, an earthen floor, and here and there a plain plank bench, the pictures upon the walls partaking also of the general dilapidation. The apartments next to the church were occupied by Father Santillan, the remaining portions of the building, former residences of the padres, were occupied by intruding adventurers, under color of squatter right. * * At intervals, in the vicinity of the church were a few adobe dwellings of Californian families. This suburb of San Francisco, in its quiet rural repose, presented a scene in striking contrast with the bustling activity of the city on the bay." Mr. Williams tells us that in 1853 a plank road was built to the Mission, and that when lumber was $300 a thousand feet.

In his book, *Life on the Pacific Coast*, Mr. S. D. Woods, writing of the early Fifties, says that the Mission was reached by a plank road running along what is now Mission street, a toll road, leading across marsh lands which covered this portion of the town. The toll was profitable to its owners, as well it might be at a half-dollar for a one-horse rockaway, since it was the only means of communication with the Mission.

We see in 1855, through the pen of Charles Warren Stoddard, two plank roads leading from the city to the Mission, over each of which omnibuses ran every half-hour. "The plank road, a straight and narrow way, cut



Interior of Mission Church. Ceiling Decorated by Indians.

At the Grave of Serra.

** * O heart!*
Flaming, audacious heart, so long in dust!
Twas thy reward to die ere died thy works,
To perish ere the Vision too was fled.
The Vineyard and the orchard and the fold
Have passed, and passed as well that other Flock,
Thy tenderest concern, O spirit pure!
Who, in an age of infamy and gold,
*Saw souls alone. * **

—George Sterling

tree soaring into space" and "the wide walls" were laid low, while the old church, which had weathered so many storms, came triumphantly through another. The earthquake had no effect upon its thick walls and huge beams, while wide Dolores street saved it from devouring flames.

This last dramatic scene is a fitting close to our series of romantic mission pictures. In the great fire of April, 1906, the flames raged for four days, and swept over the entire distance of three miles from the Ferry Building to Dolores street, where the mission is located. The eastern side of this street was devoured, but here the fire stopped and the mission, just across the street, was untouched. After the fire ceased, all the works of the hand of man, for three miles, from the mission to the bay, had been obliterated, while the old church stood, as a century and a quarter before, looking with unbroken vision to the bay. May it stand many years longer, reminding our children unto the third and fourth generation of the self-sacrifice and spiritual enthusiasm through which this city had its birth. Its adobe sides are now covered with wood for protection. Mounting to the gallery within, one may, by stepping on a bench and peering into the roof, see the old redwood beams lashed together with rawhide thongs, speaking pathetically of the difficulties the padres had to surmount with their lack of suitable materials and skilled workmen. There was no iron for nails, their tools were few and simple, everything must be manufactured from raw material by raw material, and the two sorts of raw material were brought together with difficulty. Truly, if genius is "capacity for taking infinite pains," the padres were men of genius.

For one reason or another, after many years of use as a parish church, the interior had been stripped of its pictures and altar decorations. To Miss Nora Fennell is due the restoration. She had been brought up near the mission, attended church there in her childhood, and she loved it. The children and grandchildren of the early settlers about the

Beams in Roof Lashed Together With Rawhide Thongs.

Synagogue Emanu-El, 1867. The Vienna Gardens.

diaries of both ministers and laymen of the Fifties and Sixties, one is struck by the tribbute most of them pay to the religious force of the city. They agree that along with the wild and reckless element marched a sturdy, God-fearing people in sufficient numbers to enforce a Christian sabbath, to build and maintain churches, fill them to overflowing and call to them some of the strongest ministers and best preaching talent of the land. It has been well said, "the gold-seekers were hardly here before the soul-seekers," and the latter made as great sacrifices, worked as strenuously and with as great results as the former. San Francisco was founded as a mission and she has not been unmindful of her birth. As with the discovery of gold the little hamlet suddenly expanded into a city, ministers of the various Protestant denominations were hastened to the spot, and in 1851 San Francisco had nine Protestant churches and the old mission church to minister to the Catholics—certainly a worthy showing. Planted in the new soil by Missionary Boards, the churches before long became self-supporting and in turn spread through the State and reached out to foreign fields.

The Methodists were first with a church organization in 1847, but did not have a building until 1850. The Congregationalists organized in 1849; their first house of worship was dedicated in 1853. It was on the southwest corner of Dupont and California streets. The pastor was the Reverend T. Dwight Hunt, the first regular Protestant clergyman in California. He came from Honolulu in 1848 and was made chaplain of the settlement.

The first house of worship built in California, outside of the old Spanish missions, was a meeting-house for the First Baptist Church of San Francisco, built on Washington street in 1849. It was only thirty by fifty feet and had for a roof old ship sails, yet it cost $6,000 in gold. The First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco was organized early in 1849 by the Reverend Albert Williams, its pastor for four years. A tent at Dupont street, between Pacific street and Broadway, might be called their first church home, though they had previously met in the school house near Portsmouth Square and in the City Hall. The tent was supplanted by a pretty church on the west side of Stockton street, between Pacific street and Broadway. This building (ready to put up, pulpit, pews and all complete) was sent from New York around the Horn. It was opened and dedicated in January, 1851, soon, alas, to be destroyed by fire. Howard Presbyterian Church was organized in 1850 by the Reverend Doctor Willey, one of the founders of the University of California, and still living.

An Episcopal church, similar to the First Baptist, was built in 1850. Its cost was $8,000 in gold. When the contribution plate was passed at the first service, nothing less than gold coin was placed on it.

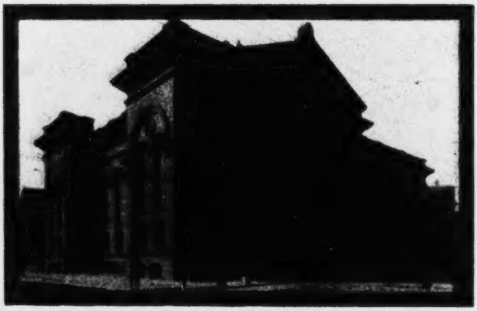
Because in many instances the various church bodies have preferred to put their money in missions (city, home or foreign) rather than in costly edifices, generally speaking San Francisco's later church buildings have not kept pace with her building in other lines, nevertheless, a number of them are, for various reasons, worthy of note.

First in the hearts of those who love San Francisco for her unique artistic spots is the little Swedenborgian church on the corner of Washington and Lyon streets. But it is to something deeper than the artistic sense that the quiet loveliness of this church appeals; an island of simple beauty in a sea of artificiality, it sheds its benign influence over all who enter its gates. No one of whatever creed or denomination can leave that spot unblessed; no troubled spirit can fail to be soothed by its sweet serenity. The fern-bordered brick-paved entrance leads into a green-walled yard where all city noises are shut out by the bordering shrubberies, where the sunlight filters through the purple of the Japanese plum and the green of other trees, where birds are singing and dipping their wings in the cistern set in the grass for their use, where here and there a few

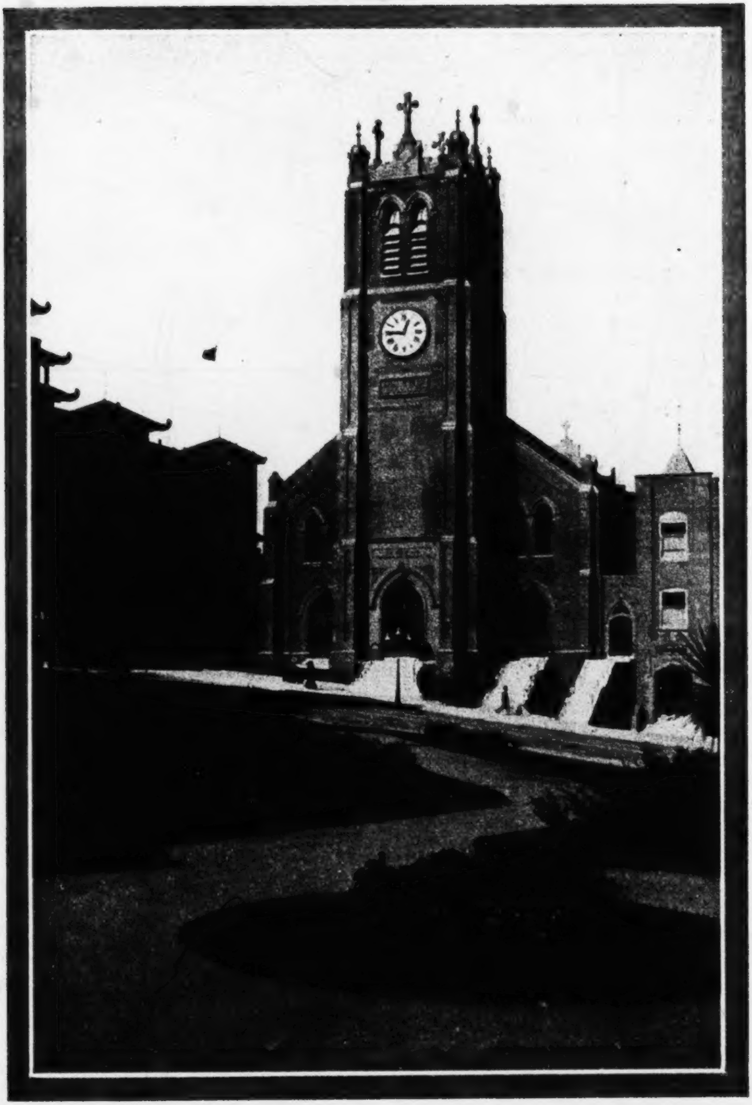
Swedenborgian Church on Washington and Lyon Streets.

flowers or blossoming shrubs give just the right touch of color, and the whole is blended with the church itself by the vines and climbing roses which clothe it. One would fain linger in this quiet spot where worldly cares slip away and peace steals into the soul; but the yard is a fitting vestibule for the church within. Entering, one finds simplicity and sincerity the keynotes of both church and service. The natural-wood finish, the roof supports of logs still bark covered, the decorations of lichen-covered branches and vases of picturesque dried seed-vessels, all with their browns and grays warmed by tempered sunlight, and firelight from the great fireplace at the end of the room, form a fit setting for the four beautiful paintings by Keith which cover the northern wall; paintings whose mellow tones and wonderful depths emerge from the dusky light, and are printed on the conciousness during the hour of reverent service.

A very different place is Calvary Presbyterian church, on the corner of Fillmore and Jackson streets, yet for several reasons it is memorable. The church was organized in 1854, by the Reverend William A. Scott, D. D., L. L. D., a native of Tennessee. He came here from New Orleans at the age of forty-nine, full of learning, with a fine voice and wonderfully gifted in prayer. He preached with power and pathos and, according to a contemporary minister, never was congregation more in danger of being guilty of idolatry in worshipping its pastor than was his, as the years went by. The troublous days of the Civil War drew on. A native southerner, his sympathies were with the South. Often his expressions were exaggerated and misrepresented. It was finally thought best for him to take a voyage to Europe. For some time he supplied a church in London and then became pastor of the Forty-second Street Presbyterian Church in New York. In 1870, he returned to San Francisco, to the great joy of his friends. St. John's Presbyterian Church was organized, and he installed as its pastor. It was during this pastorate that he married Robert Louis Stevenson and Mrs.



Calvary Presbyterian Church. Fillmore and Jackson Streets.



Old St. Mary's,
Restored After the Fire. Once
the Roman Catholic
Cathedral Church. Photo-
graph by Louis J. Stellmann.

** * There it lay, a constellation of lights, a golden radiance, dimmed by the distance. San Francisco the Impossible, the City of Miracles! Of it and its people many stories have been told, and many shall be; but a thousand tales shall not exhaust its treasury of Romance. Earthquake and fire shall not change it, terror and suffering shall not break its glad, mad spirit. Time alone can tame the town, * * rob it of its nameless charm, subdue it to the Commonplace. May Time be merciful—may it delay its fatal duty till we have learned that to love, to forgive, to enjoy, is but to understand!*

—From "The Heart Line," by Gelett Burgess.
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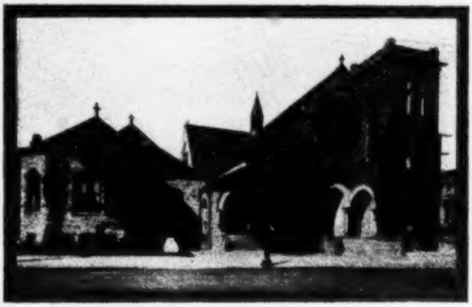
Osborne. He was largely instrumental in founding the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, now established at San Anselmo. The old Calvary Church which he organized was on Bush street. After occupying several sites, its home for a number of years was on Powell street, opposite Union Square. Gradually the congregation moved westward, the plot of ground became very valuable, and it was sold for enough to buy the present Fillmore street lot, build a handsome new church, and still leave money in the treasury–a unique experience for a church. But this circumstance is not the chief reason for interest in it. It is rather because of the part it played in municipal life after the great fire in 1906. It was one of the very few, and the largest, of the churches spared by the fire and it was left comparatively uninjured by the earthquake. For months it was a seat of justice as well as a center of religious life. Courts were held in its gymnasium, Masonic and other societies met in its social rooms, while for religious services, in true spirit of brotherly love, it opened its doors to all denominations needing shelter, Jewish as well as Christian–truly a gracious and a Christian hospitality.

The First Unitarian Church is noteworthy as the church of Thomas Starr King, one of the greatest of the great men who have made San Francisco the city of their adoption. He came to San Francisco from Boston in 1860, a young man of thirty-six, who was already winning fame. But it was in California that he became one of the world's great orators. To him, more than to anyone else, it was due that California was saved for the Union in the dark days of 1861; to him, more than to any one else, was due the large sum raised by California for the Sanitary Commission. An eloquent preacher and speaker, a fervent patriot, his body was too frail a tenement for his fiery soul. His priceless life was cut short; he died in 1864, only forty years of age. His body lies before the door of the church, on the corner of Geary and Franklin streets. The old Unitarian Church to which he was called was on Stockton street, near Sacra-

Geary-Street Unitarian Church. Starr King's First Tomb.



Present Unitarian Church. Starr King's Later Tomb.

mento, but the growth of the town being southward, a church was built on Geary street, near Stockton, soon after Starr King's arrival here, and this was the church in which he preached and where he was buried. His body was removed to the present site when, with the growth of the town, the church was again obliged to move on. A bronze statue in Golden Gate Park expresses San Francisco's appreciation of his life and services.

The fire of 1906 destroyed a large proportion of the churches of the city. Most of them have been replaced and, in many instances, by finer and more nearly fireproof structures than before.

The First Methodist Episcopal Church has lately finished and dedicated a handsome new building on Clay and Larkin streets. The organization is the oldest in the city; indeed, the oldest on this coast, south of the Willamette river. It had its birth in 1847. After two years in temporary shelters, a lot was bought on the corner of Powell and Jackson streets, in November, 1849, and soon after a church building was erected. Up to the time of the fire the church remained in this location.

The Central Methodist Church has a new home on O'Farrell street, west of Leavenworth, having in rebuilding made a long leap from its former home in the Mission. In the Sixties, when the home of this church was on Howard street, near Second, the pulpit was filled by Doctor Guard, a man of great eloquence and power, at whose every service the building was crowded. Those were the days of San Francisco's great pulpit orators in almost every denomination.

In January, 1912, was dedicated the new home of the Howard Street Methodist Episcopal Church, located at Howard and Harriet streets. From its downtown location it is called "The Church of the Stranger." The present structure cost $118,000 and is its seventh home since it was organized in 1851 by the Reverend M. C. Briggs in the Happy Valley school house.

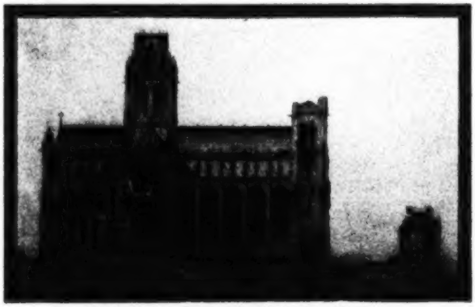
CHURCHES

A yellow brick building replaces the former home of the First Presbyterian Church on the old site, the corner of Van Ness avenue and Sacramento streets.

A large and handsome Christian Science church of the same material has been recently built on the corner of Franklin and California streets.

On the summit of Nob Hill, Grace Pro-Cathedral (Episcopal) is in course of construction, on the former sites of two Crocker homes, which, after fire had destroyed the houses, were given by the Crocker family to the Church for this purpose. It is a superb position, and the building, when completed, will be worthy of the site. A fine white granite building for the Divinity School is already finished.

Grace Church was founded by the Reverend Doctor Ver Mehr in 1850, at about the same time that Trinity Church was founded by the Reverend Flavel S. Mines, the latter coming by way of the Isthmus, the former around the Horn. Both were men of energy and talent, and both were highly accomplished; but at first there was not room for the two churches and Grace Church led a struggling and troublous existence, until Bishop Kip arrived in 1854. He was selected by the General Convention at New York in 1853, and sent out as Missionary Bishop of California, leaving the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Albany, to come. Doctor Ver Mehr, having given up Grace Church and retired to Sonoma, where he opened a seminary for young ladies, the rectorship was offered to Bishop Kip, who accepted, though the warden told him there were only twenty people inside, and the sheriff at the door. In three years, the city having increased rapidly in population, the congregation overflowed the church, which was on Powell street, not then graded. In 1857, the Reverend Ferdinand C. Ewer became rector, the bishop resigning as his other duties pressed. The church continued prosperous, and a new building was erected on Stockton street at California. It was the Cathedral Church of the Diocese.



Grace Pro-Cathedral. Courtesy of the Architect, L. P. Hobart.

time, the finest church building in the city. It is now the church of the Paulist Fathers.

St. Mary's church, on the corner of Van Ness avenue and O'Farrell street, is the Cathedral church of the Roman Catholic Diocese. It was built in 1887. It had a very narrow escape from destruction by the great fire. The flames swept the opposite side of Van Ness avenue. The top of the belfry broke out in a small flame, and it seemed as if the cathedral was doomed. The devoted priests climbed to the top of the spire and, with the assistance of the firemen, chopped away the burning wood, put out the flames, and thus saved the building.

The Dominicans lost a fine church building at the time of the earthquake. They have now a temporary church on Pierce street, between Bush and Pine, with a school fronting on Pine street, and the priests' house on Bush.

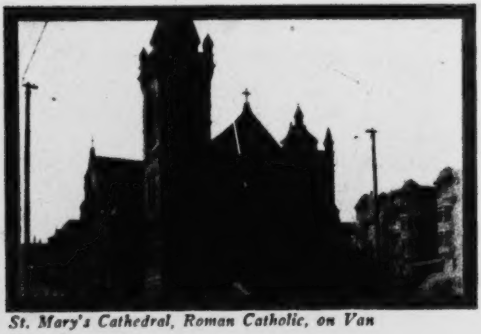
St. Ignatius' church and college (S. J.) occupied, at the time of the fire, an entire block between Van Ness avenue, Hayes and Grove streets; a handsome pile of buildings. The church was very beautiful within, and was said to have the finest organ west of Chicago. All was swept away. They have had temporary buildings for church and school on Hayes street, near the park. Now they are building a fine brick and steel structure on a noble site crowning a hill on Fulton street.

On the corner of Broadway and Van Ness avenue is a handsome church, St. Brigid's, (R. C.). The stone used in its construction was the old crosswalks removed when the streets were paved with asphalt.

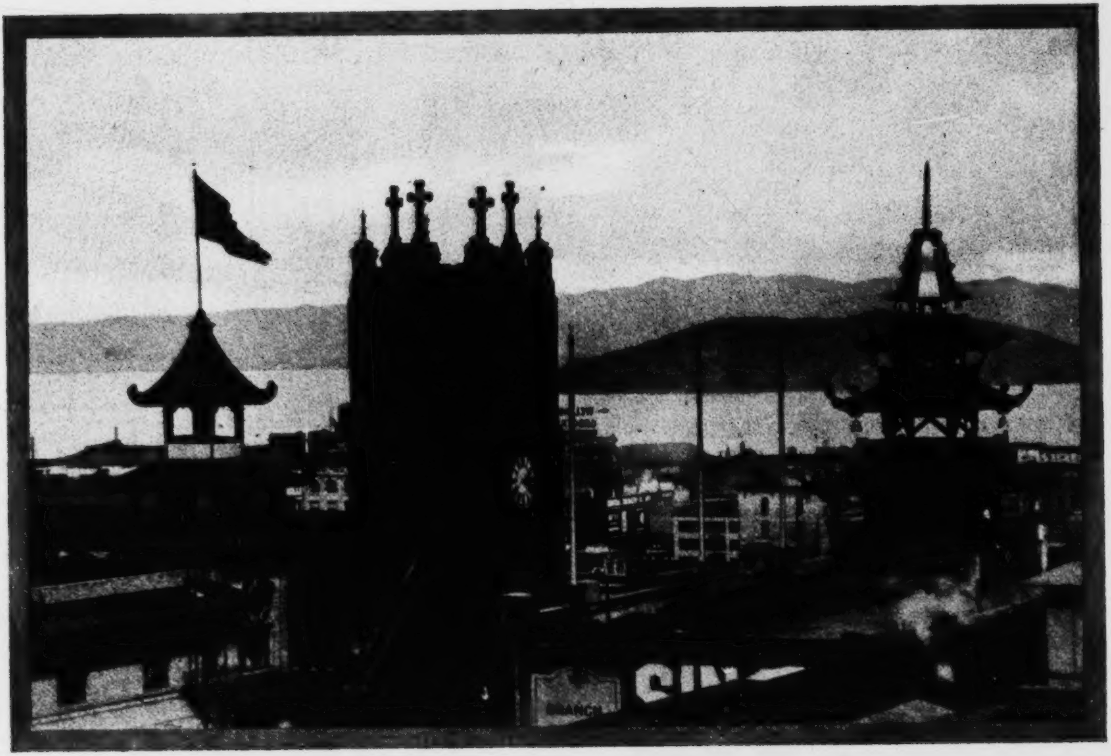
The Roman Catholics have a number ot churches for those of foreign birth. On the north side of Bush street, between Stockton and Grant avenue, is the French church, Notre Dame des Victoires, served by the Marist Fathers.

On Grant Avenue, near Filbert street, is the Italian church of Pietro e Paolo, conducted by Salesian Fathers.

On the north side of Broadway, between Mason



St. Mary's Cathedral, Roman Catholic, on Van Ness Avenue.



The Bay Over Old St. Mary's Tower and the Roofs of Chinatown. Photograph by Louis J. Stellmann.

The Silhouette City.

Against a sky of rose and violet
The city's outline clearly, sharply shows,
Against a sky of violet and rose
The shapes of turret, tower and minaret;
Twin Peaks, high hills, in dream repose are set,
Around whose heads the poppy-zephyr blows,
Twin Peaks, high hills, are set in dream repose
Where Occident and Orient have met,
And now the skies have turned to gold and green,
Rare jewels blaze on steeple, spire and dome—
Far, far across the deck's low rail I lean
And throw a kiss to thee, my natal home!
Dream city! Pilgrim hearts alone can prize
Such precious balm for weary, homesick eyes.

—Clarence Urmy.

and Taylor streets, is the handsome new Spanish church, Yglesia de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. This replaces one which stood on the same site before the fire.

There is a Slavonian church, the Church of the Nativity, on Fell street, between Franklin and Gough streets.

There are two German Roman Catholic churches—one, St. Boniface, on Golden Gate avenue between Jones and Leavenworth streets, is served by the Franciscans; the other, St. Anthony's, is on Army street, between Shotwell and Folsom.

The old Mission church is of too great interest to be given only a paragraph. It is so closely woven with the history of the city that it is given a chapter by itself.

The oldest Jewish society of the city is that of the Congregation Emanu-El, which was organized in 1851. In 1866, a handsome synagogue was built on Sutter street at the cost of nearly $200,000. The congregation was presided over for many years by Doctor Elkan Cohn, a highly intelligent man of liberal views. A later incumbent was the distinguished Rabbi Voorsanger, a learned man, a powerful preacher, and active in relief work in the time of the city's need. The great fire, which spared nothing in its path, left only the walls of the handsome building, but it has since been completely restored.

The liberal views of Rabbi Cohn and his endeavors to introduce some modifications in minor rites and ceremonies led to some dissatisfaction among the more orthodox of his congregation. The dissatisfied members withdrew and organized the Congregation Ohabai Shalome. In 1865 they built a handsome temple on Mason street. Their present house of worship is on Bush street.

The synagogue on California and Webster streets, whose dome is conspicuous from so many parts of the city, is the Temple Sherith Israel. It was comparatively uninjured by the earthquake, also beyond the reach of the flames, and, like Calvary church, it opened its doors to the needy;

Temple Sherith Israel, on California and Webster Streets.

for secular as well as for religious purposes. For many months United States courts were held here, and here took place the famous trials of Mayor Schmitz and Abraham Ruef.

The temple of the Congregation Beth Israel, newly built, is on Geary street, just west of Fillmore.

Trinity Cathedral of the Holy Orthodox Russian-Greek Church is a small building on the corner of Van Ness avenue and Green street. The services here are most interesting and impressive. The wonderful bass voices of the men of the choir make the singing especially beautiful. An archbishop and two priests compose the consistory.

The Greek Catholic Church was established in California at Fort Ross in 1811, and a part of the primitive building still remains, though badly injured by the earthquake of 1906. It is a valuable historical relic and is to be repaired and preserved.

At 2963 Webster street, on the corner of Filbert, stands a curious building, trying, with its dome, arches and open roof, to suggest Indian architecture, but succeeding only in effecting a flimsy imitation. The tablet at the door reads: "This is the first Vedanta or Hindu mission in the West, erected 21 August, 1905. The Vedanta is the oldest literature existent, consisting of the highest and sublimest thoughts in the world. Rama Krishna Mission, Calcutta, India, founded by Swami Vivekanada." On another tablet is given the time of lectures and classes taught by Swami Trigunatita.

With four of the dominant hills of the city holding aloft the symbols of christianity, San Francisco should be known as the city which points the Way with peculiar distinctness. In the western half of the city the most conspicuous objects are the towering walls of St. Ignatius church and the crosses of Lone Mountain and the Prayer Book Memorial; while from the bay and down-town district the splendid pile of Grace Cathedral will be seen to overshadow even that symbol of material prosperity, the great Fairmont itself.

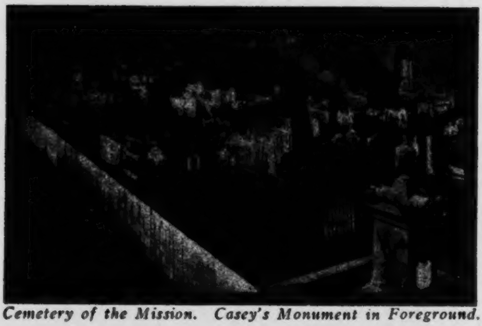
Temple of the Hindu Propaganda.

Cypress Lawn. The Beautiful Protestant Cemetery in San Mateo County.

Chapter Ten · Cemeteries

A visit to the ancient cemetery of the Mission Dolores, adjacent to the church, places one at once in the atmosphere of the early days. A search among the ivy-covered tombs and headstones reveals many an old Spanish name connected with the early history of California, along with the names of many who supplanted them. Death is the great leveler; near the church stands the tall monument of Don Luis Arguello, the first Governor of California under Mexican rule, while not far away are the graves of the notorious Cora and Casey, hung by the Vigilance Committee of 1856 for the murders of William H. Richardson and James King of William. This is, of course, the oldest cemetery of the city. The first interment was made in 1776. The tombs of some of the oldest Spanish families are within the church.

As the little settlement of Yerba Buena expanded into the city of San Francisco, the cities of the dead kept pace with the growth of the town. One was at North Beach, on the line of Powell street; another of the oldest was on the southeastern slope of Telegraph Hill. Another on Russian Hill gave the name to the hill, being used as a Russian burial-place in the time of the Russian Fur Company's establishment in San Francisco. All these were in use in 1849 and later. As the city grew, the authorities set apart a plot of ground, bounded by what are now Market, McAllister and Larkin streets. This seemed well out of the way of any possible expansion. It was difficult of access, as in any direction it could only be reached over a succession of sand hills. Yerba Buena cemetery was the name given to this plot. The bones of those buried at North Beach were removed to this



Cemetery of the Mission. Casey's Monument in Foreground.

cemetery, and North Beach cemetery was closed in 1854. Of Yerba Buena, Charles W. Stoddard wrote: "The forlornest of spots–no fence enclosed it, the sand sifted into it and through it and out on the other side. It made graves and uncovered them. We boys haunted it in ghoulish pairs and whispered to each other as we found one more coffin coming to the surface, or searched in vain for the one we had seen the week before. There were rude boards, painted in fading colors, and beneath lay the dead of all nations, soon to be nameless." Soon after the opening of Laurel Hill cemetery, the removal to it of bodies from Yerba Buena began, and in 1870 the clearing of the latter cemetery was made complete and the ground was prepared for the new City Hall which later covered a part of this site, as also does City Hall Park. This spot is also the site of the sand-lot agitation of Dennis Kearney in the early Seventies.

Before Yerba Buena cemetery fell into disuse, a plot of ground at the base of Lone Mountain was bought, or taken under squatter's rights by a private corporation, for a new burial place. It was at first intended to include the hill itself, making about 320 acres in all, but this was cut down to 160 acres, and later reduced still further, the hill being excluded. The hill and several square miles around it, including the original 320 acres, were covered at that time with a dense growth of scrub oak which, Theodore Hittell says, presented a landscape of peculiar beauty, especially in contrast to the miles of sand dunes stretching beyond to the ocean. The cross erected on the hill marked the vicinity as a sacred spot. The cemetery was at first called Lone Mountain, but the name was afterwards changed to Laurel Hill. It was opened with elaborate services and speeches by prominent men, on May 30, 1854. At first it was reached by a circuitous route, nearly four miles in length, by way of Pacific street and the Presidio. Later, Bush street was graded, planked and the distance from the Plaza shortened to about two miles. In this cemetery, a well-kept and beautiful spot, are buried many men prominent in the history of San Francisco; James King of William, Broderick (who fell in a duel by the hand of Judge Terry), Senators Sargent, Gwin and others. Handsome monuments and family vaults abound. After the earthquake and fire, refugees camped in the cemeteries the first night or two and many a vault sheltered the living as well as the dead.

Calvary cemetery (Roman Catholic) lies south of Laurel Hill and east of Lone Mountain. It was opened in 1860. Many French and Italian names are found here. There are monuments with quaint inscriptions, and many touching gravestones and wooden markers, containing pictures of dead children, their favorite toys or other pathetic relics.

Masonic and Odd Fellows cemeteries complete the circle of the hill.

The recently acquired Lincoln Park territory embraced the old City cemetery, between Thirty-third and Fortieth avenues, just south of the Cliff line car track.

Over in the Mission was a large Jewish cemetery occupying, approximately, the ground now covered by Mission Park, between Church and Dolores, Eighteenth and Twentieth streets. About 1894 the bodies were removed to a Jewish cemetery in San Mateo county.

Save in the cemeteries of the Presidio, it is no longer permitted to bury within the city limits. The present cemeteries, a long line of them, are down the peninsula, in San Mateo county: Jewish, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Italian, Chinese and Japanese, most of them beautiful for situation, and the most important embellished by art and nature to a point of exquisite loveliness. Some have pretty stone chapels near their entrances. The cemeteries are reached by Southern Pacific trains from Third and Townsend streets and by street cars, marked "Cemeteries," from the Ferry Building.

Jewish Cemetery. Once Occupying the Ground of Mission Park.

The Ferries, Looking North.

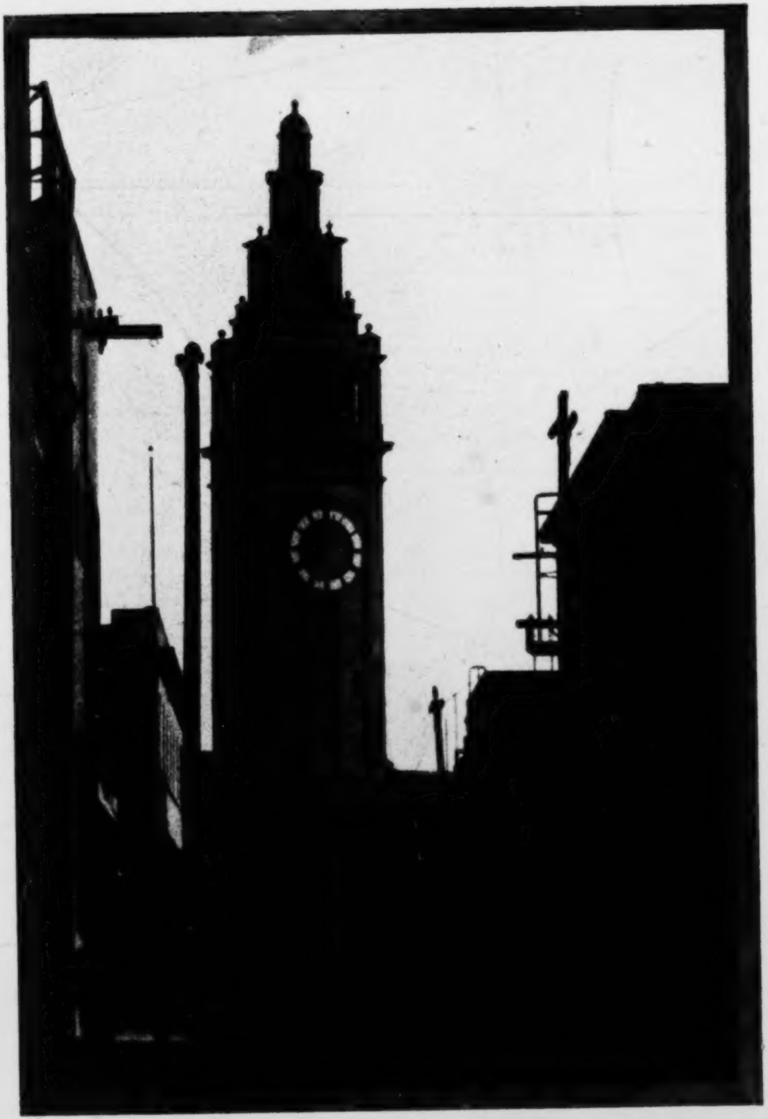
Chapter Eleven · Public Buildings

Of the public buildings of San Francisco, Federal, State and Municipal, some persist from the era before the fire, some have been recently built, while others are not yet completed. All are a credit to the city. The Ferry Building, which belongs to the State, has been described on one of the preceding pages.

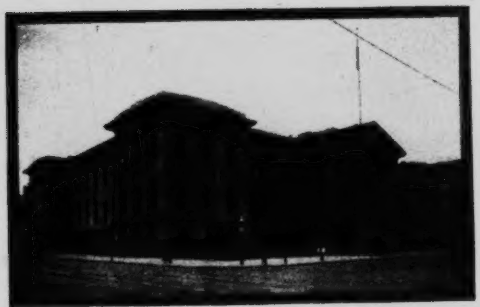
The United States Custom House.–This is a handsome building just completed, on Battery street, between Jackson and Washington. It is of white granite, appropriately carved, and made beautiful within by the lavish use of marble in wainscot, stairways, counters and columns.

The Appraiser's Building.–On Washington and Sansome streets, just west of the Custom House, stands the fortress-like Appraiser's Building which withstood the fire. In it were stored valuable documents, and by the most heroic efforts it was saved. The Appraiser, General John T. Dare, gathered his few men together as the fire approached, distributing among them any vessels he could obtain which would hold water. A tank on the top of the building supplied their needs and all day long they worked, putting out falling embers and woodwork as it ignited.

The Sub-Treasury Building.–This is another building which dates from before the fire. The second story being damaged it was removed, leaving a low, square building. It is on Commercial street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. A new Sub-Treasury Building is to be erected on the southwest corner of Pine and Sansome streets. It will be of white granite on a darker base, the steel frame covered with concrete, and made fireproof in every particular. The cost is estimated at $500,000.



*The Ferry Tower,
Looking Down Commercial
Street. Photograph by
Louis J. Stellmann.*



The United States Mint.

ing them a little smaller and adding a little copper. The work gave employment to one hundred people for three years.

The coin is counted by weight. The last time the coin in the vaults was counted it took thirty days to handle it. There was $420,000,000. Of course, every precaution is taken to prevent the escape of any of the precious metals. In the adjusting room the carpet used to be burned every four or five years to recover the impalpable gold dust sunk into its meshes. At the last burning, the actual value of the gold recovered was $9,500. Now the work of adjusting is done by machinery, and very little gold escapes.

A visit to the Mint is of great interest. Courteous attendants escort the visitors through the departments and explain the various processes. There is also on exhibition a large and valuable collection of coins, many of them very ancient.

This building, of solid and faithful workmanship, suffered no serious damage through the earthquake, and was saved from fire by the heroic efforts of its employees and a small band of Coast Artillery, intelligently directed by Lieutenant Armstrong of the Sixth Infantry, and Mr. Frank A. Leach, superintendent of the Mint. Mr. Charles A. Keeler says in *San Francisco Through Earthquake and Fire*, "Surrounded on all sides by the burning city, hemmed in by a roaring sea of fire, for seven hours they were besieged in that fearful oven, choked with smoke and faint with heat. With a hand pump, forcing water from a basement well, they wet down the roof and upper story, but despite their heroic stand, the fire broke through the windows, and they were forced to the lower floor, where iron shutters stayed the flames." Shattering glass, bursting blocks of granite, walls crashing around them mingled with the roar of the flames in a deafening tumult. But the whirlwind swept by, the burning woodwork of the top story was extinguished and the Mint was saved. There was in its vaults at the time over $200,000,000.

Chant of the City Royal.

* * *

Unto thy bosom's magnet vast,
Firm-centered in thy seven hills,
Earth's ultimate, quick iron thrills
And seeks thee out at last!
From world-ports all the bland Pacific
Is tracked by rushing prows with foam;
They seek thy harbor and their home;
They seek thee, mother beatific!
A thousand wind-worn masts point high
And silken from their polished spars the flaunting nations fly.

Our Hellas of the Western deep
Anoints thee queen, nor long shall wait
The huge gestation of the state
That lies in thee asleep.
Yet great in greater realms thy glory–
Here Art shall rear a nobler race
Than any that hath built its place
In nation's stone or nation's story.
Spirits of native light shall draw
Compelling urgings from the breasts so holy-hedged with awe.

Soon may yon sundered oceans mix
Their isthmian waves, nor fend from thee
World-homage thine–o'er subject sea
And land–Imperatrix!
Tongues of thy truest bards shall praise thee,
Nurse valiant of the master arts,
For thou within their minds and hearts
Hast blown the fire whose light repays thee.
Bow to her, waves! where midst your foam,
Seven-set on circling hills she shines, our new, our nobler Rome!

—*Herman Scheffauer.*

Part of San Francisco's Sky-line of Commercial Buildings.

Chapter Thirteen · Commercial Buildings

San Francisco rebuilt, means a city with far more and far finer commercial and office buildings than before the fire. Having had the chance to replace many old buildings with new, she has, as in the case of banks, lived up to her opportunity. Some of the tall buildings are survivors of the fire, with interiors refitted, among these the Spreckels Building, the Mutual Savings Bank Building, the Crocker Building, the Monadnock, the Chronicle and the Flood buildings on Market street, the Mills and Kohl buildings on Montgomery street, and the Merchants' Exchange on California street. Twenty-seven Class A structures were restored, at a cost of over $5,500,000. With the new ones, there are now many more than one hundred of this class, as nearly fireproof as architects and engineers can make them; still more of Class B; while Class C runs into the thousands.

The Pacific Building, on the corner of Fourth and Market streets, was said, when it was built, to be the largest reinforced concrete structure in the world.

The Flood Building, at the junction of Powell and Market streets, stands on the site of the old Baldwin Hotel. It was nearly completed before the fire; in fact, the basement and lower floors were occupied. The walls were comparatively uninjured, but it was a task of many weeks to clear out the rubbish within, before the building could be restored and completed.

In the Merchants' Exchange are some striking marine paintings by W. A. Coulter of the harbors of San Francisco and Honolulu, with the famous old clipper ships which came around the Horn in the olden days.

A Room of S. & G. Gump's Store.

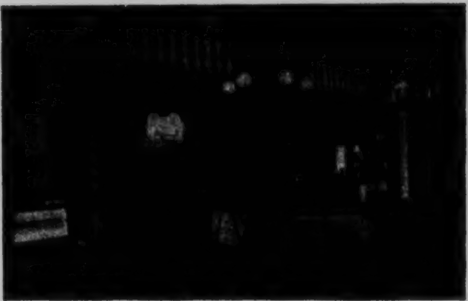
suna-bachi before them, or iris growing on the screen, with real ones in the foreground; so like the actual were the embroidered flowers that all seemed a part of the same design. One exquisite wistaria screen, displayed at intervals, was recalled with peculiar regret when the fire had finished its work. That so much beauty should perish uselessly, seemed wrong. We have walked several squares many times, hoping to find that screen in the window, sometimes to be rewarded. The Chinese stores are full of wistaria screens, but there was never another one quite like that. Across the way was Claxton's. Antiques were his specialty, carved and lacquered chests, charming tables, artistic jewelry—all alluring.

That Post Street block has changed, but most of the shops that made it fascinating are still to be found, exercising the same charm whether there, in temporary quarters, or in their new homes. In the place of two is the beautiful great store of S. and G. Gump. Downstairs are exquisite China, Sèvres and Dresden, glass in all of its most beautiful forms, Chinese and Japanese objects of art in rooms whose arrangement and decorations are Japanese. Upstairs are exhibition galleries of paintings, a Pompeiian room of statuary, carved marble fountains, benches and urns; a French room of French period furniture, rooms of lamps, work tables, tea tables, tea wagons, to mention only a part of the beautiful objects. And there are also three rooms, a Japanese, a Korean and a Chinese, which offer no hint of things to sell. The kimonos and mandarin coats, the embroidered and brocaded draperies are behind the sliding panels; for that is the charming way with some of these unique shops. Their commercial object is so kept in the background that the visitor almost feels that he has the privilege of a museum of art. That this delightful method of handling stock is growing in favor with the merchant year by year is evidence that it must be as profitable to him as it is pleasing to the customer.

UNIQUE SHOPS

The new home of Vickery, Atkins and Torrey is on Sutter street, between Powell and Mason in their own building, a charming place within and without, designed by Mr. Atkins of the firm. A tiny Italian garden invites you–grass, a fountain, roses and a marble bench. This, an entrance to a place where things are sold? Yes, and, though there are articles for the light purse as well as for the heavy one, you will wish that Crœsus' wealth were yours before you come out. Nevertheless, without it, if your disposition is not too covetous, you may spend an hour within very happily, rejoicing that the world contains so many beautiful things, people with taste and skill to bring them together, and that you meet with courtesy unfailing, whether you buy much, little, or nothing at all. This is one of the few places in the country–the only one in the Far West–where the connoisseur of fine prints can find the quality that he seeks; and where in the painting galleries the display of Mr. Torrey's yearly gleanings indicates that each item has been purchased wholly from the standpoint of a personal interest. No doubt Mr. Vickery would rather sell you a fine painting, a carved oak cabinet or a mahogany table than explain to you the porcelains of the different Chinese dynasties, but you would never guess it from his manner; in fact, noticing the way his fingers caress lovingly the vase he handles, or the rare jewel he shows to you, and his intimate acquaintance with all these beautiful things, I think he, too, sometimes forgets that they are here for the purpose of being sold. In fact, my belief is that he parts from his treasures with regret!

The same atmosphere pervades Paul Elder's beautiful shop, on Grant avenue, between Post and Sutter streets. The artistically arranged window is sure to attract you. From the size of the front, you would never guess the number of beautiful things within. With his publishing rooms, the shop occupies four floors. Books–standard, new and old–are on the first floor. His own unique publications, rare editions, and latest things from the East and abroad cover the tables and shelves.


A Corner in Vickery, Atkins & Torrey's.

Chant of the City Royal.

Hail, City! Mother City, hail!
I greet thee, climbing slow aloft
The twin and pointed peaks where oft
I scanned thee, height and vale,
O fair metropolis! O shining!
Whose limbs, whose face, in light or mist,
The sun, the seas, the winds have kissed!
Whence comes this vision, this divining
That marks the towering years dilate
Portentously august and charged with wondrous fate?

Behold the town, behold her bay!
Green, slumbering isles behold, and o'er
Yon waves the fair and farther shore
And mountains' crowned array.
The white, still stately ferries gliding,
The ships of sail at anchor-rest,
The black-hulled ships of steam abreast
Their iron battle-brethren riding,
And swift the fishing-craft that leap
With dark, wine-colored sails to drag the swarming deep.

Roofs like the troubled seas! O spires!
Domes, teeming things that upward lift
Where swamps the sun or purple drift
Of smoke proclaims your fires;
Bright streets the serried hills ascending
Of marshalled mansions gay or dumb,
Traversed by engine-wains that come
And go, their gleaming pathway wending—
O peaks, O gardens, parks and squares,
Wind-wafted odors of the seas, and blithe Valkyrie airs!

* * *

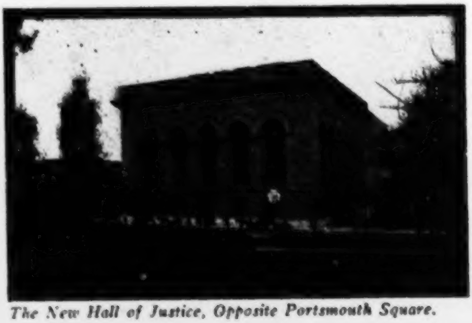
—*Herman Scheffauer.*

THE HALL OF JUSTICE.–This building is on the east side of Kearny street, opposite Portsmouth Square. It occupies the site of the former Hall of Justice, destroyed April 18, 1906. It is a substantial structure of stone, of impressive design and handsomely carved.

Police headquarters, police courts, criminal departments of the superior court, and the city prison are located here.

This is the site of El Dorado, the most famous gambling house of early days, and of the Jenny Lind theatres, two destroyed by fire, the last becoming the City Hall, which in time gave place to the previous Hall of Justice.

THE UNITED STATES MINT.–On the corner of Mission and Fifth streets stands the United States Mint, built in 1874, of brown sandstone on a granite base. It is open to the public between 9 and 11:30 A. M., and 1 and 2:30 P. M., except Sundays and holidays. It is next to the largest of the United States mints, being exceeded in size and capacity only by the one in Philadelphia. It has made the record coinage because its coinage has been so largely in gold pieces. In fifty days' time, fifty-two million dollars was coined here, fifty millions in twenty-dollar gold pieces and two millions in ten-dollar gold pieces. Cents began to be coined here three years ago. Up to that time only gold and silver money had been made. Cents were rarely given or taken in change in San Francisco. Now they are more often used, though by no means universally. Much money has been coined here for the Philippines–pesos and centavos. At one time between twenty-five and thirty million dollars' worth of pesos were bought up by Japanese and Chinese, because they contained three and one-half per cent. more silver than our dollars. They remelted them and cast them into ingots, retaining the three and one-half per cent. for profit. Money became so scarce in the Philippines that there was not enough for ordinary business. In consequence, the ingots were repurchased by our Government, brought back here and recoined, mak-

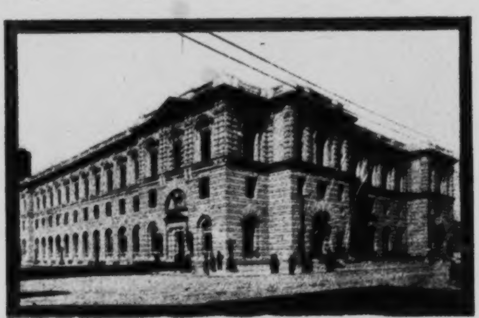


The New Hall of Justice, Opposite Portsmouth Square.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

Probably the most dramatic part played by the Mint in the history of San Francisco was that just following the great fire. At that time every bank building was in ruins, the steel vault doors were swollen shut with the heat, and the concrete and steel vaults were covered in many instances with white-hot debris. No bank records were accessible and the officials did not know whether their immense volume of money was destroyed by the heat, and could gauge the standing of their numerous depositors only by a guess from a badly shaken memory. It was necessary for business men to have coin for daily necessities, and there was absolutely no accessible money in San Francisco, except in the United States Mint. By the assistance of Eastern correspondents and arrangement with the United States Government at Washington, the banks were able to have small drafts converted into cash at the Mint. The unprecedented procedure was this: The depositor called upon the officials of his bank at their headquarters, which might be in the basement of a private residence, and asked for the advance of a few hundred dollars. If the bank officials recognized him as a regular depositor in good standing, they would take his note, payable at sight, for the amount required, the banker endorsing the note, and the depositor personally taking it to the Mint, receiving the coin over the counter. There were few, if any, blank check books in existence in the city, but such was the ingenuity of man that this device served for current purposes until the time when the banks could get their vaults open.

The Postoffice.–On Seventh street, between Market and Mission, is the Postoffice Building. It was several years in the course of erection and opened with appropriate ceremonies in 1902. It is one of the handsomest Federal buildings in the United States, costing, with the ground, $5,000,000. It is built of white granite, decorated lavishly with mosaics, choice marbles in great variety, delicate stucco and beautiful carving in wood, marble and stone. Besides its main use as a postoffice, the upper floors are occupied by the United States

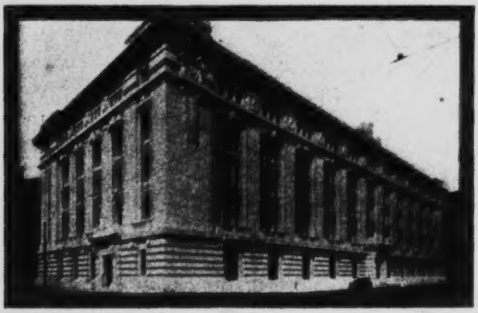


The United States Post Office. Beautiful Within and Without.

courts. The court rooms and judges' chambers attached are beautifully finished in marble and wood brought from every quarter of the globe. These rooms are not open for inspection, but a walk through the upper corridors, as well as through the lower floor, will repay the visitor. Elevators at each end of the building make this easy. Standing on filled ground, over what was once a marsh, the postoffice was severely shaken by the earthquake of 1906, but the resulting damage to the building itself was very slight. The building was later attacked by fire, which the employees subdued. There are sixty-two postoffice sub-stations in the city.

THE CITY HALL.—It took less than a minute on the morning of April 18, 1906, to make ruin of the City Hall, which had cost $6,000,000 and taken twenty years to build. Not that the earthquake was exceptionally strong at this point, but the design and workmanship of the part that gave way were exceptionally weak. An imposing structure, covering four acres, surmounted by a lofty dome, there was built into a part of its walls, at least, faulty construction and dishonest workmanship. The dome was not properly braced, the heavy columns and walls supported nothing, the mortar was poor, and it was small wonder that they fell. Successive administrations had a hand in the building, the damaged and undamaged portions being the work of different ones, and when the day of trial came the result lay open for the world to read. The dome and Larkin Street wing were a mass of ruins, one bit of which, two columns and the piece of entablature above them, made a picture which might easily be mistaken for a part of the Roman Forum. Fire, soon following, completed the destruction. A new City Hall is to be erected near the old site.

STATE ARMORY.—A State Armory to be erected at Mission and Fourteenth streets is to cost $500,000. The building, of impregnable bastion type, will include everything needful for the officers, companies and hospital corps, whether for work or social enjoyment.



The United States Custom House.

Grant Avenue and Market Street. Savings Union and Union Trust Company Banks.

Chapter Twelve · Banks

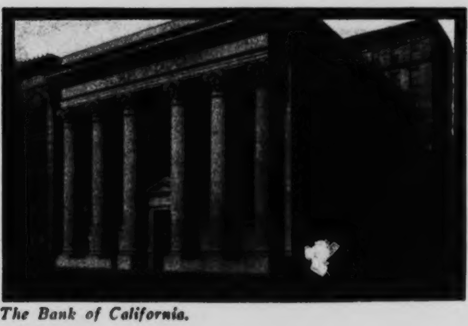
IN *The City That Is*, the story of how San Francisco was rebuilt in three years, Rufus Steele says, "It is difficult to see how San Francisco can ever want for ready money, when every prominent corner down town is occupied by a bank housed in a palace." If that were true two years ago, and it was, it is true now with emphasis. Taking them all together, it is doubtful if any city in the world can offer so many beautiful banks, both in architecture and interior finish and furnishings. Of course, it is seldom that a city has a chance to begin housekeeping all over again, with new furnishings throughout, and San Francisco has made the most of this opportunity. The exteriors of granite, marble and sandstone, with stately columns and beautiful carving; the interiors of richly colored marbles, the choicest wood and beautiful metal work, carving and mosaic cannot fail to impress the beholder. Where all are "palaces," it is difficult to select a few typical ones. Some occupy sky-scrapers, as the Humboldt, the Metropolis and the Mutual Savings banks; some are in massive buildings, not so high, but with fine architectural features, notably the First National Bank at the foot of Post street, whose stately monolithic columns are most striking; while those of another class differ widely from the old-time bank buildings, with the difference all in favor of the new. These consist of a single lofty room, occupying the full height of the building. The magnificent effect of space thus produced is very impressive. Fine examples of this type are the Union Trust Company, the Savings Union Bank of San Francisco, at Grant avenue and Market street, and the Bank of California, on California and Sansome streets. The soft shades of the marble interior of the

Savings Union, the sparing use of color and gilding and the delicate carving produce a quiet and beautiful effect very rare in commercial buildings.

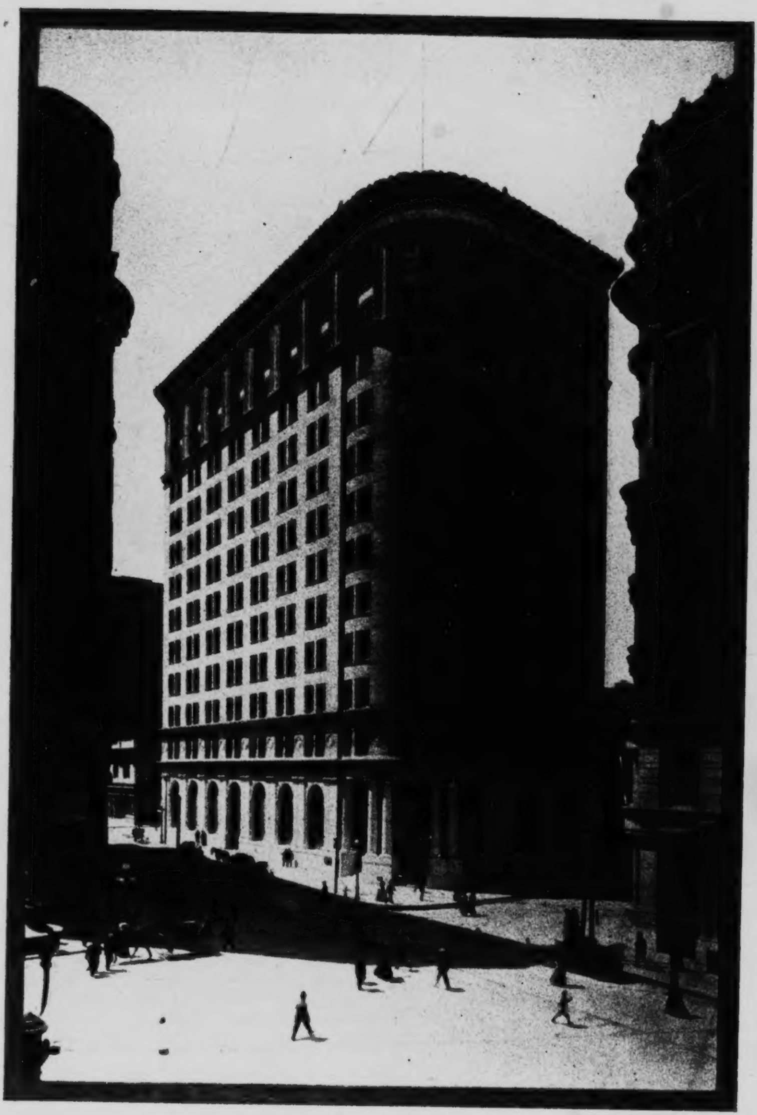
When the Bank of California building was completed, it was said that it was equaled by but two bank buildings on the continent–one in Philadelphia and one in Canada. In 1870, the Bank of California opened in a small room at the corner of Washington and Battery streets. William C. Ralston was the commanding genius of its rapid and great expansion. The tragic ending of his life and the fate of the bank are a part of State history. The bank survived to grow into the solid and potent institution which it now is. Its present magnificent home is but worthy housing.

The Hibernia Savings Bank, on Market, Jones and McAllister streets, is touched with the romance of former days. It was built with the unclaimed deposits, so it is said, of San Francisco's Age of Gold. Many men lived then under assumed names, and, dying or dropping out of sight, their heirs could not be found. The aggregate of their deposits, in the course of years, reached a large sum. A law passed since then makes it obligatory for banks, at the expiration of a certain time, to publish the names of unknown depositors, with the amount of the deposits to their credit. The walls of this bank weathered the earthquake and fire, but the interior was fuel for the flames, and it has been completely refitted. Illustrating the magnitude of the city's banks, the Savings Union and the Hibernia Savings each has deposits of about sixty millions of dollars.

In San Francisco, there are ten National banks, eleven Savings banks, and twenty-two State and Trust banks. These are of all nationalties–German, French, Italian, Portugese, English, Canadian, Chinese and Japanese. It might strike the casual observer that the amount of business transacted could hardly justify so many and such costly buildings, but a glance at the bank clearings of San Francisco will dispel any such idea. They are now approximately $50,000,000 a week.



The Bank of California.

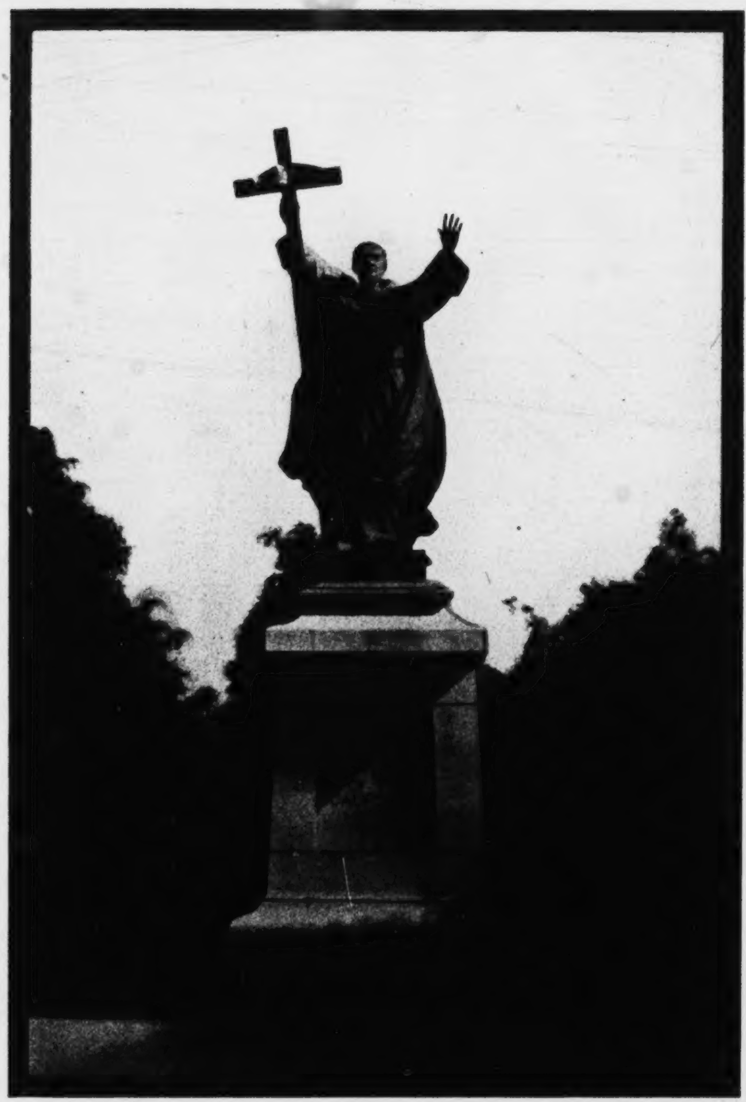


Market and Post Streets. The Crocker, First National, and Wells-Fargo Nevada National Banks. Photograph by R. J. Waters.

through acres of chaparral, leading over forbidding wastes of sand," which, shifting, at times covered the roadway. The Mission he remembers "as a detached settlement, with pronounced Spanish flavor. There was one street worth mentioning and only one. It was lined with low-walled adobe houses, roofed with the red curved tiles which add so much to the adobe houses that otherwise would be far from picturesque—there were a few ramshackle hotels at the Mission, for in the early days everybody either boarded or took in boarders, and many families lived for years in hotels rather than attempt to keep house in the wilds of San Francisco. The Mission was about one house deep on either side of the main street. You might have turned a corner and found yourself face to face with cattle in a meadow. At the top of this street stood the mission church, and what few mission buildings were left for the use of the fathers. The church and grounds were the most interesting features of the place, and it was a favorite resort of the citizens of San Francisco, yet it most likely would not have been were the church the sole attraction. Here, in appropriate enclosures, there were bull-fighting, bear-baiting and horse-racing. Many duels were fought here and some of them were so well advertised that they drew almost as well as a cock-fight. Cock-fighting was a special Sunday diversion."

And no better pen than Stoddard's can draw for us one of the last pictures of the old church. "The first families of the faithful lie under its eaves in their long and peaceful sleep, happily unmindful of the great changes that have come over the spirit of all our dreams. The old adobes have returned to the dust, even as the hands of those who fashioned them more than a century ago. Very modern houses have crowded upon the old church and churchyard, and they seem to have become the merest shadows of their former selves; while the roof-tree of the new church soars into space, and its wide walls—out of all proportion to the Dolores of departed days—are but emblematic of the new spirit of the age." But the "roof-

The Mission and the Brick Church "Soaring Into Space."



Monument to
Father Junipero Serra.
Erected in Golden Gate Park
by the Native Sons of the
Golden West.

Trinity Episcopal Church, Bush and Gough Streets.

The Trinity Episcopal church is a massive stone building, clothed with ivy, on the corner of Gough and Bush streets. As stated before, it was founded in 1850 by the Reverend Flavel S. Mines, who died of consumption after a few years of faithful labor. When Bishop Kip arrived in 1854, he said that all there was of the Episcopal church on the Pacific coast was gathered into Trinity. He was struck by the energy and efficiency of the men of the congregation. Mr. Mines was followed as rector by the Reverend Christopher B. Wyatt.

St. Luke's Church (Episcopal) has recently completed a beautiful white stone building, remarkable for its tasteful simplicity. It is on the corner of Van Ness avenue and Clay street, the site of the previous church building.

The population of San Francisco being of such a cosmopolitan character, most of the different denominations have churches to accommodate the different races, in which each may listen to the service in his own language; for instance, the fourteen Baptist churches include a Chinese, a Finnish, a German, a Swedish, a Russian, and a Negro church; the sixteen Lutheran are divided among the Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish, German, and English; while the twenty-one Methodist churches include African, Chinese, Japanese, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, and German.

The Chinese Presbyterian and Chinese Methodist churches are on Stockton street, between Clay and Jackson streets.

The Japanese Presbyterian church is at 121 Haight street. On Clay street, between Powell and Stockton, is a Japanese mission, conducted by the Episcopalians.

When the first Protestant clergymen arrived from the East in 1849, the old Mission church, presided over by a Mexican priest, Father Santillan, was the only place of worship for the Catholics of San Francisco. The Reverend Albert Williams (Presbyterian), soon after his arrival, paid his respects to his brother clergyman. He reports that the padre received him kindly. He was lying ill, in a room plainly furnished, save for a bookcase which stood in one corner. On the shelves were a few English volumes, an English Bible and a Latin New Testament. Mr. Williams says that Father Santillan impressed him as a simple and sincere man.

In June, 1849, two Jesuit priests, Fathers Blanchet and Langlois, arrived from Oregon. They laid the foundation of the first St. Francis church, on Vallejo street. Father Blanchet soon returned to Oregon, but Father Langlois remained. Though understanding English but imperfectly, he was a useful member of the community, "earnest, and at all times ready to co-operate in efforts to promote good morals and the public welfare." This is the testimony of a Protestant clergyman who adds, "In honor of his truly catholic spirit and pious zeal, I recall his successful effort in causing the suppression of a Sabbath-profaning circus, his countenance given to temperance meetings, and to the Bible Society, and his permission accorded to the free circulation of copies of the Holy Scriptures in the Spanish language, among the Spanish Roman Catholic population."

In 1850, Father J. S. Alemany was consecrated at Rome as Catholic Bishop of California. Later he was raised to the Archbishopric. For more than a quarter of a century he was a true father of his people, and under his guiding hand churches of his faith multiplied rapidly.

The present St. Francis church on Montgomery avenue is, after the Mission Dolores, the oldest in the city. It was built in 1859. Its interior was destroyed by the great fire, but the walls remained intact, and it is now fully restored.

"Old St. Mary's" is one of the landmarks of the city. Its clock tower, with its solemn warning, "Son, observe the time and fly from evil," has long admonished the hurrying throng from its corner on Dupont street and California. It was in former years the Cathedral church and, at that

St. Francis Church. Oldest Church in City After the Mission.

mission helped her with contributions. She knew where the missing decorations were stored and in 1903 all were brought together in their former places, a happy restoration. The altar stands to-day just as when it came from the Franciscan college in Mexico. It is the same altar before which, in 1784, Father Palou united in marriage Don José Joaquin Moraga, the commander of the expedition which founded the mission, and Maria Bernal. Beneath that altar Moraga sleeps.

It is only by good fortune that one finds the door open, though often it is possible to obtain entrance by applying at the church at the side or at the priests' residence. The Catholic Church has often been blamed for allowing the missions to perish through neglect or, as in the case of San Francisco, for not making provision for the public to visit freely so interesting a relic, but the criticism seems unjust. The mission of the Church is the salvation of souls, not the preservation of historic spots, however interesting. That function belongs to the State or community. Dear though the place may be to the Church, if its usefulness to her has passed, she has no right to divert for its care funds needed for a more precious purpose. The missions have passed; some are inclined to belittle the work they performed, but, however one judges them, the fact remains that to them is due the first colonization of California and the birth of her chief city.

A word about the name of the church. It is usually called the Mission Dolores. Its real name is Mission de San Francisco d'Asis, the Spanish for St. Francis of Assisi. Being near the stream called Arroyo de Nuestra Señora de Los Dolores (Americanized as Dolores creek), it was often called Mission San Francisco Dolores, to distinguish it from San Francisco de Solano (mission at Sonoma). This in turn was shortened to Dolores.

The old graveyard, next to the church and contemporary with it, is described in the chapter on "Cemeteries."

The mission is reached by Valencia Street car on Market, or the Sixteenth Street car on Fillmore street.

Mission in the Seventies. Cemetery and Convent Wall.

German Lutheran Church, From Jefferson Park.

Chapter Nine · Churches

Among those who do not know San Francisco well, she bears at best the reputation of a gay, light-hearted city, wholly given over to frivolity and pleasure-seeking, and Jeremiahs are plentiful to deplore her unregenerate state and denounce her as the wickedest of cities, even pointing a moral with our great disaster of 1906. Whereas, in truth, as in all cities, good and evil walk side by side. If pleasure is too eagerly pursued by San Franciscans, it is because eagerness is one of their characteristics, and it is as marked in the line of righteousness as in that of pleasure. If vice does not by hypocrisy pay its tribute to virtue, it does not mean that it is more prevalent than in other cities, only that it is less hidden, or better aired; if the stranger within its gates knows no better way of "seeing the town" than in looking for vice and adding his imported quota to what he finds, it means that guides have profited by San Francisco's reputation as a gay city. Alas! in any city when one looks for vice, it may be found. Unfortunately, as Reverend G. G. Eldredge has said in an article on *The True San Francisco*, "There are no 'guides' to take the tourist to visit the missions, rescue homes, social settlements and churches"—yet whoever seeks for the better things of which a city should be proud shall find them in San Francisco in abundance.

And again, of the early days in San Francisco, another writer says, "The chief contribution of the world to California from 1840 to 1849 was a virile manhood in which was mingled all the noblest qualities of mind and heart." This characteristic persisted through the trying later years when along with the strong and virtuous came many of the weak and vicious; and, reading the

Where now are the dunes,
The tawny half-moons
Of the sands ever drifting,
Of the sands ever sifting
By the shore, and the sweep
Of the sea in its sleep?

* * *

Oh, wonderful land, where the turbulent sand
Will burst into bloom at the touch of a hand,
And a desert baptized
Prove an Eden disguised.

—Benjamin F. Taylor.

babies, while for their elders a more varied bill of fare includes broths, sandwiches, salads, tea, coffee, ice cream and cake—all well served in a pretty tile-lined room. If visiting parties take their own lunches and wish to eat picnic fashion, coffee, tea, milk or cocoa on a tray, with cups and saucers, can be had for a small sum from a counter below stairs. The tray may be taken anywhere in the grounds about, to be returned when the picnic is over. Sandwiches, cake and ice cream can also be bought here to supplement one's own luncheon. If the weather prove too cool for pleasant picnicking in the open ground, there are tables and chairs provided under shelter.

On the opposite side of the park is the beautiful Japanese Tea Garden. There is no entrance fee and one may wander through it at will. Here also small parties may eat their picnic luncheon on tables provided for the purpose and finish if they choose with delicious tea served in Japanese fashion; or tired sight-seers may refresh themselves at any time with this cheering beverage accompanied by fascinating rice wafers, served for ten cents by a Japanese family. If you choose you may sit in the tea house embowered in wistaria and drop crumbs for the fat gold and silver fish swimming in the little stream below, or at a teak-wood table in a ferny nook just outside where the birds will come without fear and almost peck from your hand.

In the garden is a real Japanese house, open for inspection. The garden is truly Japanese, with its high, half-round bridges, a tiny stream and plashing waterfall, porcelain and carved-stone lanterns and many beautiful Japanese plants and curious dwarfed shrubs. In the early spring the garden is beautiful with azaleas, and the weeping cherry trees are like a dream of old Japan. Later, wistaria and iris add their oriental charm.

The Museum.—Close by stands the Museum Building, a memorial of the Midwinter Fair of 1894. Now in its eighteenth year, it is steadily increasing in popularity. The attendance at present exceeds that of similar insti-

In the Japanese Tea Garden—Stone and Porcelain Lanterns.

The Temple of Music.

tutions in the United States, more than half a million visitors being annually registered by its turnstiles. It is open daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and on Sundays and holidays until 5 P. M. Directly before the building stands a colossal vase designed by Gustave Doré. On either side is an ancient cannon from the Philippines, trophies of the Spanish war. Flanking the steps are two sphinxes. Standing near, one day, the writer overheard the serious comments of two Scotch youths from British Columbia. After studying the figures carefully from every side the conclusion was, "There's nae sic a beast as that nowadays, is there, Jamie?"

The Museum houses about eighty-nine thousand specimens, valued at over a million dollars. About half are in the Natural History Department on the second floor. The exhibits on the main floor comprise rooms of Colonial relics, pictures of the California missions, relics of early California days, relics from the old Russian settlement at Fort Ross, Indian remains, a fine collection of Indian baskets and bead-work, South Sea Island specimens, rooms of ceramics, laces, old brocades, embroideries and tapestries, collections of miniatures, watches, snuff-boxes, gems, armor and weapons, a room of Napoleon relics, and rooms of fine statuary and paintings, including a gallery for local artists (of which San Francisco has a notable number). Additions to the Museum are frequent, both by gift and purchase.

TEMPLE OF MUSIC.—Near the Museum, across the driveway, is Concert Valley, with its seats for twenty thousand. At its head stands the beautiful Temple of Music, the gift of Claus Spreckels. It was built of Colusa sandstone, at a cost of $75,000. The design is Italian Renaissance. The music stand itself has a frontage of fifty-five feet and a height of seventy feet, flanked on either side by Corinthian columns. It has ample capacity for one hundred musicians. Extending on each side are colonnades fifty-two feet long by fifteen feet high, supported by sixteen

Ionic columns, the whole forming a beautiful and noble structure, harmonizing with the landscape in which it is set.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES BUILDING.—Just across Concert Valley is soon to be erected a fine, costly building for the California Academy of Sciences, to house its notable scientific collections of birds, mammals, reptiles, insects and other departments of natural history. At a late city election, a charter amendment was passed giving permission to place the building in the park. The former collections of the Academy, valued at half a million dollars, having been totally lost by the fire of April, 1906, it seemed wise to place the new collections beyond the possible reach of fire. The building, of classic design, to cost when complete probably over half a million dollars, will be a most valuable addition to the park. Only one section, the left wing, costing approximately $125,000, will be erected at this time, the rest to follow when needed. Mr. Leverett Mills Loomis, the director of the Museum, and the curators of the various departments have already, in the six years since the fire, by their zeal and indefatigable labors, gathered together a collection exceeding in scientific value the old one. A few months after the fire (most fortunately after instead of before) an expedition sent by the Academy to the Galapagos Islands, returned—a veritable treasure ship—bringing thousands of unique and valuable specimens in every department.

One of the notable features of the new Academy will be the Habitat groups of birds and mammals—each group arranged in a characteristic haunt or habitat of its species, the realistic foreground being so blended into the painted background that the division line is indistinguishable, and the effect that of nature itself. The backgrounds are painted by genuine artists from careful studies from nature, while the mounting and arrangement are by a man in whom is happily blended artistic genius and a thorough knowledge of natural history.

THE CONSERVATORY.—In 1877 a committee of our generous citizens purchased from the Lick Estate the

The Conservatory.

Tree Ferns, Nearly Opposite the Conservatory.

materials which James Lick in his lifetime had prepared for the erection at his house in San Jose of two large conservatories, modeled after those of Kew Gardens, London. These materials were offered to the public as a gift, for the erection of conservatories in Golden Gate Park. The gift was accepted and $40,000 appropriated by the Legislature for the erection of the buildings in Conservatory Valley. These buildings were subsequently destroyed by fire, but through the generosity of Charles Crocker were replaced by the present structure, which contains a wonderful collection of plants from all parts of the world–some remarkable for beauty, others for strangeness and rarity. There are ferns in great variety and beauty, including the strange staghorn fern, a large collection of orchids, the Holy Ghost flower, like a tiny white dove, the Bird of Paradise flower, palms of many sorts and beautiful water lilies and lotuses. In one room is a shifting exhibition of undreamed-of varieties of some one plant prized for beauty of blossom. At one time it is a marvelous collection of calceolarias, at another begonias, again cinnerarias–their usual harsh purples and crimson relieved by exquisite pink and white and pale porcelain blue. The flowers in the beds before the conservatory are changed from time to time as the season demands, spring bulbs giving place to summer annuals, to be replaced later by gorgeous dahlias and carpets of pansies. Just east of the conservatory is the Arizona garden, where cacti in great variety flourish, and tall century plants lift high their infrequent blooms.

The whole park abounds in rare trees and shrubs. Between Ninth and Fifteenth avenues, on the southern side of the park, is an arboretum where trees from every quarter of the globe may be found. There are several plantations of tree ferns, and near the bear-pit a pretty dell filled with smaller varieties. A tropical touch is given here and there by a variety of palms, while everywhere needed for color flowers are massed effectively.

The Aviary.–Crowning a hill across the driveway from the conservatory is the aviary, built in 1890. It shelters many beautiful and interesting birds, from the tiny strawberry bird to the great eagles and condors. There are parrots, cockatoos, macaws and parroquets; trim Java sparrows, looking like little ministers in their high choker collars and grave gray coats; pigeons and doves of many varieties–pouters and fantails, ring doves, mourning doves whose plaintive notes moan a sad undertone to the cheerful songs of the canaries, and (most curious of all) the bleeding heart dove with the seeming bullet hole and splotch of blood on his breast, so life-like (or, rather, death-like) that one wonders to see him running about pecking his food. There is a beautiful collection of pheasants in the enclosures just outside the aviary proper, each variety more wonderfully and beautifully marked than its neighbor. They almost surpass the peacock in beauty. For several years a lovely white peacock strutted about in the enclosure and spread his ghostly tail–pure white, save the eyes, which were pale, misty, gray-green simulacra of the brilliant, metallic tints of his more common brothers. Of the latter there are many in the park, wandering at their own sweet will. Coveys of valley or mountain quail may cross one's path at any time. The different lakes of the park abound in black and white swan and varieties of ducks and geese, nearly all so tame that they hasten to the shore to be fed by the bystanders.

Animals.–Animal life is represented by many interesting specimens. There are several varieties of deer, including the spotted deer of Hawaii, donated by Mr. Bishop. These, with antelope, and kangaroo from Australia, are just west of the children's playground and bowling green.

The moose, brought from Alaska when young, are near the enclosure for the deer.

The buffalo paddock is southwest of Aviary Hill, between it and the deer park. Another herd of buffalo is kept near the most northern and largest of the Chain of Lakes. There are twenty-five

A Few of the Buffalo.

in this herd, all but three born in the park and attaining normal size and vigor.

The bear enclosures are south of the Middle Drive, near the buffalo paddock. Monarch, an enormous grizzly bear (long said to have been the finest specimen of valley grizzly in the world), has recently died, but several of his cubs, now nearly as large as himself, survive. He was given to the park by W. R. Hearst. His mate was a mountain grizzly. There are also in the bear-pits several fine specimens of black and cinnamon bears. They seem fond of the water, and it is an amusing sight to watch them rolling and tumbling in their big bathing tanks.

The elk glen is a little west of Stow Lake, about in the middle of the park, just north of the South Drive. Of the seventy-five elk, all were born in the park except the original pair, which was the gift of Alvinza Hayward.

Lakes.—The park abounds in lakes, all artificial. Stow Lake is the most important and is a blended triumph of engineer's skill and landscape gardener's art. The idea of the lake and the beautiful Huntington Falls was conceived by W. W. Stow, a former park commissioner. He enlisted the financial support of the late Collis P. Huntington in the carrying out of his plan. So skilfully have art and nature been mingled that the former is difficult to detect. The lake surrounds the base of Strawberry Hill. A driveway, from which are obtained beautiful views of the park, glimpses of the Marin County hills and of the distant ocean, winds around the lake, and there are walks on both sides. The lake can be crossed by either of two bridges, continuing the drive or walk to the top of the hill. This was once crowned by an observatory in the form of a coliseum, the gift of a former citizen, Thomas U. Sweeny. The structure was of concrete. Its upper gallery, sheltered by glass, afforded a splendid panoramic view of the city, the Golden Gate, the western sand-dunes and the ocean, embracing the Farallone Islands, twenty-seven miles away, if the day were

A Bit of Stow Lake.

One of the
Chain of Lakes—
Eucalyptus Trees.
Photograph by
Charles Weidner.

The land where summers never cease
Their sunny psalm of light and peace.
Whose moonlight, poured for years untold,
Has drifted down in dust of gold;
Whose morning splendors, fallen in showers,
Leave ceaseless sunrise in the flowers.

—*From "The Hermitage," by Edward Rowland Sill.*

clear. Now a few ruined walls bear witness to the severity of the earthquake of April 18, 1906. Just at this point the shock was peculiarly strong. The wire cables reinforcing the concrete were snapped in two like rope. Lacking the additional height of the observatory, the view is at present only obtained in glimpses through the trees. Nevertheless, on a clear day one is well repaid for walking or driving up the hill. On Sundays and holidays Huntington Falls dashes in a series of cascades down the side of the hill into the lake. A bridge crosses the falls near the summit and is a fine vantage point from which to view the rushing water.

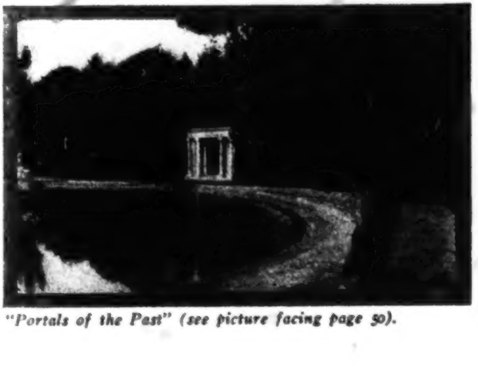
Rocky islands clothed with trees and shrubbery add to the beauty of the lake, and are breeding places for swan and other waterfowl, all so tame that they will come to the shore and eat from one's hand.

Near the Roman bridge on the northern side of the lake is a boathouse where rowboats may be obtained. The lake is quite large enough, and the scenery about it quite attractive enough, to make a row around it worth while. There is also a pier where disciples of Izaak Walton may match their skill in fly-casting. Stow Lake is also the central source of the park's irrigation system. It has a capacity of 25,000,000 gallons of water.

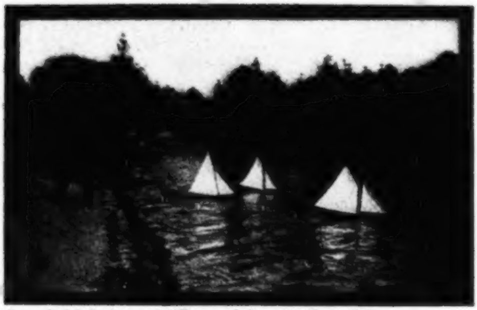
From the roadway around the hill, near the Roman bridge, a fine view of prayer book cross may be obtained. (This cross is described under Monuments).

Northwest of Stow Lake, a little beyond the eminence on which stands the prayer book cross, just at the right of the Main Drive, is Lloyd Lake, three acres in area. A footpath encircles it. Nestling amidst the trees and shrubbery on one of its banks stands the classic doorway of the A. N. Towne residence which once crowned Nob Hill. The fire of April, 1906, left only a bit of wall and this picturesque relic.

Metson Lake, two acres in extent, is farther to the west, at the left of the Middle Drive. The lake also is encircled by a well shaded footpath.



"Portals of the Past" (see picture facing page 50).



Spreckels' Lake and "Boys of Larger Growth."

Farther west and near the northern boundary of the park, between Thirty-second and Thirty-sixth avenues, at the right of the Main Drive, is Spreckels Lake, named for Park Commissioner A. B. Spreckels. This lake covers seven acres. Here on every pleasant day men in greater or less number may be found sailing their model yachts and evidently enjoying their sport as much as the small boy who often trudges delightedly beside "father" with his own tiny craft. The models are from two to five feet long, the latter with masts taller than their owners. They tack or sail down the wind quite as if manned by a crew. Across the drive from the lake, near the stadium, is the club house where, on racks arranged for them, are dozens of these little boats.

Still further west is the Chain of Lakes. These lakes, three in number, comprise a chain nearly across the park from north to south between Thirty-eighth and Forty-fourth avenues. They greatly enhance the beauty of the landscape and, with their curving shores and pretty islands, seem wholly the work of nature, so cunningly has the hand of man been concealed. Each lake is encircled by a driveway thirty feet wide. The islands are planted with trees, with an undergrowth of rhododendron, ferns and iris, while native shrubs such as ceanothus, Romneya Coulterii and rhododendrons cover the eastern slope of the northernmost and largest lake. The shores of the middle lake (which lies between the Main Drive and the Speed Road) are wooded with cypress, pine and eucalyptus. The shores of the smallest lake are planted with deciduous trees.

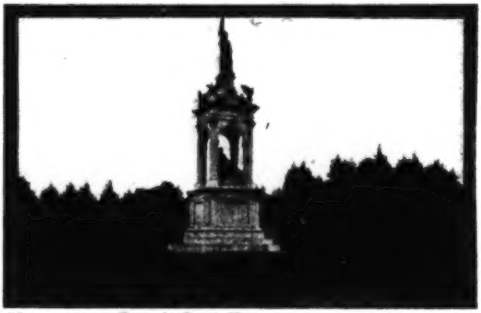
Lake Alvord is a tiny lake (named for Park Commissioner William Alvord) near the Haight Street entrance of the park. It nestles in a pretty hollow, surrounded by ferns, pampas grass, rocks and shrubbery. A fountain plays in the center, and graceful swan add to its decorative effect. A small lake near the stadium is used as a swimming pool.

Monuments.—There are numerous monuments and statues in stone, bronze and marble in the park. The most striking of these is the prayer book cross, just north of Strawberry Hill, at the right of the Main Drive. It was designed by Ernest Coxhead, and was modeled after the ancient Runic crosses in Iona, Scotland. Its height is fifty-seven feet, including base. It is built of Colusa sandstone, handsomely carved, with inscriptions. It was the gift of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and erected under the auspices of the Episcopal Diocese to commemorate the "first Christian service of the English tongue on our coast," the "first use of the Book of Common Prayer in our country" and "one of the first recorded missionary prayers on our continent." The above quotations are from the inscription on the face of the cross, followed by "Soli Deo sit semper gloria." That on the other side reads: "Presented to Golden Gate Park at the opening of the Midwinter Fair, January 1, A. D. 1894, as a memorial of the service held on the shore of Drake's Bay about St. John Baptist's Day, June 24, Anno Domini 1587, by Francis Fletcher, priest of the Church of England, chaplain of Sir Francis Drake, chronicler of the service."

The monument to Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," was designed by the late W. W. Story and given to the Park by the late James Lick. The cost of the monument was $60,000. In 1874 the hill on the northeast corner of the park was by order of the board of commissioners named Mount Lick, in commemoration of this gift.

Directly in front of the museum a fine bronze drinking fountain, the Wine Press, commemorates the Midwinter Fair. It is by Thomas Shields Clarke.

There is a statue of Father Junipero Serra, erected by the Native Sons of the Golden West, one of Goethe and Schiller, one of Thomas Starr King, of Robert Burns, of Garfield, Halleck and Grant; and at the park panhandle entrance a bronze figure dedicated to President McKinley.



Monument to Francis Scott Key.

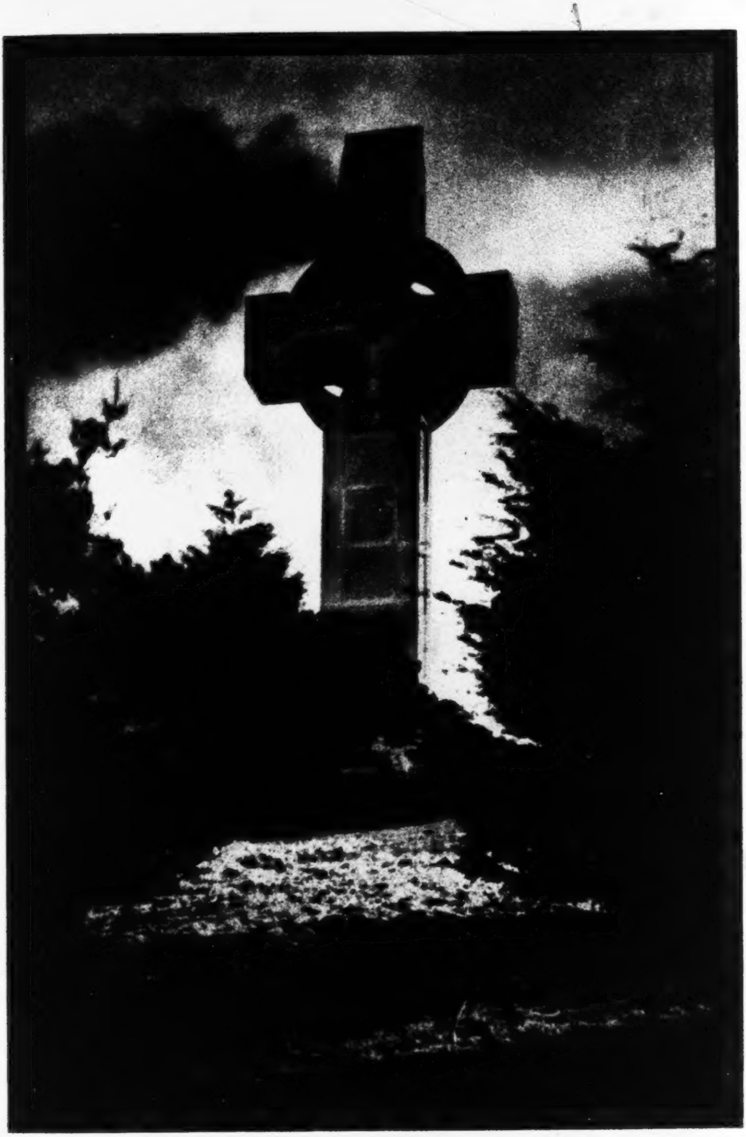
Life Saving Station.—Just at the northwestern corner of the park is the United States Life Saving Station. Sometimes one is fortunate enough to see the service men rolling out their boats and lauching them in the surf for practice.

Commercial Cable.—Near the western end of the park is the American end of the cable, which is laid by way of Honolulu and Midway Island to the Orient.

Ways of Reaching the Park.—Several lines of street cars lead to the various park entrances. All of them run from the Ferry Building or from Market street. The Ellis Street line, Haight street, and Hayes and Stanyan line ("21") lead to the main entrances on the eastern border of the park, the Ellis line also running along the southern boundary to the ocean, past the entrances which lead directly to Huntington Falls and Stow Lake, the stadium and the Chain of Lakes. The Geary Street, Turk and Eddy, McAllister and Fulton Street lines run along the northern boundary for some distance, the last-named going to the ocean. There are several entrances along the northern border—one being behind the conservatory, another directly behind the museum, another near the tea garden and one at Thirty-sixth avenue leading to Spreckels Lake and the stadium. Preference among these lines depends upon the time one wishes to give to the park and what one most wishes to see. At the eastern and some of the northern entrances are carriages and automobiles for hire. If time is limited, and the visitor wishes to see all the essential features of the park, it is desirable to ride. It is a beautiful drive through the park to the ocean boulevard, or from the park to the Presidio, through the Presidio Parkway. But if one has the time, walking is the best method of seeing the park, especially the eastern end. The visitor should remember that the park runs substantially east and west. Entering at its eastern end the principal roads lead west to the ocean, which is its western boundary.

A good route is to take the Ellis Street line to Stanyan street. This line runs

Looking Down the Beach From the Sutro Veranda.



The Prayer Book Cross. To Commemorate First Church of England Service on This Coast. Photograph by E. N. Sewall.

Lake Alvord and Fountain.

If one walk it is best to make at least two trips if possible, taking the south side of the park on another day. Haight street or Ellis street cars lead to the Haight Street entrance. From here, a short walk past Lake Alvord leads to the children's playground. Here are the donkeys, goat-carts, swings, beautiful lawns and the Sharon restaurant building. From here the animal enclosures to the west are easy to reach, also the tennis courts opposite, while close by, behind the shrubbery, at the left of the road leading down from the Sharon building, is the bowling green.

The Middle Drive, north of Laveaga dell, leads to the buffalo paddock, a short distance away on the north side of the drive. Opposite, on the south side, are the bear enclosures and, very near, a path leads into fern dell.

The arboretum is just west of the animal paddocks. Following the South Drive around the arboretum, Stow Lake is easily reached from the south side; or, continuing along the South Drive a little further and taking either the Middle or South Drive where they branch, the elk glen is passed. An exit may be made here on the south side at Nineteenth avenue.

If all must be done in one trip it is best to take the south side first and cross from the children's playground or the animal paddocks, through the tennis courts, to the Main Drive and the conservatory on the north side, visiting the aviary nearly opposite, and then following the Main Drive to the museum, Temple of Music, tea garden and Stow Lake, returning to the exit on the northern side, back of the tea garden or museum.

To visit the lakes or stadium requires longer walking unless one take a street car at one of the northern exits and re-enters the park at a point near them—at Thirty-sixth avenue for the stadium and Spreckels Lake.

The places above described are those best worth the time of the tourist who has little to spare.

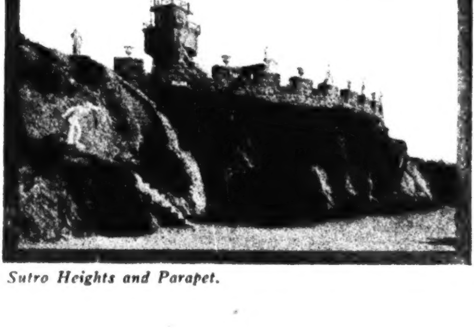
GOLDEN GATE PARK

The present visitor to Golden Gate Park can scarcely realize that a few years ago it was filled with tents and shacks, giving shelter to the homeless of the city. It is estimated that for the few days after the great fire at least 200,000 found refuge in the Presidio, Golden Gate Park and other public reservations of San Francisco. Many of these later crossed the bay and scattered to other homes, but for more than a year at least 30,000 were cared for in the different parks. The camps in Golden Gate Park were the first abandoned as the work of concentration progressed; but for seven or eight months the open spaces were filled with tents and barracks, wash houses and bath houses, dining rooms, reading rooms, a hospital, depots for giving out supplies, and a school for children. Here people lived and died, babies were born and the sick cared for; here children romped and played and went to school, and family work was carried on. With it all, so little injury was done that by the summer after the last tent was removed no trace visible to the public remained of its unwonted use. All San Franciscans who partook of its hospitable shelter must thenceforth feel a peculiar love for Golden Gate Park.

June 2, 1906, was the most memorable Commencement Day of San Francisco's existence–an historic day. Nearly all the school houses of the city having been destroyed, commencement exercises were held at the Temple of Music in the park and here 1,700 pupils of the public and commercial schools of the city received their certificates of graduation, after speeches, music in chorus and by the band. The credit for suggesting this out-of-door commencement is due to Professor Henry Morse Stephens of the University of California.

The park was also used for the Fourth of July celebration in 1906. The exercises were in the stadium, and consisted of athletic contests, interspersed with music by the Park Band and a great chorus of school children–an early example of a "sane" Fourth.

THE GREAT HIGHWAY OR OCEAN BOULEVARD.–At the western end of the park,



Sutro Heights and Parapet.

The Present Cliff House and Seal Rocks.

between it and the ocean, is the Great Highway, extending south along the Pacific from the Cliff House to Lake Merced or the San Mateo County line. This is at present a beautiful driveway for automobiles or carriages, it making a delightful terminus of a drive through the park. It is proposed by the commissioners to widen the highway to a uniform breadth of 250 feet. Reinforced concrete piers will be sunk close together in the sand and protected from the wash of waves by rough rubble stone at their bases. On the top of the concrete piers will be an Italian balustrade with a footpath, 20 feet wide, east of it. Next to this will be a driveway, 150 feet wide, for pleasure vehicles only. A strip, 20 feet wide, planted with trees and shrubs will separate this from a roadway, 40 feet wide, for business vehicles. The whole will be lighted by groups of electric lights of artistic design. It is expected that this will be one of the great scenic avenues of the world. The work is already well under way.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, SUTRO GARDENS AND SUTRO BATHS.—Though not under the park management, the Cliff House, Sutro Gardens and Sutro Baths are closely connected with Golden Gate Park, as the western end of the park leads directly to them.

The present Cliff House is the fourth of that name, and the fifth building upon or near this rock, the western tip of Point Lobos. The first, known as the Seal Rock House, was erected in 1858. The second (and first one known as Cliff House) was built in 1861. The third was a plain, square structure of wood, built in 1863, and destroyed by fire on Christmas night in 1894. The fourth, an ornate wooden building, suggesting at a distance a French chateau, was built by the late Mr. Adolph Sutro, and destroyed by fire in 1907. It was erroneously stated in some eastern and English periodicals of repute that the Cliff House, dignified as "a massive, stone structure," tumbled into the sea during the earthquake of 1906, whereas it was not at all injured.

Since very early days the Cliff House has been a favorite objective point for a drive or a street car ride. It is a glorious place from which to view an ocean storm.

The present structure, of concrete, was built on the historic site as soon as possible after the destruction of the previous one. From the terrace a fine view is obtained of the seal rocks, with the clumsy sea lions climbing over or swimming about them and struggling with one another for favorite places, all the time barking lustily. The seal rocks are under the park management.

Following the road down the beach one sees the children wading or bathing. If a warm day, the sands are covered by hundreds, sometimes thousands, of picnickers. The water is too cold for pleasant bathing, but the children enjoy wading and being chased by the surf up the beach. Here members of the Olympic Club make it a point to bathe and have a run on the beach every Christmas Day. Though the water is too cold for comfortable bathing in summer, it is not appreciably colder on Christmas Day than on the Fourth of July. In the midst of this beach a long, iron pier extends into the ocean. This carries the pipe through which is pumped the salt water for supplying the Olympic Club, the Lurline and other salt water baths in the city.

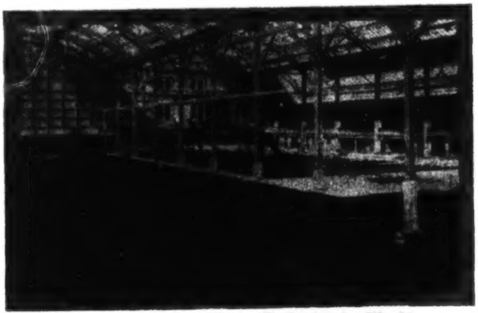
Opposite the Cliff House a parapet crowning Sutro Heights may be seen. This is reached through the beautiful Sutro Gardens, the home of the late Adolph Sutro (now unoccupied, but open to the public). From the parapet is a glorious, unbroken view of the ocean, the beach, the heads (marking the entrance to the Golden Gate), of Point Reyes (forming the northern boundary of the outer bay), and, if clear, the Farallone Islands, twenty-seven miles away. Always there is the interest of watching the vessels going in or out the Golden Gate–fishing smacks, tugs, schooners, steamships, perhaps a battleship or cruiser, and, if one is fortunate, the eye may be gladdened by the sight of a ship in full sail.

The Olympic Club's Christmas Day Frolic.

Returning to the entrance of the gardens, the road down the hill leads to the Sutro Baths, hewed out of rock, the largest salt water baths in the world. There is a number of commodious tanks which are graduated in temperature and depth, so that children of all sizes can be safely accommodated. One tank is exclusively for ladies, and there is a very large one, big enough for the swimming matches. Diving platforms, slides (made slippery by constantly flowing water) and other apparatus add zest to the sport. The building contains an interesting museum, besides the bathing tanks. Surrounding the tanks are seats for over 7,000 people.

The best way to reach the Sutro Gardens, Sutro Baths and Cliff House is by the Cliff House car on Sutter street. If possible, get a seat on the right-hand side of the car. After leaving the city, the line skirts the cliffs along the Golden Gate, giving a view of its rocky shores and the entrance from the ocean which can be obtained in no other way. As the car turns towards the Golden Gate, one looks down upon Baker's Bay and Beach, where the ill-fated Rio de Janeiro sank a dozen years ago. A little way further is Land's End. From the station a steep, but perfectly practicable, pathway leads down to the rock-strewn beach. This is a fine place to picnic or to spend a few hours watching the surf boil among the rocks, and the vessels going out and coming in the Golden Gate. Mile Rock, capped by a lighthouse, seems scarcely more than a stone's throw away, though it is a mile from shore, as its name indicates. Opposite can be seen the white Government buildings on Point Bonita. For a number of years a hermit lived in a rocky cave on this beach. Near the end of the Cliff car line is the gateway leading into the Sutro Gardens.

After visiting the Gardens, Baths and Cliff House, return to the city can be made by the Ellis Street line, skirting the southern boundary of the park. This line is reached a block east of the Great Highway or ocean boulevard. Or, if one wish to climb the hill again, there is the returning Cliff line and the Clement Street line which enters and leaves a spacious station next to the Sutro Baths.



Sutro Baths, Largest Salt-Water Baths in the World.

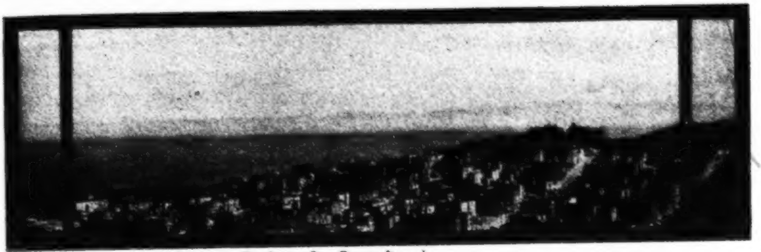
Not Holland; but Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. Photograph by R. J. Waters.

Telegraph Hill.

Scarred with the jagged wounds from ruthless hands,
Despoiled, dishonored of my fair array—
The gold and emerald vesture of the day
When first I signaled to these virgin strands
The argosies and fleets of alien lands;
Rampart and sentinel of this my Bay
Whose untracked waters leaped in jeweled spray
And beat in melody the tawny sands!

What guerdon mine? I wait! To greet these skies—
Throned on my breast, lifting from fronded trees,
I see a templed splendor yet to be
Whiter than Shasta's snows it shall arise,
And proud as that which shone on Pericles—
The marble dream by the Aegean sea.

—Ina Coolbrith.



Telegraph Hill, With Pioneer Park on Its Summit.

Chapter Six • The Smaller Parks

Buena Vista Park.—Buena Vista Hill, rising just south of Haight street, between Broderick street and Central avenue, is reached by the Haight Street cars. From here a fine and extended view is obtained of the city, peaks of the Coast range, the ocean, bay and islands. Pine and cypress, acacia and live oak trees cover it. There are pleasant, woodsy paths, and benches for rest and enjoyment of the outlook.

Portsmouth Square.—Most interesting of the small parks is Portsmouth Square, the oldest improved square in the city and the center of Yerba Buena, the little settlement on the cove of that name which was the forerunner of the city of San Francisco. The early history of this square is the early history of the city, and it has not ceased to play its part in subsequent years. It lies between Kearny street and Brenham place, Washington and Clay streets, a small half-square, crowded with associations, historical and literary. William Heath Davis, who came to Yerba Buena cove in 1833, said that where Portsmouth Square now is was then a growing crop of potatoes, planted by Candelario Miramontes, who, with his family, lived at the Presidio. The square, or plaza, as it was then called, was set aside from the little settlement of Yerba Buena in 1835, and the first two houses built by Americans (that of Captain Richardson in 1835 and that of Jacob Leese in 1836) were near the corner of Dupont and Clay streets. In the home of Leese the first Fourth of July celebration was held in 1836, and here was born in 1840 Rosalie Leese, the first child of American parents born in the city. Soon the principal buildings of the little settlement clustered around the

Portsmouth Square, After the Earthquake and Fire.

played chess daily;" Miss Ide, to whom Stevenson devised his birthday as she, having been born on Christmas Day, "had no proper one of her own;" Mrs. Virgil Williams, "bridesmaid and best man in one" on the occasion of his marriage, and others who loved Stevenson though they had not been fortunate enough to know him. Dr. Jordan, president of Stanford University, presided.

Portsmouth Square saw many disastrous conflagrations–the first, in 1849, destroying most of the little town, with its flimsy structures of canvas and wood. This was followed by five equally severe during 1850 and 1851. Of all these the old plaza was the center; but on the morning of April 18, 1906, it awakened to its greatest experience. The Hall of Justice, across Kearny street, tottered and its cupola fell with its iron framework bent at right angles. Chinatown and the Latin quarter, shaken to the core, poured many of their frightened inhabitants into the square. Citizens, hastening to the mayor to offer their services and finding the City Hall in ruins, met in the badly damaged Hall of Justice. From there, driven by the approach of fire, they adjourned to the vicinity of the Stevenson monument; moving further west to the unfinished Fairmont Hotel as the fire drew nearer. Again Portsmouth Square was surrounded by fire, buildings were consumed, its trees were scorched, their leaves shriveled–ruin was all around. The Fountain alone spoke of hope and peace, still offering its cup of cold water, still admonishing us "to be honest, to be kind." Soon under its shadow appeared a long row of temporary graves; a little later the square, hospitable alike to the living and the dead, was filled with the tents of refugees and of the soldier guard. In December, 150 two-room cottages were erected on the square, which were occupied through the winter and following spring. At the southeast corner stands an iron post, bearing an inscription and supporting a bell. Another marks the intersection of Kearny and Market streets, and there is one before the old Mission Church on Dolores street. These are placed by the Landmarks' Club of California, to mark the important points on El Camino Real, or old royal highway from mission to mission.

UNION SQUARE.—Union Square occupies the block between Stockton and Powell, Geary and Post streets. It is prettily planted with trees, shrubbery and flowers, and in the center is a monument designed by Newton Tharp, to commemorate Dewey's victory in Manila bay. From a massive, square base rises a slender shaft surmounted by Victory with a laurel wreath. The figure is by Robert Aitken. President McKinley broke the ground for this monument in 1901, and President Roosevelt dedicated it in 1903; on the same visit he performed the sadder office of breaking ground at the eastern end of the park panhandle for a monument to the memory of the martyred McKinley.

The morning of the great disaster saw this square filled with a motley crowd—Chinese, Italians, grand opera singers and women of the street, guests from the neighboring hotels with trunks and hand baggage, refugees from south of Market street with rolls of bedding and household pets—all happily characterized as "a succotash of civilization." James Hopper, writing of that dreadful morning, says, "At Union Square my attention was arrested by the sight of a man in pink pajamas, walking heel and toe in his bare feet in a continuous circling of the Dewey column; also by a tall, English-looking man with flowing whiskers, clad in a long white nightshirt, who sat on a bench perpetually replacing in the orbit of his left eye a monocle, which an involuntary contraction immediately twitched out again."

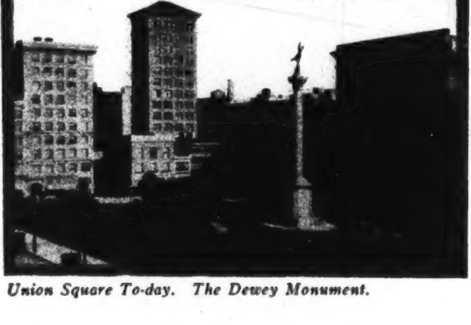
But the square saw many sadder scenes. Here early in the day were brought some of the sick, wounded and dead from south of Market street, to be taken further west as the fire progressed. Hundreds of trunks piled in this square for safety were later burned. One writer saw a great truck load for which a man was vainly trying to get horses. When he passed, a few hours later, "the trunks were merrily burning."

Union Square in 1885. Calvary Presbyterian, Congregational and Trinity Churches.

Facing Union Square, on Powell street, stands the St. Francis Hotel. It was spared through Wednesday, but fire swept through it during the early morning hours of the nineteenth, destroying everything inflammable. The stone walls remained intact, and the kitchen and grill rooms in the basement were little injured. As, after the flames had passed, they could soon be restored for use, the management obtained permission to erect in Union Square a temporary wooden building for housing its guests until the St. Francis could be refitted. This building, known as the little St. Francis, was removed when the need for it had passed. Union Square is practically the center of the business portion of the city, and its benches are frequented by men in all walks of life. Owing to its central situation, it is used for displays of fireworks during San Francisco's frequent celebrations.

JEFFERSON SQUARE.—Jefferson Square, with an area of eleven and one-quarter acres, covering four blocks, lies between Golden Gate avenue and Eddy street, Gough and Laguna streets. It contains a variety of handsome trees, interspersed with groups of shrubbery. The cars of the Turk and Eddy line pass its northern boundary on Eddy street, returning through the middle on Turk street.

This little park is interesting as the refuge of homeless thousands during the nights of the great fire, and as the site of one of the principal camps of refugees. Here in the midst of whatever could be saved from the devouring flames, rested the weary people, some with hand luggage and bundles of bedding; others, if they had not come from too great a distance, with trunks dragged hither by ropes. From here many of them scattered to Golden Gate Park, the Presidio, or to the homes of friends; but hundreds remained and soon the square was a village of tents. As in the other camps, wash houses and bath houses, with hot and cold water, were provided, sterilized water for drinking, and, for the first five months, food was furnished from a public kitchen. Sanitary regulations


Union Square To-day. The Dewey Monument.

Jefferson Square, and
the City Hall Dome
as We Used to See It.
Photograph by
Louis J. Stellman.

When earth has Eden spots like this for man,
Why will he drag his life where lashing storms
Whip him indoors, the petulant weather's slave?
There he is but a helpless, naked snail,
Except he wear his house close at his back.
Here the wide air builds him his palace walls—
Some little corner of it roofed for sleep.

—From "The Hermitage," by Edward Rowland Sill.

were strictly enforced by the commander in charge. In October the tents were replaced by three-room cottages, 158 sheltering 670 people. The square was not vacated until near the close of 1907. Like Golden Gate Park, Jefferson Square quickly recovered from the marks of its occupancy. Trees and shrubs were little injured, and no permanent scars remained.

City Hall or Marshall Square.—Between Market street and City Hall avenue at Eighth street is a small square of historic interest. It formed the approach to the City Hall, erected at a cost of $7,000,000 and ruined (the shame of its poor construction crying to heaven) by the earthquake and fire of 1906. This square was a part of the old Yerba Buena cemetery, bounded by Market, McAllister and Larkin streets. It was also the site of the sandlot agitation of Dennis Kearney against the Chinese. He died in Oakland a few years ago.

In this square stands a monument for which the late James Lick left a bequest of $100,000 "to provide for a group which should typify the growth of the State." A heroic figure of California with a grizzly bear at her feet surmounts a granite pedestal. Bronze medallions on the faces of the pedestal illustrate scenes during the days of immigration and mining, while names of men prominent in the early days encircle it. At the four corners, on separate pedestals, are bronze figures representing periods of the State's development. The sculptor was Frank Happenberger, a native of the State.

Before the monument, facing Market street, is a fine bronze cannon taken at Santiago de Cuba in 1908. The workmanship is beautiful, and its history, if one could learn it, must be most interesting; for it is a French cannon made, or named, for the Prince de Conde in 1754. The Latin mottoes, "ultima ratio regum" (the last resort of kings), and "nec pluribus impar" (not unequal to many), speak to us with a grim humor of days which we hope are past forever.

This square is to be widened one hundred feet on

The Lick Statuary in Marshall Square.

Refugee Tents in a Small Park. Humorous Signs.

each side, to form a finer approach to the new civic center, which will embrace the old City Hall site and several blocks west, between Larkin street and Van Ness avenue.

Realizing the need of the people for small parks and breathing spaces near their homes, especially as, with the growth of the city, the population is likely to become more congested, the builders of San Francisco have wisely provided for many small parks or plazas scattered throughout the city. Most of these were camping places for refugees after the fire, and some of these colonies, the tents replaced by wooden cottages, occupied the squares far into the next year. Then those who desired them were helped to buy these homes, to remove to outlying portions of the city. Neatly disguised with shingled sides, made comfortable with porches and small additions, perhaps covered with vines and surrounded with flowers, these temporary shelters have become the permanent homes of many who were stripped of their all by the fire.

Besides those previously enumerated, the smaller parks are as follows:

ALAMO SQUARE crowns the Hayes Street hill and is easily reached from Devisadero or Fillmore streets.

ALTA PLAZA and **LAFAYETTE PARK** are reached by the Jackson and Washington Street line. The former lies between Scott and Steiner streets; the latter between Laguna and Gough.

BERNAL PARK is bounded on the north and south by Precita and Bernal avenues, and on the east and west by Alabama and Folsom streets. Its area of a little over two acres is mostly lawn, bordered by shade trees.

COLUMBIA SQUARE is bounded by Columbia, Harrison, Sherman and Folsom streets, and is about two blocks south of the Postoffice Building. It is two and one-half acres in extent. It has given its name to the Columbia Park Boys' Club, whose headquarters are now on Guerrero street near Sixteenth, a noted organization, which has done a splendid work for the boys in that part of the city. Major Sidney Peixotto is the commander. The boys have an excellent band. They have been taken to Europe and to Australia for concert tours, and often make shorter trips.

Duboce Park is north of Duboce avenue, and between Steiner and Scott streets.

Franklin Square lies between Sixteenth street and Bryant avenue, with an area of about four and one-half acres.

Garfield Square is bounded by Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets, Harrison street and Treat avenue.

Hamilton Square is between Scott and Steiner streets, on the Geary Street line.

Holly Park is bounded on all sides by Holly Park avenue, and comprises seven and one-half acres.

Lincoln Park, the most recently acquired park territory, consists of one hundred and fifty acres on Point Lobos, embracing the old City Cemetery. The property extends from Thirty-third to Fortieth avenues on the north, and from Thirty-eighth to Fortieth on the south. Fifty acres of the cemetery grounds were taken by the Government for fortifications at Fort Miley. A driveway overlooking Baker's Beach, connecting with the Presidio roadways, is projected. The views from here are magnificent. Golf links are to be a feature of this park.

Lincoln Park is included in the territory set apart for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. It is proposed to purchase a strip, one block wide through the Richmond district, for a boulevard to connect it with the western end of Golden Gate Park. This boulevard is to begin at Telegraph Hill, follow the water front to the Harbor View site, thence to the Presidio, and along the shore line of the Presidio to Lincoln Park.

Lobos Square is further north, a block east of Fillmore street, north of Chestnut. It is reached by the Fillmore Street line.

Mission Park is the largest of the parks south of Market street. Its area is

South Park in the Fifties.

selected a site for the Presidio, which was to be the home of all save the friars. They cut timber and began work on the simple buildings which were to shelter them. They were ready for occupancy by September 17th, the festival of the Stigmata of St. Francis. On that day, solemn possession was taken of the Presidio by Palou in the name of his royal master, King of all the Spains. The establishment was blessed, a cross was planted and adorned, mass was celebrated, a Te Deum sung, and salutes were fired on land and water. This was the first permanent settlement of white men on the site of San Francisco.

In 1824, when Mexico became finally independent of Spain, the Spanish flag gave place to the Mexican, Mexico having retained California in her possession.

A visit to the Presidio in 1825 is thus described: "The Governor's abode stood in a corner of the Presidio and formed one end of a row, of which the other was occupied by a chapel. The opposite side was broken down and little better than a heap of rubbish and bones on which jackals and vultures and dogs were constantly preying. The other two sides of the quadrangle contained storehouses, artificers' shops and the jail, all built in the humblest style, with badly burned bricks, and roofed with tiles. Whether viewed at a distance or near, the establishment impressed the spectator with any other sentiment than that of its being a place of authority and, but for the tottering flagstaff upon which was occasionally displayed the tri-colored flag of Mexico, three rusty field pieces and a half-accoutred sentinel parading the gateway, a visitor would be ignorant of the importance of the place."

Richard H. Dana, in his *Two Years Before the Mast*, alludes to the "ruinous Presidio, some five or six miles beyond the landing place." This was in 1835. The landing place was Yerba Buena cove. When he visited San Francisco twenty-four years later, he had something better to tell us of it. "I took a California horse of old style (the loping gait) and visited

Looking Over the Presidio to the Golden Gate.

A Presidio Walk.
Where "Rose and Honeysuckle
Intertwine." Photograph
by Gabriel Moulin.

The Cross of Golden Gate.

With Westward face this Great Cross tells
Its old, undying story
Of Faith of Ages, standing sure,
And Bethlehem's wondrous glory.

* * *

Its steadfast front to seaward speaks
Of History's turning pages;
Of hope and love and Christian trust
And Empire's marching ages.

—Charles S. Aiken

along the panhandle on Oak street. At the entrance to the panhandle on Baker street may be seen a bronze statue by Robert Aitken, dedicated to President McKinley. The ground for this statue was broken by President Roosevelt on the occasion of his visit to the city in 1903. Leave the car where it turns on Stanyan street and enter the park where the roadway from the panhandle leads into it. The brownstone building at the right, near this entrance, is the commissioners' lodge. A short walk brings one to Conservatory Valley. After a tour through the conservatory and a glance at the Arizona garden east of it, return to the main road and ascend a slight hill across the road on the left. Note the tree-ferns near the base of the hill. A sign points to the aviary. After visiting that and the pheasant enclosures outside, return to the main road and follow it to the museum. Occasional statues commemorating great men are seen on the way. Not far from the museum at the left is one of Father Junipero Serra, the founder in 1776 of the Mission of St. Francis of Assisi, which was the beginning of San Francisco. From the museum (which is open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. on ordinary days and until 5 P. M. on Sundays and holidays), the road leads past Concert Valley and the Temple of Music. Just beyond, at the right, a massive Japanese gateway announces the tea garden, from which a few moments' climb along the path indicated by signs will bring one to Stow Lake. A bridge leads to Strawberry Hill and, from the road near the bridge, the prayer book cross is seen to the northwest.

If the visitor has seen enough for one day, there are two ways out from here without going back to the eastern entrance. Part way around the lake a road leads out to the southern boundary of the park and a street car line going to the ocean or returning to the city. Or, one's steps may be retraced as far as the museum, at the eastern end of which a walk leads sharply down under a viaduct, and so out by an exit on the northern boundary to several lines into the city's center.

The Commissioner's Lodge.

fourteen acres. It is bounded by Dolores, Eighteenth, Church and Twentieth streets. Here are tennis courts, a wading pool and an athletic field, with grass plats, shade trees and shrubbery to add to the attractions.

Mountain Lake Park, twenty acres in extent, lies north of Lake street, between Seventh and Fourteenth avenues. The Presidio Parkway connects it with Golden Gate Park.

Pioneer Park, on Telegraph Hill, is bounded on the north and south by Greenwich and Filbert streets, and on the east and west by Montgomery and Kearny. Although the attractions of this park consists wholly in view, the picture formed by the sparkling waters of the bay, the vessels plying to and fro, the islands, the distant hills, with the blue Californian sky overarching all, generously rewards the spirit of the climber, while benches placed in shady spots afford rest to his body. From the earliest days this view was appreciated–several pioneer writers recorded that "it was a pleasant pastime at the close of the day to ascend Telegraph Hill."

The Kearny and North Beach cars go near the western base of the hill whence, by way of Greenwich street, the ascent is more easily made. Further improvement of this park and terraced approaches are future possibilities.

South Park is bounded on the north and south by Bryant and Brannan streets, on the east west by Second and Third. Here, in the Fifties and Sixties, lived many of the aristocracy of the town.

Sunnyside Park is bounded on the north and south by Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, and on the east and west by Twin Peaks avenue and Stanyan street.

Washington Square lies at the intersection of Montgomery avenue and Union street. It is in the Italian quarter and is reached by the Union Street line.

There are eight or ten additional unimproved reservations of various sizes in different parts of the city.

Telegraph Hill From the North Side in the Eighties.

Alcatraz Island—the Military Prison.

Chapter Seven · Government Reservations

THE PRESIDIO is the United States Army Headquarters for the Department of California. Although a Government reservation, its location, ample and well kept grounds, shady walks and drives give it a place among the parks and pleasure places of San Francisco. It comprises 1,542 acres, more than half planted to groves of pine and eucalyptus, with a shore line on ocean and bay of nearly three miles. There are homes for the officers, surrounded by a profusion of flowers, quarters for the unmarried men, barracks and fields of tents for the private soldiers, parade grounds and hospitals, forts and harbor defenses. From almost every point are wonderful views of the Golden Gate and Marin County hills.

Four Presidios, or garrisons of soldiers, were established in Alta California by the Spanish Government to guard their missions–one at San Diego, one at Monterey, one at San Francisco and one at Santa Barbara, in the order named. Each is on a bay. Over each has waved the flags of three Governments. The one at San Francisco is now the most important. In June, 1776, two expeditions set out from Monterey, one by land and one by water, to found a mission on the bay which was discovered by a land expedition from San Diego in 1769, and named in honor of St. Francis of Assisi. The land expedition reached the northern part of the peninsula on June 27th. Besides Friars Palou and Cambon, it consisted of a few married civilian settlers with their large families, and seventeen dragoons (also married) under command of Don José Moraga, who was to be the Commandant of the Presidio. They brought with them cattle, sheep, horses and mules, field and garden seeds. While waiting for the ship, they

On Stockton street, up on the hill between Pine and California, is the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, small, but with its classic design adorning the site on which it stands.

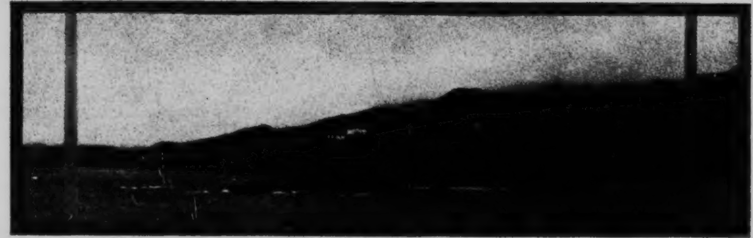
There are many other handsome new business structures, among which might be mentioned the Phelan, Commercial, Emporium, Jewelers', Hewes, W. and J. Sloane, Shreve, and Sheldon buildings.

A building of interest which survived the fire is the old Parrott Block, on the northwest corner of Montgomery and California streets. This was built in 1852, of granite blocks dressed in China, and was put up by Chinese workmen brought over for the purpose. It was occupied by Wells, Fargo and Company for a good many years.

Another old timer is the Montgomery Block, on Montgomery street, between Washington and Merchant. This was built by Henry W. Halleck, long before the Civil War made him a general. It was called at that time "the largest, most elegant and imposing edifice in California." A row of carved portrait heads between the first and second stories was the chief feature of the decorations. Some of those facing Montgomery street were injured by the fire; the remaining ones on that side have been removed and are in the museum in Golden Gate Park. Those on the northern side of the building are intact.

In the Montgomery Block was stored at the time of the fire the greater portion of the Sutro library, 125,000 volumes. Thanks to solid walls, little inflammable material outside, and proximity to the Appraiser's Building, which the mighty efforts of Government officials and employees saved, the block and its valuable contents were spared. In this building was also Coppa's Restaurant, frequented by artists and a literary coterie, beloved for its excellent cuisine and famed for the fantastic decorations of its walls. Though this was the only restaurant of importance unburned, business could not be continued here surrounded as it was by acres of desolation and ruins.

Phelan Building, O'Farrell and Market Streets.



Point Bonita. One of the Wardens of the Golden Gate.

Chapter Fourteen • Unique Shops

When contemplating the many features of rehabilitation which are subjects for congratulation, the greater number of fine buildings, the taste and richness of their decorations, the more spacious stores with their rest and dressing rooms luxurious and hygenic in every detail—with all these to make us glad, one regret arises. We have lost Post street as it was before the fire. We have still the same attractive shops, some more beautiful than before, but they are scattered. We cannot now, with a spare half hour, take them all in, through the windows, if we have not time to browse leisurely among them. It was a joy after the prosaic shopping for the household had been attended to, to begin at Vickery's window, sure to contain a picture that drew one, the window a picture in itself, with a Venetian vase or a jar of oriental porcelain against some exquisite piece of drapery; to follow on past Elder's and down the block, lingering at each window to enjoy the beautiful objects they contained and their harmonious arrangement. In Elder's were rare books, open and shut, drapery or a mat of some oriental stuff, whose colors harmonized with the bindings; near by, a jar of the right flowers to complete the harmony. Sometimes the flower, branch or picturesque bunch of seed-vessels was the motif, sometimes the books, sometimes a picture; always the window was treated as a whole and the result was beautiful. Next was a Japanese store of merit; then the sombre richness of oriental rugs; and last in the block, Marsh's. In one of his windows was always a screen of matchless Japanese embroidery, birds, perhaps, which seem clothed in feathers, so perfect were the needle-strokes, cherry blossoms in silk, with a blooming branch in the

California Street—Nob Hill Crowned With the Fairmont Hotel.

Chapter Sixteen · Hotels

It is a far cry from the old adobe City Hotel of 1849, where Stephen J. Field paid thirty-five dollars a week for his eight by ten room, to the Fairmont, the St. Francis and the Palace hotels of to-day. When the discovery of gold increased the population from five hundred in 1848 to fifteen thousand in 1849, hotels sprang up like mushrooms in a single night, at first flimsy structures of canvas and boards, then abandoned ships, roofed over and made habitable. The Parker House rose on Kearny street, opposite Portsmouth Square, then the Ward House near, and the Graham House, both brought bodily around the Horn, each an improvement upon its predecessors. The last two with the St. Francis were far ahead of anything previously provided. Sleeping apartments of the St. Francis were the best in California, making it a worthy forerunner of its later namesake. A few years later the Oriental stood at the junction of Battery and Bush streets. Pioneers will remember this and its contemporary, the Tehama House, on the present site of the Bank of California. John Phoenix, an early Western humorist, known in real life as Lieutenant Derby, perpetuated the latter in *A Legend of the Tehama House*. The International was for many years a first-class hotel on the corner of Kearny and Jackson streets. Then came Woodward's famed What Cheer House, which lasted, far-fallen from its best estate, until the fire. It stood on the corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets. It was conducted upon curious lines, but was very popular, especially among miners and farmers, and Woodward made a great fortune there. Only men were entertained; no woman was ever seen on the premises; but no man, whether he could pay or not, was ever turned away. The rooms were plainly furnished, but were kept scrupulously clean. It was the first house in San Francisco to be run on the European plan. There was a good museum connected with it, and a fine library free to the whole town. "Here," said S. D. Woods, "have I seen, bending over their books, Mark Twain and Bret Harte and others of lesser fame, together with judges, doctors and lawyers. This was the only free library in San Francisco at that time."

In 1862 the Lick house was built on Montgomery street by James Lick, upon lots he had acquired soon after his arrival here in 1847. The owner, a cabinet-maker by trade, personally did much of the work on the interior finish of the dining room, and it was said at the time of its completion to be one of the most beautiful banquet halls in the United States.

About this time the Russ House and the Occidental Hotel were built, also on Montgomery street. The latter was a favorite with the army and navy people, and here in 1888 Robert Louis Stevenson and his family spent a short time before embarking on the Casco for the South Seas. A pretty feature of this hotel was the bunch of fresh flowers in the room to welcome each incoming guest, and the basket which always accompanied the outgoing traveler—of fruit, if the journey was to be by sea; a dainty luncheon, if by rail.

The California Hotel, on Bush street, was an attractive and well-kept place.

But the Palace was the hotel by which San Francisco was known the globe around. It used to be said that you could sit in the old lobby a year and a day and see the whole world pass in procession before you. Certainly you could in that time see representatives of every civilized nation under the sun. The hotel was begun in 1874 by William C. Ralston. An unpretentious Catholic church, St. Patrick's, was moved, to provide the site; before the church was built in 1851, a huge sand-hill occupied the place. In 1875 the Palace

The New Palace Hotel, the Monadnock and Spreckels Buildings.

Woodward's Gardens. Museum, Once Home of Fremont.

small lakes and fountains surrounded the buildings. A well-stocked zoological garden, a seal pond, aviary, deer park and art gallery were further allurements. This popular and widely known resort was a feature of the city for nearly a quarter of a century.

The first real drama in San Francisco was given in January, 1850, in a building called Washington Hall, on Washington street, opposite the Plaza. The play, poorly rendered, was Sheridan Knowles' "The Wife." When circuses palled on the popular taste, Mr. Rowe converted his tent into a theater and secured a company of English actors who were warmly appreciated. A small French theater followed, and then the Dramatic Museum on California street.

Thomas Maguire, a native of Ireland, was a pioneer theater manager of the Pacific coast. For more than a quarter of a century he was lessee or owner of the principal theaters of this city. In 1850 he converted a part of the Parker House, on Kearny street, facing the Plaza, into a theater which he named the Jenny Lind. The fire of May 4, 1851, destroyed the building, but the the theater was soon rebuilt by Mr. Maguire and opened under the name of the Jenny Lind No. 2. In less than a month this, too, was burned; but Mr. Maguire's pluck did not forsake him, and Jenny Lind No. 3, this time of brick, rose on the same site. In 1852 this building was sold to the city for $200,000, to be used for a City Hall, until it gave place in 1896 to the Hall of Justice which was destroyed in the fire of 1906.

After disposing of the Jenny Lind, Mr. Maguire in 1853 opened, on Washington street near Montgomery, the San Francisco Hall, previously conducted by Mrs. Catharine Sinclair. He changed the name soon after to San Francisco Theater, and three years later to Maguire's Opera House. When Montgomery avenue was cut through, this building was demolished.

In 1864 Mr. Maguire opened a new building, called the Maguire Academy of Music. The public was entertained here until 1867, when the building was changed into offices and stores. As the years went by, the first and second Metropolitan Theaters, the first and second American, the Alhambra (on Bush street, afterwards named Maguire's New Theater) and Baldwin's Academy of Music passed into Mr. Maguire's control.

In 1853 the Metropolitan was called "the most magnificent temple of histrionic art in America," and the later theaters, halls, academies of music and opera houses were well abreast of the growing city, both in character of the buildings and in the talent of those who trod their boards.

In the Jenny Lind No. 3, Mrs. Lewis Baker won the hearts of the people and played for two years to enthusiastic audiences. Her husband was both manager and actor in several theaters during their stay, and when, in 1854, they bade farewell to the San Francisco public, they left a stage which they had largely assisted in elevating from a rude and confused condition to one which could be classed with the better theaters of the East.

In the old Union Theatre on Commercial street, above Kearny, little Lotta Crabtree sang and danced her way into the hearts of the miners. Lashed to the back of a beautiful horse, Ada Isaacs Menken in "Mazeppa" dashed back and forth across the stage of Maguire's Opera House. On this same stage were seen Junius Brutus Booth and his son, Edwin, the latter just beginning his great career. The home of the Booths overlooked the theater from the slopes of Telegraph Hill. In this theater Thomas W. Keene and Frank Mayo played; here Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough, young men of twenty, supported Edwin Forrest; here Anna Bishop sang and Lola Montez danced.

At the Metropolitan, Boucicault played his own productions, George Francis Train and Artemus Ward lectured, Pareppa Rosa and Sconcia were stars in opera.

In 1866 the two young Irishmen, John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett, came to San Francisco with Edwin Forrest. After their engagement with Forrest closed,

Jenny Lind Theater No. 3, Afterwards the City Hall.

Russian Hill. The Bay, Alcatraz and Angel Islands.

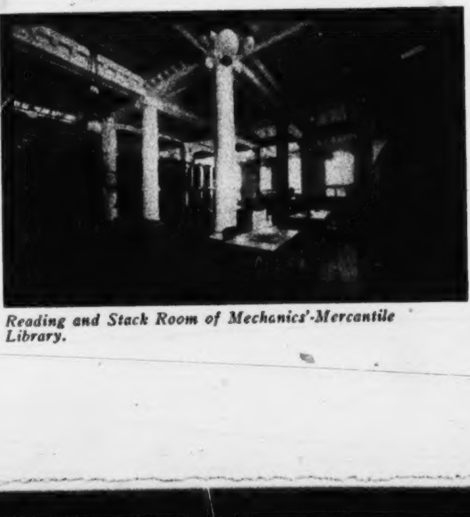
Chapter Twenty · Libraries

ALMOST the greatest loss sustained through the fire of 1906 is that of the San Francisco libraries, public and private. The Public Library, the eighth in size in the United States, lost three-fourths of its large collection. The Mechanics'-Mercantile suffered a loss of 200,000 volumes. Of the 200,000 volumes composing the Sutro collection, 75,000 perished. The San Francisco law library, 35,000 volumes, and the library of the Supreme Court, 10,000 volumes, were destroyed. The medical libraries, the library for the blind, the library of the Academy of Sciences, the French library, the Bohemian Club library, that of the Society of California Pioneers, to mention only a part of those of a public character, all disappeared–a total of 700,000 volumes. Adding to these the private collections, the loss reaches the million mark. But figures cannot represent the loss. The research and reference books of the Mechanics'-Mercantile library were very valuable and many of them cannot be replaced. The same is true of many of the collections of scientific books, and of the 4,000 black-letter manuscripts of the Sutro collection. The loss of the library of the Society of California Pioneers was incalculable, containing as it did old diaries and maps, and twelve bound volumes of typewritten reminiscences of pioneers, which some one had been sufficiently thoughtful to have transcribed before it was too late–not the observations of trained observers, of course, and sometimes befogged perhaps by lapsing memories, but lending life and vivid coloring to those by-gone days as nothing now can do. Lamenting such losses, it has been said that it should be made a capital offense to store irreplaceable books in an inflammable building.

LIBRARIES

Though the loss sustained by the public libraries was a serious one, and even yet hampers many in their work, who shall estimate the loss of private libraries, the best beloved books, collected often through self-denial; the precious gifts of friends, or of the authors, often annotated and interleaved—what number of dollars can represent their loss, the difference their absence makes in individual lives? If we love books at all, next to our friends they are our dearest possessions. To note one instance out of the many cruel deeds wrought by the fire, George Hamlin Fitch, for many years literary editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, left his home the first day of the fire to see what was happening down town, not dreaming it could travel so far unchecked. When he returned, a few hours later, a cordon of soldiers around the block forbade his entrance. His house did not burn till seven hours later. Had he been allowed to enter it, he could have carried away in his pockets and suit cases a few of the most precious of his volumes, but he could save not even one. He said, a few weeks later: "For myself, nothing would have mattered had I been able to save my books, or even a quarter of them. From my fourteenth year, book collecting has been my one absorbing hobby. * * Hundreds of these books were gifts of authors; they were enriched with autograph inscriptions and, in many cases, with letters from their authors. * * These treasures were gone beyond recall. The companions of years, whose pages I had sought when weary with work, or depressed by grief, were lost to me forever. Dear beyond all expression, gathered with infinite labor at the cost of many sacrifices, they vanished in a brief hour." This was one instance out of many, and Mr. Fitch, like others who lost all material possessions, struck the same high note of courage as the rest when he added, "Yet out of this crushing loss, one emerges with the courage to form a new collection, for life still remains, and courage and fortitude and the power of work."

The "courage to form a new collection" asserted itselt immediately with the trustees



Reading and Stack Room of Mechanics'-Mercantile Library.

German and St. Joseph's Hospitals.

Chapter Twenty-three • Hospitals

When the Reverend William Taylor came here in 1849 he found many sick from exposure, poor food and unaccustomed ways of living. To aid them was a badly conducted, filthy city hospital, containing two or three hundred patients. It was the custom for the city to farm out the care of the sick to one doctor or another at five dollars per day for each patient. The hospital changed hands many times and its location nearly as often. Mr. Taylor spent much time with the sick, ministering to their physical and spiritual needs. Mingled with the sad cases which he cites is occasionally a glimpse of the relief he was able to afford, as when he advised a number of scurvy patients, growing worse daily for want of proper food, to eat the miner's lettuce growing wild in the vicinity (the only green thing obtainable) and had the satisfaction of finding them much improved on his next visit.

The present public hospitals of San Francisco are remarkable in number, buildings and equipment, especially those which have been built since the fire, though a number were, most fortunately, out of reach of that disaster.

The Lane Hospital, founded by Dr. Levi Cooper Lane, is on the corner of Clay and Webster streets. It is connected with the Medical Department of Stanford University.

The University of California Hospital, connected with the University Medical Department, is on Parnassus avenue, the middle building of the Affiliated Colleges.

The Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses embraces several buildings between California and Sacramento streets, Maple and Cherry. A new building, embody-ing every new idea in hospital equipment, has been recently opened at 3700 California street.

The Southern Pacific General Hospital is a fine, modern building on Fell and Baker streets, opposite the Panhandle.

The United States General Hospital and the United States Marine Hospital are in the Presidio, the first-named near the Union street car terminus; the other, on the Presidio's southern boundary, at Thirteenth avenue and Lake street.

The Hahnemann Hospital (homœopathic) on California and Maple streets is the hospital of Hahnemann Medical College.

The German Hospital, Fourteenth and Noe streets, owned by the German Benevolent Society, was established in 1853.

The French Hospital, at Point Lobos and Fifth avenues, is conducted by the French Mutual Benevolent Society.

St. Mary's Hospital (Roman Catholic), on Hayes and Shrader streets, is carried on by the Sisters of Mercy. This hospital was established in 1861.

St. Joseph's Hospital (Roman Catholic) is on Park Hill and Buena Vista avenue.

St. Luke's Hospital (Episcopal) was established in 1871. It is on Valencia street, near the junction of Mission and Twenty-seventh. The corner stones of new buildings to be erected in memory of Calvin Paige and D. O. Mills have been recently laid.

City and County Hospital on Potrero avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-fourth streets, is to cost $2,000,000. Mayor Taylor laid the corner stone in November, 1909.

There are five emergency hospitals: One in the park, at Waller and Stanyan streets; one in the Potrero, at 1152 Kentucky street; one, the Mission branch, at Twenty-third street and Potrero avenue; one, the Harbor branch, at 7 Clay street, and the Central at Golden Gate avenue and Gough street.

These are the principal public hospitals of the city. The private hospitals are innumerable–most of them in excellent buildings and of modern equipment.

The Southern-Pacific Hospital.

Funeral of James King of William. Stockton Street, 1856.

A minor magazine which was wholly ideal was Paul Elder's *Impressions Quarterly*. Beautifully printed (with an illuminated selection, or a choice picture for its frontispiece), it contained a few original articles of an intimate type and a poem or two, just enough to whet the appetite.

The *Western Weekly*, late the *Tattler*, takes the latter name as sub-title. It is published by the Wheeler-Reid Publishing Company. It contains sketches, a story, comment on current events, theatrical and financial departments and book reviews, with many illustrations. Although a comparatively recent journal, it has made a place for itself.

Sunset is an excellent monthly magazine published by the Southern Pacific Company and devoted to the interests of the Pacific Coast. Having recently joined forces with the *Pacific Monthly*, the latter name is used as sub-title. The present editor is Charles K. Field, associate of the former editor, Charles S. Aiken. Mr. Field's delightful little poems have illumined many phases of San Francisco life.

The *Bulletin*, the oldest of our present dailies, was founded in 1855 by James King of William and C. O. Geberding. Mr. King in his editorials fearlessly attacked the corruption and criminal practices which were prevalent in the city. Having denounced James Casey (an ex-convict) for ballot-box stuffing, he was shot down in the street by Casey. This assassination caused the formation of the second Vigilance Committee. James King's brother, Mr. Thomas King, succeeded him in the editorship. Mr. Theodore Hittell was for several years in charge of the local department. He was also law reporter for the *Chronicle* of the Fifties, the *Daily Herald* and several other papers. The *Bulletin* passed through different hands as owners and editors, Messrs. G. K. Fitch and Loring Pickering retaining their proprietorship the longest. Owned by R. A. Crothers, it is now, under the editorship of Mr. Fremont Older, the leading evening paper of San Francisco.

The *Post* made its first appearance in December, 1871, under the editorship of Henry George, of single-tax fame. Mark Twain was one of its early reporters. Having been consolidated with the later *Globe*, it is now published afternoons under the hyphenated title.

The *Daily News* is a evening penny paper of later birth, with a large and growing circulation.

The *Call* is the oldest of our morning dailies. The first number appeared December 1, 1856, under the management of the Associated Practical Printers. It was then a four-page sheet, about twelve by twelve. It was later owned and conducted by the then proprietors of the *Bulletin*, Messrs. Simonton, Fitch and Pickering. For three years it was conducted by Charles and Samuel Shortridge, with the former as editor. In 1897 Mr. John D. Spreckels was announced as owner. Mark Twain was a reporter for the *Call*. Adeline Knapp and Charlotte Perkins Stetson were among contributors not previously mentioned.

The *Examiner*, founded as a Democratic evening paper, was first issued January, 1865; William S. Moss, publisher, and B. F. Washington, editor. Messrs. Phil Roach and George Pen Johnston were later associated in the proprietorship. From them Senator Hearst bought the paper in 1880. He converted it into a morning paper, and in 1887 gave it to his son, Hon. William Randolph Hearst. Within a week it was issued as an eight-page paper, the first daily of that size in California. Ambrose Bierce's column of "Prattle," his short stories and verse have been a distinctive, literary feature of the *Examiner*. W. C. Morrow, Gertrude Atherton and Arthur McEwen have likewise been valued contributors. A dramatic department, conducted for some years by Adèle Chretien, and the studies of human nature by Winifred Black (whose pen name is Annie Laurie) attracted many readers to the *Examiner*. Allan Kelly and Henry Bigelow were noteworthy early reporters of the *Examiner* who interviewed stage robbers or captured grizzly bears or, to

The Hearst or Examiner Building.

The Greek Theater, Campus of University of California.

gaily flying from the poles around the top against the background of the encircling trees, with the blue Californian sky over it all. Birds, mingling their music with the whispering of the trees, add to the enchantment. Two Bach Festivals have been held here, with a chorus of two hundred voices, one hundred musicians and a pipe-organ set up upon the stage. The best orchestras and bands have been heard here. Bernhardt has found it a fitting setting for *Phèdre*, Margaret Anglin for *Antigone* and Maude Adams for an exquisite evening performance of *As You Like It;* and the Ben Greet Company has given here a rendering of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by moonlight. Every year adds some new and delightful experience. During most of the year concerts are given here on Sunday afternoon. The weather seldom forbids.

All the newer buildings of the campus, the Doe Library building, the Boalt Law Library, California Hall, the School of Mines, are built by the University Architect, John Galen Howard, after the plans of the French architect, Bernard, to whom was awarded the large prize offered by Mrs. Phœbe Hearst for the best plans for future buildings, adapted to the grounds. The competition was open to architects of all nations, who either visited the grounds or were sent relief maps of the campus. These plans are a happy device to avoid the heterogeneous buildings, often characteristic of American universities. The campus will grow in beauty with each building added, and in years to come will form a perfect whole.

Besides the university and the public schools, there are in Berkeley four theological seminaries (Congregational, Baptist, Christian and Unitarian), several flourishing private schools and a State Institution for the Blind, Deaf and Dumb. The last-named is on Waring street, at the head of Parker, a large institution of several buildings, standing in well-kept grounds among an abundance of flowers.

THE ENVIRONS

In addition to the fine university library, which includes the famous Bancroft collection and several valuable bequests, there is an excellent Carnegie library belonging to the city. Of good hotels there are several, including the Shattuck, recently opened.

The position of Berkeley is ideal–a gentle slope from the bay back into the hills–and this situation makes for an unusual number of beautiful residence sites, from which the views of the bay, the Golden Gate, the hills and sunsets are superb. The homes of North Berkeley, the new sections of Northbrae, Kensington, Cragmont, and Thousand Oaks, and those of Claremont Park are most of them thus favored. Nestled in the hills of Claremont is a great million-dollar hotel, not yet completed. It commands a wonderful view and the grounds, embracing a beautiful old garden, will add much to its attractions.

Between Berkeley and Oakland is the Country Club, with golf links and tennis courts. The drives through Claremont Park, to Piedmont and over Piedmont hills are very beautiful.

The Key Route Trolley Trips from San Francisco afford the hurried traveler a chance to see the eastern side of the bay to good advantage–a whole day's trip for one dollar, personally conducted. Berkeley, with the university and Greek Theatre, is seen; Oakland, including Idora Park (its great amusement place), the beautiful residence section of Piedmont, Piedmont Park and Art Gallery and the ostrich farm at Melrose. Trips leave the San Francisco Key Route ferry at 9:40 and 10:20 A. M. Another, a half-day's trip, not including Idora Park and Piedmont, leaves at 1:20 P. M. Price includes admittance to all places mentioned.

But the following independent trip may be more according to one's liking: Take the Key Route ferry and the Berkeley electric train connecting with it across the bay. Leave the train at Bancroft Way and take street car there for the corner of Bancroft Way and College avenue. This makes the least uphill walk to reach the Greek Theatre. Enter

Claremont Hotel and the Beautiful Grounds in Midwinter.

The St. Francis Hotel, Facing Union Square.

was finished and was run for several years at a loss, the need for such a hotel not having then arrived. So well was it built that $90,000 was paid to raze the walls in preparation for the present building. The central court opened to the skylight, with balconies surrounding it on every floor. Originally the court was used as a driveway for carriages. Later it was made a luxurious lounging place with rugs, softly cushioned sofas and chairs, and great palms in tubs here and there.

The hotel had its own system of fire protection, its own fire engines and its own water from artesian wells. On that dreadful morning in April, 1906, its employees fought bravely, intelligently and successfully until, after the city water was exhausted, their water supply was taken by the city firemen in the vain endeavor to save surrounding buildings.

The new hotel preserves the great palm court which was the marked feature of the old building. Its public rooms are magnificent and its private rooms luxurious in every appointment. A beautiful picture of the "Pied Piper of Hamlin," by Maxfield Parrish, adorns the bar. It is not unusual for ladies, accompanied by gentlemen, to visit the room for the purpose of seeing this picture. The Palace has 688 rooms and suites.

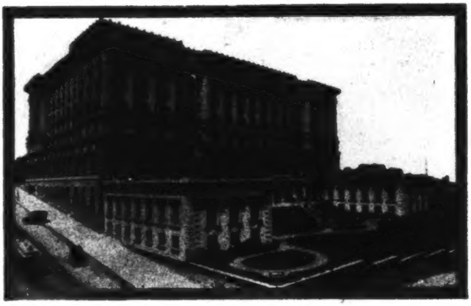
The St. Francis, a no less popular and luxurious hotel, is fortunate in its situation, fronting as it does on Union Square. All that could burn went up in flames in 1906, but the walls were uninjured and refitting was begun almost as soon as the stones were cool. Work had previously begun on the third wing and this, too, was pressed forward. The St. Francis has now 700 rooms and suites, and the number will reach 1,000 when the fourth wing which is now planned is added. It will then be one of the largest hotels in the world, as it is now one of the most delightful. The Tapestry room, with its soft blue walls and carved gray stone pillars, is the most beautiful hotel room in the city; and the lobby and the Colonial ballroom are very handsome.

HOTELS

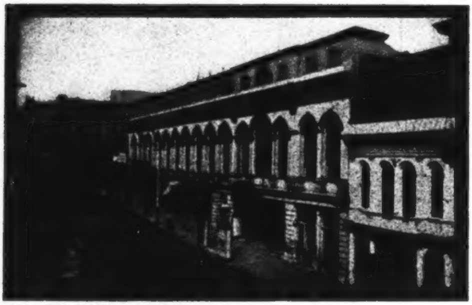
The Fairmont crowns an incomparable site on Nob Hill, a beautiful building, noticeable from the bay, and from many parts of the city, while the view from the hotel embraces a wonderful vista of city, bay, the Golden Gate and the distant hills. It was built by the two daughters of the late James G. Fair, and nearly completed at the time of the fire. There was nothing to ignite outside, but the devouring flames rushed through it, as through a chimney, eating up what little inflammable material was within. When the work of restoration and completion was over we had the third of our great hotels; one without a rival in architecture and situation, in this country, at least. It has between five and six hundred rooms and suites, each with a bath. The beautiful ballroom, the Norman banquet room opening on the terrace, the dining room with every window framing a picture of the bay and the pretty laurel tea room are some of its attractive features.

On one of the basement floors, reached by an elevator from the Powell Street entrance, is a series of Japanese rooms containing an exhibit of beautiful Japanese embroideries, silverware, lacquers, bronzes, jewelry, porcelains—the choicest of the artistic products of Japan. Exhibit? No, it is really a shop—though, looking through its carved entrance into the vista of rooms beyond, you would not dream it. You are invited to examine at your leisure the rooms themselves and the beautiful things which adorn them and you are never made to feel uncomfortable if the things you covet do not fit your purse. Besides the exquisite articles, there are many pretty things of moderate price and not one of them is commonplace. The shop is that of George T. Marsh, whose main store is at Powell and Post streets.

Other hotels might be mentioned: The Stewart (favored by army and navy), the Argonaut (owned by the Society of Pioneers), the Manx and many others—1,237 in all, containing 60,000 rooms, ninety per cent. new and up-to-date in every detail. And the building still goes on. Our Exposition guests will all be safely and comfortably housed.



The Fairmont, on the Summit of Nob Hill.



The Old California Theater.

they remained, supporting various stars for a time and, finally they became lessees of the California Theater (on Bush street, above Kearny), built by W. C. Ralston and a company composed of Bank of California magnates. Barrett soon retired, leaving McCullough the sole manager. A list of those who occupied the stage during McCullough's management includes the name of nearly every great actor and actress of the day; and a glorious day of the American stage it was—a day when every first-class theater, such as the California, maintained a stock company, able to furnish support to the star in any play. The star was the only actor imported. Besides Barrett, McCullough and Edwin Booth, there were Barry Sullivan, John T. Raymond, Frank Mayo, Louis James, John E. Owens, the elder Sothern, Mrs. Judah, Annie Pixley, Lotta Crabtree, Sophie Edwin, Madame Janauscheck, Mrs. Bowers, Bella Pateman and many other names of lustre. As we read the list it seems as if few of their places were now filled, just occupied. Even among the ushers of those old days at the California there were names of mark. In one aisle Walter Wallace, father of Edna, politely led the way, while David Warfield performed the same service in another.

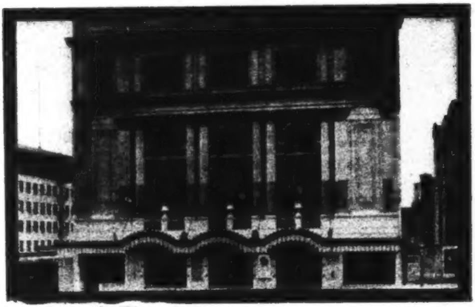
Throughout its career the old California Theater preserved its ideals of high-class plays and actors. The old theater was torn down, to make way for the California Hotel, a part of which was occupied by a new California Theater, which extended for a time the traditions of the first; but the population shifted, other theaters were more accessible, and at the time of the fire it was only occasionally occupied.

In 1873 Doctor Thomas Wade, a dentist of San Francisco, who had accumulated a fortune, projected an opera house which should be the equal of any in the United States. He chose a site in the Mission for it, between Third and Fourth streets. His plans were carried out by a stock company and the house was opened in 1876. In compliment to its projector, it was named at its opening Wade's Opera House, which was later changed to the Grand Opera House, the name at first chosen by its founder. It had a seating capacity of three thousand, was handsomely decorated and lighted, and had every device then known for safety, comfort and stage effects. In this house on the eve of the fateful April 18, 1906, a grand opera troupe, with Madame Eames and Caruso as leading singers, were rendering "Carmen" to a crowded house. The next night opera singers and many of the audience were sleeping in the streets.

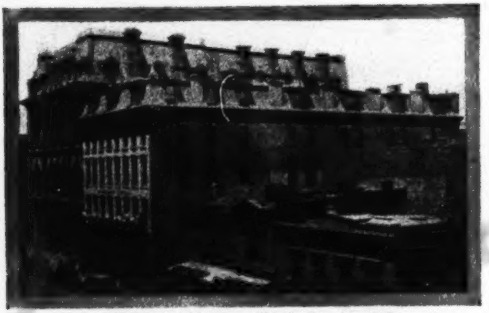
The old Tivoli was a semi-Bohemian but entirely respectable house, where good operas were rendered acceptably at popular prices. It was upon this stage that Tetrazzini won her laurels. Since the fire the location has been occupied by temporary city offices, but a new Tivoli is now about to replace the old. It will be a handsome nine-story building, up-to-date in every detail. A grand organ, to be used for oratorios or for special orchestral effects, will be a part of the equipment. The promenade, a feature of the old Tivoli, will be on the balcony floor. Here men may smoke, and at small tables refreshments will be served without disturbing the audience below.

A leading theater of the city for years was the Baldwin which, with the Baldwin Hotel Building, was destroyed by fire in 1898. The present Flood Building occupies the site.

The great fire made a clean sweep of every theater in the city. Regret for them was swallowed up in losses which seemed more important; but San Franciscans, pursuing their strenuous daily rounds through scenes swept bare of ameliorating diversions, felt the need of something to relieve the strain and stimulate the imagination. Magazines were distributed among the tent-dwellers, libraries hastened to reopen, and soon a large tent with board seats, and hastily built rooms with a platform at one end, were made ready to beguile with opera, play or vaudeville "stunt" the audiences which eagerly flocked



The Columbia Theater.



Mercantile Library Building on Bush Street, 1868.

of public and quasi-public libraries, and in a surprisingly short time pleasant temporary buildings arose, comfortably furnished, their tables strewn with the accustomed periodicals and their shelves stocked with goodly collections of books. In the downtown wastes of brick and ashes, those rooms were oases of rest and refreshment. Wearied with the dust and debris of the streets, the clang of hammer, the creak of pulley and shouts of workmen as the new buildings arose, those quiet places soothed the spirits and sweetened the daily round of unusual cares. The dazed brains were roused by the fresh new books to read at home–and some of the homes were such strange and unhomelike places. If ever the last new novel had a useful place, it was then! Those who rebuilt San Francisco knew what was needed, when libraries and theaters were among the first things to be restored.

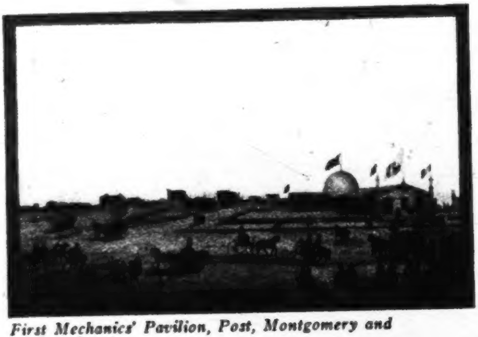
Two branch libraries of the Public Library were not burned. Their contents, and the one-fourth saved of the main library, made the nucleus of a new collection which has been growing ever since. The temporary main building is now on Hayes street, near Van Ness avenue. Plans are completed for a new $600,000 building, probably to be erected soon. There are six branches now in operation: No. 1 at 1207 Valencia street, No. 2 at Pond and Sixteenth streets, No. 3 at 1457 Powell street, No. 4 at 254 Fourth avenue, No. 5 at Page street near Cole, and No. 6 at 2435 Sacramento street. They are open daily from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

A few years before the fire, the library of the Mechanics' Institute and the Mercantile Library were consolidated under the name of Mechanics'-Mercantile. The books were housed in the building of the Mechanics' Institute.

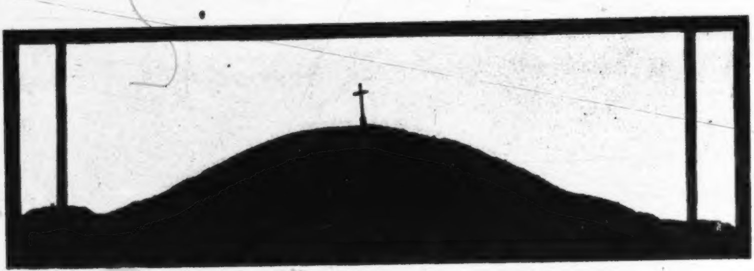
The Mercantile Library was organized in 1853, "to withdraw youths in particular from haunts of dissipation, and to give to persons of every age and occupation the means of mental improvement." Subscriptions were solicited and the library was opened in rooms on the second floor ot the old California Exchange. They had a lecture room, a reading room supplied with local papers and later the leading magazines and reviews. The library embraced 1,500 volumes the first year, and reached 3,000 a year later, including standard works in English, besides many in Spanish, French and German. For a time the association flourished. Later its indebtedness became heavy, and to assist it to regain a new foothold, a bill was introduced in the State Legislature in 1870 by John S. Hagar, authorizing "three public entertainments, at which personal property, real estate or valuables might be disposed of, by chance, raffle, or other scheme of like character"–a lottery in short, which was plainly contrary to the State Constitution. Nevertheless, the bill passed, and the following summer, in a pavilion which the Mechanics' Institute had built in Union Square for their expositions, were held three concerts, supplemented by drawings of prizes, "a three days' carnival of gambling," says Theodore Hittell, "under the auspices of Governor and Legislature, in which nearly all the population, including the school children, was insidiously drawn, and at which half a million dollars was made."

The library had another period of prosperity. Ten or twelve years ago, the association erected a building for itself on Van Ness avenue. This was sold later, and finally arrangements were made to join their fine collection of books with that of the Mechanics' Institute.

The latter association was formed in 1855, and soon had a good reading room and library. For many years after 1857, industrial fairs were held by the association, first in a pavilion built for the purpose on a lot where the Lick House later stood, then in one erected in Union Square, and still later in an immense building on their own lot on Larkin street, between Grove and Hayes. At the time of the fire the library building was on its present site. After the fire a pretty and comfortable temporary building was erected on the pavilion lot,



First Mechanics' Pavilion, Post, Montgomery and Market Streets.



The Summit of Lone Mountain and Cross.

Chapter Twenty-four · Monuments

THE DONAHUE FOUNTAIN.–Near the foot of Market street, at the junction of Market, Bush and Battery streets, is a handsome bronze fountain. It is dedicated by the donor, James Mervyn Donahue, to the mechanics, in honor of his father, Peter Donahue, a pioneer machinist and founder of the Union Iron Works. Surmounting the fountain is a spirited bronze group, designed by Douglas Tilden, a man of genius, though a deaf mute. The fountain was erected in 1899, and cost $25,000.

LOTTA'S FOUNTAIN, TETRAZZINI'S TABLET.–At the busiest point of Market street, where Geary and Kearny streets meet, the center of newspaper square, stands Lotta's fountain. Not beautiful to the eye, it is dear to the hearts of all San Franciscans, both because it speaks of the love of the giver for the city which saw the beginning of her career and because so much that is characteristic of the city has occurred, and is occurring, in its vicinity. "In the old Union Theater on Commercial street, above Kearny, Little Lotta, as she was then known, was a great favorite," says S. D. Woods, in his *Life on the Pacific Coast.* "She was a young girl with a wonderful fascination, and with just the mood and temper to catch the fancy of the miners from the mines. She was always attended at the theater by her mother and father. * * Many a time have I seen her, after her song and dance, stand in a rain of gold flung to her by enthusiastic miners."

The fountain was erected in 1875. It was from a platform near it that Tetrazzini sang on Christmas Eve, 1910. A tablet commemorating this event and dedicated to Tetrazzini has been affixed to the fountain, Lotta Crabtree having most graciously accorded permission. The tablet, designed by Haig Patigian, was unveiled on March 24, 1912. It is near this fountain that the flower vendors gather. How glad we were after our period of desolation to see them back again, their wares making gay the sidewalks and filling the air with fragrance! From one month to another, throughout the whole year, there is no break in the succession of flowers—ten cents a bunch—choose from the variety if you can.

THE NATIVE SONS' MONUMENT.—Further up Market street, at its junction with Turk and Mason, stands a monument given by James D. Phelan to commemorate the admission of California into the Union. It was erected in 1897, unveiled on Admission Day (September 9) and dedicated to the Native Sons of the Golden West. It is a drinking fountain surmounted by a column of California granite. On the column stands a bronze figure of an angel holding aloft an open book on which is inscribed the date of California's admission. At the base of the shaft stands a miner with a pick in his right hand, while in his left he holds high an American flag, with California's new star in the field. This was designed by Douglas Tilden.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.—Another monument designed by Douglas Tilden stands at the foot of Van Ness avenue, at its junction with Market street. It was erected by the citizens of San Francisco in honor of the California Volunteers in the Spanish-American war.

LONE MOUNTAIN CROSS.—In the western part of the city there is an abrupt, conical hill, the Mount of the Holy Cross (called Lone Mountain) upon which stands a large cross, visible from almost every quarter. It has a striking effect, and is a fitting symbol to dominate over the city of Saint Francis.

Other monuments, such as those in the Golden Gate Park, the Lick statuary in City Hall Park, the Stevenson memorial in Portsmouth square and the Dewey monument in Union square, have been described elsewhere.

The Donahue Fountain.

The Chronicle Building.

test the life-saving apparatus, jumped from the ferry boat—all in a day's work, all for the glory of the *Examiner*, which introduced a new type of journalism and was the first of the Hearst newspapers.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* is the outcome of a small four-page sheet which the brothers, Charles and M. H. deYoung published as an advertisement and program of the California theater when it was at its height. Spicy items and excerpts from good writers lent interest to the little paper and the *Dramatic Chronicle* had many readers. With the musical, theatrical and local notes it gradually became a chronicle of daily San Franciscan life. August 18, 1868, the word "Dramatic" was dropped from the headline and a daily morning paper of general interest took the place of the former little sheet. Soon, under the capable management of the two brothers, it made its way to the front. Charles deYoung's tragic death left his brother sole proprietor. M. H. deYoung is a man widely known, both as an able newspaperman, familiar with every detail of the business, and as a man of great executive ability. He was Vice-President and California Commissioner of the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, President of the California Midwinter Fair in the following year, and is now chairman of the Committee on Concessions and Admission of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915. John P. Young has for many years been the managing editor of the *Chronicle*. Peter Robertson was for years the conscientious dramatic editor, with a large following of readers who depended upon his judgment. For more than a score of years George Hamlin Fitch has been the literary editor. His columns of book reviews and essays on literary subjects in the Sunday *Chronicle* have had many eager readers who became his unknown friends as the years went by. They lamented with him the useless loss of his precious library, and bowed down with him in sympathetic grief over the swift-following death of his only son. He never wrought with surer touch than in the essays that followed this great sorrow. Too valuable to be accorded only the short life of a newspaper column, they have been gathered into two small volumes–*Comfort Found in Good Old Books* and *Modern English Books of Power*. Will Irwin was Sunday editor of the *Chronicle* during 1903 and 1904.

The fine buildings which are the homes of these morning dailies occupy three corners of newspaper square. The Chronicle Building, an early class A, steel-frame structure, was being enlarged at the time of the fire. When the fire had passed, to the completion of the new part was added the task of clearing away the tons upon tons of débris and the reconstruction of the old interior. We miss the old clock tower with its faithful timepiece, so often consulted by the commuter or busy shopper; but a new clock, hanging from the Market-Street front of the building, does its best to give good service.

The Call (Claus Spreckels) Building, on account of its tower-like aspect, was by some regarded with foreboding when it was first built; but, though everything inflammable was consumed in the great fire, the steel-frame construction proved that it could be trusted. The building was not essentially harmed and was soon restored to its former beauty and usefulness. Before the fire there was a very popular restaurant on the seventeenth floor which afforded a splendid panoramic view of the city.

The handsome Examiner (Hearst) Building is wholly new since the fire, and worthily fills a third corner of the square.

On the morning of April 18, 1906, the daily papers found themselves unable to get out their issues on time but all expected, by some means or other, to serve their subscribers later in the day. As the devastating flames rolled up Market street, devouring everything in their path, it was soon found that there was no hope of saving the plants of the morning dailies; so the workers betook themselves to the *Bulletin* office on Bush street, opposite the California Hotel, intending to issue a joint paper from there. Before it could be done they

Newspaper Square. Unveiling of Tetrazzini Tablet.

A Hint of the Attractions of Piedmont Park.

the university grounds at the College Avenue entrance and take the road uphill at the right. The walls of the theater will soon be seen. After viewing that, a walk south through the campus will give a glimpse of most of the university buildings. At the entrance at Telegraph avenue is a handsome memorial gate, the gift of Mrs. Jane Sather. The walk should be continued through the grounds to the southern boundary. If "the year's at the spring" the grounds will be fragrant with the yellow blossoms of the acacia, of which many varieties abound in the campus. There are many other beautiful trees, the most notable being the ancient live oaks. Many fine specimens are passed on the walk to the Oxford Street entrance. The Euclid Avenue car line is only a short distance from here. If the day is clear, a ride to the end of the line will repay one. By leaving the car and walking a few rods down to an open lot, a fine panoramic view is spread out like a map–San Francisco, the bay, the Golden Gate and the cities on the eastern shore. Returning on the Euclid Avenue line to University avenue, take the College Avenue line towards Oakland and transfer to the Piedmont car for Piedmont Park. Here luncheon may be obtained and the art gallery visited. Returning to Oakland a transfer may be made to an East Oakland car passing the museum, and from there a car may be taken to the ostrich farm.

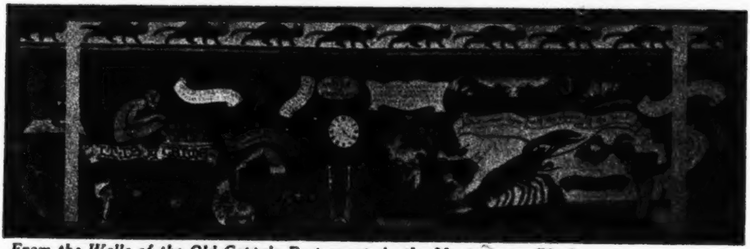
MARIN COUNTY.–Across the Golden Gate, Mount Tamalpais dominates the Marin County hills. A trip to the summit and back may be easily made in half a day. There is an excellent inn and it is a delightful experience to spend the night there for the sake of the sunset and sunrise. Near by is Muir Woods, a grove of redwood trees, which should also be visited. The route is by Sausalito ferry boat to the pretty little town of Sausalito, which clings in a picturesque way to the side of the hill. On the point opposite is Belvedere, facing the small bay which is the anchorage for the house-boats and the yachts. At Sausalito is the Mill Valley train which connects at Mill Valley with the "crookedest railroad in the world." It is not steep, but winds back and forth as it climbs the mountain, giving a new and surpassing view at every turn. The ride up the mountain is worth the trip, even without the views which await one at the summit. If it is clear, the bay, the towns around it, the hills and valleys and little lakes, San Francisco, the ocean, the Farallone islands (twenty-seven miles out in the sea) and the mountains of the Coast Range can all be seen. If it is foggy below and sunny on the summit, as often happens, the effect is something worth traveling far to see. To stand high in the sunshine and look down upon waves and billows of fog, tossing and tumbling like the ocean in a storm, is an experience never to be forgotten. Tamalpais means the country of the Tamals, an Indian tribe which lived in that vicinity.

Another pretty trip to take from Sausalito is by electric train to San Anselmo and San Rafael. The picturesque gray stone buildings, crowning the hill at San Anselmo, are the San Francisco Theological Seminary, whose president is Dr. Warren S. Landon. San Rafael is a charming town with a population of between five and six thousand. Here, in 1817, was established the Mission of San Rafael Arcangel, an offshoot of the Mission of San Francisco. The principal reason which led to its foundation was to check the feared encroachment of the Russians from Fort Ross. No trace of the Mission now remains save a couple of old pear trees. The present Catholic church is on the old Mission ground. Many wealthy San Franciscans have homes in San Rafael, and many lovely places are half-hidden in the hills all the way between San Rafael and Sausalito. The drives in Marin county afford wondrously beautiful scenery.

THE PENINSULA.—South of San Francisco, down the peninsula (of which the city forms the apex), stretches a line of towns, schools and beautiful country homes.

At Burlingame is the Country Club with a club

Mount Tamalpais and Marin County.



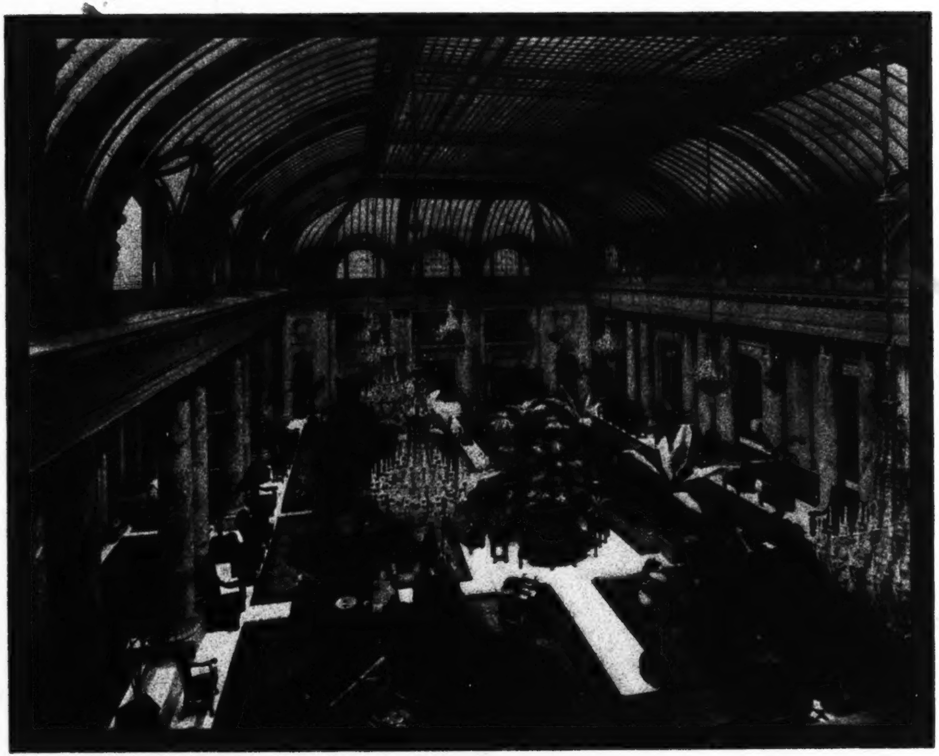
From the Walls of the Old Coppa's Restaurant, in the Montgomery Block.

Chapter Seventeen · Restaurants

When San Francisco restaurants are mentioned in the hearing of a San Franciscan, or of one who has once tasted of their fascination, the words conjure up pictures of inimitable institutions, not to be confused with eating places elsewhere. For many of the San Francisco eating places have a story and a charm which make them a distinct feature of an unusual city; and from the days of Winn's Fountain Head, the original Poodle Dog, Peter Jobs, and the Jury Brothers' down to these days, they have borne an unusual part in the city's life.

The first Poodle Dog was the Rotisserie kept by an old Frenchwoman in a board shanty on Dupont street, near Clay. She had a long-haired poodle dog which was her constant companion. Her well-cooked viands were popular with the miners when they came to San Francisco with their bags of gold dust to exchange for some of the comforts of civilization. Her foreign name, unpronounceable by their unaccustomed tongues, was soon discarded. They said to each other, "Let's go to the Poodle Dog," and the name caught the popular fancy. Like all good things, it had imitators, and there have been no less than four Poodle Dogs and two Pups, each claiming to be a direct descendant of the original. Like "strictly fresh eggs," "fresh eggs" and plain "eggs," we have now the Old Poodle Dog, the New Poodle Dog and plain Poodle Dog.

Winn's Fountain Head and branch, on the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets, were very popular in the early Fifties. No intoxicating drinks were sold in either place. The branch catered mainly to ladies, with ice cream, cake and other



Palm Court of
the Present Palace Hotel.

to them through streets still half-choked with debris. It was not long before really comfortable play-houses were built, but in such unwonted sections of the city—all of them west of Fillmore street except one, which was on Van Ness avenue.

VALENCIA THEATER.—The first permanent new theater was built on Valencia street, a handsome structure of concrete. For a time a good stock company rendered it popular; but with the rebuilding of the old down-town theaters, it no longer seemed so accessible as at first, and it is not now continuously open.

THE COLUMBIA THEATER on Geary street, near Mason, is one of the two leading theaters of the city, and is reckoned, as before the fire, a high-class one.

THE CORT THEATER on Ellis street, near Market, is new. It is, like the Columbia, devoted to the better class of plays, as plays run now-a-days, and is, in a way its rival, as it is outside the trust.

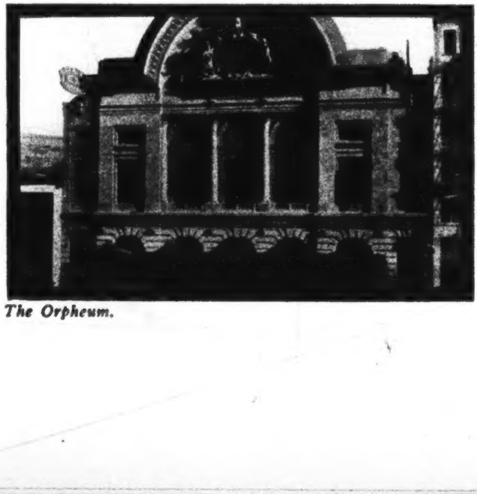
THE SAVOY is a good theater on McAllister street, near Market. The name and building are new since the fire.

THE ALCAZAR on O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell, maintains the only stock company in the city. From its earliest days, before the fire, it has given the people good drama for little money, and it is held in affection by many people.

THE ORPHEUM on O'Farrell street, near Powell, in a fine and well-adapted building, is a part of the largest vaudeville circuit in the United States. It is open each afternoon and evening.

The success of the Orpheum has given rise to other vaudeville houses which furnish similar entertainment. The Pantages and the Empress on Market street are two of them.

The city is now better supplied with play-houses than ever before. The demand for such places of amusement has been fast growing during the past few years. San Francisco has met the requirements, and new ones are being planned; but as yet there is no really adequate house for the production of grand opera. One has been mentioned as a part of the new Civic Center, and will doubtless be materialized ere long.



The Orpheum.

Pacific-Union Clubhouse (Formerly the Flood Residence) and the Fairmont.

Chapter Nineteen · Clubs, Societies, Lodges

THIS is the age of clubs and organizations. Every new idea is the nucleus of a society. Some move on to achievement of their object; some ripple the surface, and are gone. San Francisco is full of them; men's clubs and women's clubs, some purely social, some altruistic, some political, while a mingling of two or all of these attributes characterizes others.

THE PACIFIC-UNION CLUB.—Of the men's social clubs, the oldest is probably the Pacific-Union Club, which represents much of the wealth and dignity of the city. It was formed by the consolidation in 1889 of the Pacific Club, organized in 1852, and the Union Club, organized two years later. It now occupies the fine old brownstone Flood mansion opposite the Fairmont Hotel. The walls of the house stood intact after the fire. The property was purchased by the Club, the house refitted and the semi-circular wings added.

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB.—There is only one Bohemian Club. Elsewhere there are Authors' clubs, and Actors' clubs, and Musical clubs, Social clubs which include a few from them all; but nowhere else is there such a club of wit and art and musical ability, such a spirit of good fellowship, combined with such genius in so many different lines.

The club was organized in 1872. As a passport to membership achievement in literature or art was needful. Later, less ornamental attainment in science or business was included, but all members are clubable men who have given of their best for the club's joy. Pictures were painted, music composed, prose and poems written, not to go outside the club circle. The old Bohe-

and served their patrons until the permanent home could be built. They have now a handsome building, at 57 Post street, the old library site. Their new collection of 35,000 volumes, while leaving much to be desired, contains many rare scientific works. Of course, many of their losses can never be replaced. Their reading and book rooms are very convenient. The library is open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

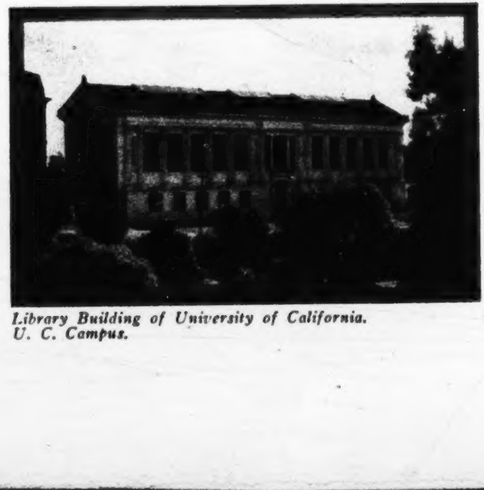
The French Library lost 25,000 volumes by the fire. It is now open with a new collection, at 126 Post street. The hours are from 2 to 6 and from 8 to 10 P. M. daily, except Sundays and holidays.

The Polish Society, organized in 1862, has a library which is open every Saturday from 8 to 10 P. M., at St. Helen's Hall, 1091 Fifteenth street, corner of Market.

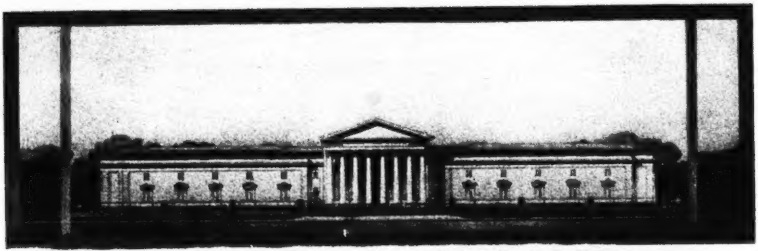
The splendid library of St. Ignatius College, lost by fire, is being restored. It contained over one hundred thousand volumes, many of them very rare.

Most fortunately, 125,000 volumes of the Sutro library were stored, at the time of the fire, in the Montgomery block which did not burn. These include 2,300 Japanese manuscripts, a large number of books printed in Mexico (from the earliest times to the present), second and third folios of Shakespeare, first and second folios of Ben Jonson, prayer-books of James the First and Charles the Second, and a large collection of English and American pamphlets. This library is not yet available for public use, though negotiations with heirs of Sutro are now pending.

The Bancroft library, bought by the University of California, had happily been removed before the fire. It is a marvelous and comprehensive collection of historical material relating mostly to the Pacific Coast, gathered by Hubert Howe Bancroft from all parts of Europe and Mexico. Medical, law, scientific and club libraries are partially restored, but it will be many more years before San Franciscans cease to feel the losses they have suffered in the destruction of their books.



Library Building of University of California. U. C. Campus.



Building for Academy of Sciences. Courtesy of the Architect, Lewis P. Hobart.

Chapter Twenty-one · Museums · Art Galleries

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL MUSEUM.–This museum ranks as one of the four greatest institutions of its kind in the United States. Its existence is owing to the generosity of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst. It has been ten years in preparation and represents an outlay of over one million dollars in excavations in Egypt, Greece and Peru, and in collecting from the rapidly disappearing Indian tribes of western America specimens of their domestic utensils, implements, articles of dress, canoes, and whatever illustrates their daily life. In addition, the Indian traditions and languages have been permanently preserved by means of phonographic records. Dr. Reisner, who has been in charge of the explorations, states that for two million dollars the Egyptian collection alone could not be reproduced, and the Peruvian and Grecian collections are worth several times the outlay for them; while the collection illustrating modes of life among the Indians is priceless to the student of anthropology–since some of the tribes have disappeared, others are disappearing, and most of their articles of use and adornment are perishable. The museum also represents an enormous amount of labor on the part of the curator, Dr. A. L. Kroeber, and his assistants. There are about 76,000 specimens, all representing "Man and His Works" (the motto of the museum), all illustrating the rise or the decadence of certain civilizations.

The museum occupies the three floors of the western of the three yellow buildings on the Sutro hill, which are called the Affiliated Colleges, all being a part of the University of California.

Near the approach to the museum stands a totem pole, forty feet high, carved from a single cedar log by the Haida

Newspaper Square. Lotta's Fountain and the Chronicle Corner.

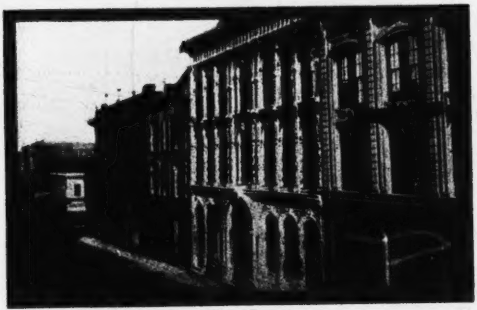
Chapter Twenty-five · The Press

When Walter Colton, the chaplain of the frigate Congress, was made Alcalde of Monterey, he found among the articles turned over to him an old printing press and fonts of Spanish type. In conjunction with Robert Semple he issued on August 15, 1846, the first newspaper of California. Rules and leads were made from sheets of tin, and the only paper to be found was that used for making cigarritos—brown sheets, about foolscap size. To accommodate the mixed population of Monterey, the newspaper was partly Spanish and partly English. As the Spanish font contained no letter "w," the English part presented a curious appearance, double "v" being substituted for the missing letter. The pages bristled with vve, tvvo, vvas, and similar examples. After thirty-eight weekly numbers the *Californian*, as the paper was christened, was moved to San Francisco and the first number issued here May 22, 1847.

In the meantime Samuel Brannan, who had brought a printing plant around the Horn, issued on January 9, 1847, the first number of the *California Star*, the first newspaper published in San Francisco. The press used by Brannan is now in the museum in Golden Gate Park. Before the middle of 1848 both papers had suspended publication—editors, printers and "devils" being all off for the mines. The *Californian* was revived in July; later in the same year the proprietors of the *Star* bought the *Californian* and the two were united under the name of the *Star and Californian*. The following year the name *Alta California* was substituted and under this title the paper was issued for more than forty years, a large part of the time under the editorship of

Mr. Frank Soulé. On January 22, 1850, it became a daily, with an annual subscription price of twenty-five dollars. A rival daily, the *Journal of Commerce*, was launched one day later by Washington Bartlett, the first Alcalde of Yerba Buena and, forty years after, the sixteenth Governor of the State. Bartlett was interested at different times in the *Evening Journal*, the *Evening News* and the *True Californian*. In 1850 appeared the *Pacific News* and in 1851 the *Daily Herald*. By 1853 there were in San Francisco twelve daily newspapers, one of them German; two tri-weeklies, both French; six weeklies and two monthlies. The *Chronicle* (unrelated to the present *Chronicle*), the *Evening Picayune*, the *California Courier*, and the *Watchman* (a monthly religious paper, edited by Reverend Albert Williams) were among these periodicals.

The *Golden Era*, a weekly founded in 1852, was the cradle of California literature. For the *Era*, Bret Harte was first compositor, then contributor of the stories and sketches which formed the beginning of his literary career. *M'liss* and many of the *Condensed Novels* first saw the light in the pages of the *Era*. Charles Warren Stoddard wrote for it when little more than a boy, at first over the name of Pip Pepperpod. Mark Twain, who had drifted in from Virginia City and was then a reporter on the *Call*, found congenial companions in the *Era* office and was soon a contributor, along with Dan de Quille (William H. Wright) who had been associated with him on the Virginia City *Enterprise*. Joaquin Miller, then but a youth, sent in little poems which hardly foreshadowed his mature work. He was no less impressed by the finely furnished *Era* office than by the company he found there. "The *Era* rooms," he says, "were elegant, the most grandly carpeted and most gorgeously furnished that I had ever seen. Even now in my memory they seem to have been simply palatial, and I have seen the world well since then." The company might include, besides those mentioned above, Thomas Starr King, Adah Isaacs Menken, Prentice Mulford, Artemus Ward, Orpheus C. Kerr and Stephen Massett; for they

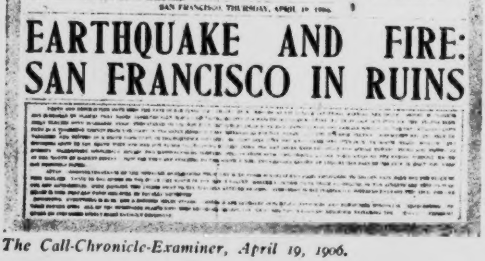


Office of the Golden Era, Clay Street.

were again driven out–this time to Oakland. From the office of the Oakland *Tribune* was issued on the nineteenth the famous *Call-Chronicle-Examiner* with its terrible headlines, "Earthquake and Fire. San Francisco in Ruins!" After the nineteenth each staff published its own paper. The persistence and enterprise of the San Francisco dailies at this trying time spoke volumes for the fine organization and the loyalty of the newspaper men.

Many periodicals have been omitted, both of the early days and of the present. A complete list would require a full volume. For, from the earliest days, San Francisco has been a place of adventuring–for the literary person as well as for the argonaut in search of gold. It was the new, unknown land of fabulous prospects–in art, literature, wealth. Poets, authors, actors, painters, sculptors, musicians, gold-seekers were drawn here as by a magnet. And they were not Americans only. They came from all parts of the world. Therefore, as with the churches of San Francisco, the periodicals have had to serve a cosmopolitan population and, from the days of the half-Spanish, half-English Californian of Colton and Semple until now, almost every foreigner could find a journal in his own tongue. At present nearly every language is embraced in the hundred and fifty daily, weekly and monthly publications issued here.

Perhaps too much space has been given to enumerating the more notable men and women who, from first to last, have contributed to the periodicals of San Francisco. The list is such a brilliant one, of those who have cast their lives among us or spent a longer or shorter time in our midst; it embraces so many names of wide significance of those who have fulfilled the promise of their journalistic days that perhaps the San Franciscan may be pardoned some natural pride in contemplating this Western nursery of literature. And the children that have gone out from it have held it in loyal remembrance; for no modern city has been so sung by its poets or received such homage from its prose writers.



The Call-Chronicle-Examiner

SAN FRANCISCO, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1906

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE: SAN FRANCISCO IN RUINS

The Call-Chronicle-Examiner, April 19, 1906.

The Museum Building in Golden Gate Park.

Chapter Twenty-Six · How to See the City

It is unfortunate that people should come to San Francisco without realizing how much there is to see, but it is more unfortunate if they go away without a knowledge of the city's beautiful, interesting and characteristic features. The beauty is owing to her incomparable situation between the ocean and the island-studded bay, with ranges of hills bordering the horizon save where the setting sun sinks into the ocean in unmatched glory. The interest is largely due to her history, which compresses into a comparatively short period enough experience and romance to spread over centuries of slower communities. The varied governments under which she has lived, the marked changes of her different periods, the strangely cosmopolitan character of her population, all have contributed to form the present city, to which Gertrude Atherton's happy characterization of the old San Francisco may be still applied: "A city that has grown from an Indian pueblo, through the days of Spanish dons and 'Forty-niners,' to a great, cosmopolitan city, with a bit of Hong-kong in its middle and of Italy on its skirts." Some flavor of all these may still be tasted.

The manner of seeing the city, and how much shall be seen in one day, depends upon individual circumstances and preferences–the time and strength of the sight-seer and the length of the purse. For all except the down-town district and the street-car ride along the Golden Gate, an automobile is the ideal means of seeing to best advantage the fine residences of Pacific Heights, the Presidio, Baker's Beach, Golden Gate Park, the Ocean Boulevard, the Cliff House and Sutro Baths. The drives through the Presidio, Park and on the Ocean Boulevard are beautiful.

Ancient Live Oaks on Campus of University of California.

house and the usual out-of-door sports. Here also is the St. Matthew's Military School, established forty-five years ago by the Reverend Alfred Lee Brewer, D. D., who also built St. Matthew's church in San Mateo. The school buildings stand in beautiful grounds, eighty-five acres in extent, among the foothills of the Coast Range. The Reverend William A. Brewer succeeded his father as rector of the school.

Further down the peninsula, at Belmont, is another excellent military preparatory school for boys.

Near Palo Alto are the beautiful buildings of the Leland Stanford Junior University, founded and endowed by his grief-stricken parents to perpetuate the memory of their only son, in order that the lives of the sons and daughters of others might be the richer and better because theirs had lived.

In building this university there was the rare opportunity to construct a homogeneous group of buildings. The cloistered quadrangles of Stanford are of Mission type. The buildings are of yellow stone, harmonious with one another and with the landscape. The university suffered much by the earthquake. Two new buildings fell, and the wonderful Memorial Church, with the exquisite carvings and mosaics, became, through a fault in construction, a chaotic ruin; but faculty and students rallied to the president's call, "Let us remember that this is the time to prove that it is men, not buildings, that make a university." Gradually the buildings have been replaced.

The president, Dr. David Starr Jordan, a man whose name adds lustre to any institution, is one of the strongest forces for good on this coast.

A trip to Stanford, including a drive through the campus, a visit to some of the buildings and a drive through the old Stanford stock farm at Menlo Park, is most enjoyable. From Palo Alto electric cars give frequent service through the beautiful

Santa Clara valley to Los Gatos and San José. Coaches run daily from San José to the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, the gift of James Lick, whose remains are buried beneath the great telescope. The observatory is affiliated with the University of California. Visitors are received daily, but only on Saturday nights are they allowed to look through the telescope.

Trips down the peninsula may be taken by Southern Pacific trains from Third and Townsend Street station, or, as far as San Mateo, by electric car leaving Fifth and Market streets.

The Wishbone Trip, by automobile, covers in one day one hundred miles of the bay region, Santa Clara valley and peninsula. At 8:30 A. M. an automobile may be taken at the Palace Hotel or the St. Francis which crosses the bay to Oakland, runs through Fruitvale, along the foothill boulevard to Haywards, and on to San José; back through Santa Clara and Palo Alto (with a visit to Stanford University), through Menlo Park, Belmont and San Mateo. The fare is eight dollars.

From Twelfth and Mission streets a trip may be taken over the Ocean Shore to Half-Moon Bay, where are some of the old adobe houses of the Spanish days "before the Gringo came."

The bay itself affords the opportunity for delightful excursions. A sight-seeing trip around the bay is made twice daily by the steamer Empress, which leaves a wharf between Howard and Folsom streets, two and one-half blocks south of the Ferry Building, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. The fare for the three hours' trip is one dollar.

For the same price, on a steamboat of the Monticello line, one may take the longer trip to Vallejo, where connection is made with the ferry boats to the Mare Island Navy Yard, and with electric trains which run through the beautiful Napa valley. As the boats make six round trips daily, a half or a whole day may be taken for the excursion. Very nice meals are served on these boats. The wharf is at the foot of Clay street, just north of the Ferry Building.

Looking Into the Quadrangle, Stanford University.

The San Francisco Fog

Morning, fellow San Franciscan! Here's my greeting to you! Shake!
I'm an exiled sort of relic from the Days Before the Quake,
When old Chinatown was greasy, when old Market Street was wood,
When half the town was restaurants, and all of 'em were good.
Come, you envoy from my Youthland, turn my memory back a cog—
Can't you blow me up a hatful of that San Francisco fog?

Oh, that fog, fog!
How it used to fill my brain
With a frantic and romantic
Sort of Orient refrain.
O'er the hilly streets and chilly,
Energizing as a nog,
Blew the soul of San Francisco
In her fog, in her fog.

* * *

Foreign wines are better, maybe—though I love your native stock
From the Santa Clara claret to the Napa Valley hock,
But there's nothing alcoholic you can send me, if you please,
Not from Luna's-by-the-Peppers or from Coppa's-by-the-Frieze,
That will be to me more welcome as a soul-inspiring grog
Than a long, rare, ice-cold bottle labeled "San Francisco Fog."

In the fog, in the fog,
I can revel to the last,
Nor a headache nor a heartache
Will remain when it is past.
Here's the salt on wild Pacific,
Where Adventure lurks incog—
Come, you ghost of Robert Louis,
In the fog, in the fog!

—Wallace Irwin

dainty refreshments. Three thousand people were served daily in the two establishments. Mr. Winn came here by way of the Isthmus in 1849. He made his start by selling on the street the candy of his own manufacture, advertising his wares with the cry, "Here is your own California candy! It has neither come 'round the Horn nor across the Isthmus, but is made in your own city, and none but Winn can make it. Buy it, taste it, try it!"

A little later than Winn's restaurant was Peter Job's on Washington street, opposite Portsmouth Square. The restaurant was plain, but food and service were excellent, and it was a favorite place for the ladies.

At about the same period, on Merchant street near Montgomery, was a small place kept by three Swiss, the Jury brothers. This was a favorite place for lawyers, judges and other professional men. A man could reserve a table at Jury's, walk over to the Clay Street Market opposite and choose his food, return with it in his arms and have it cooked to his order, paying only for the service. The dinners of congenial companions here often lasted from six o'clock until midnight.

French chefs came from France in early days and opened restaurants of their own. They found markets stocked with the good things of earth–fish, game, fruit and vegetables in great variety and abundance. They found patronage waiting for them–miners, gentlemen adventurers, Spanish and Mexican grandees, who had gold and silver in plenty and were prodigal in spending it. So they stayed on; Chinese cooks learned their art, Italian chefs followed, Spanish and Mexican cooks were here already, and in a city where the chief grocery store aimed to keep such a stock that the citizen of any country of the globe could call for his country's especial food or condiment, and find it, one may be sure that the restaurants were not behind in catering to the cosmopolitan population. It is possible in San Francisco to dine or lunch in any language; to eat the especial dishes of any civilized country. You may have an Italian dinner,

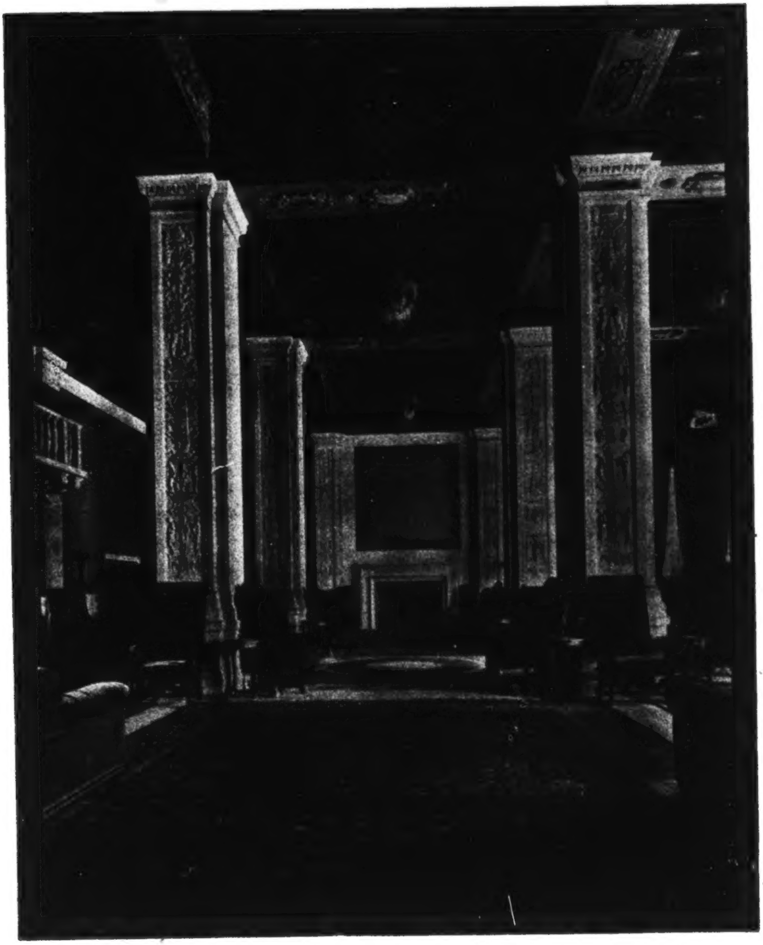
The Tait-Zinkand Restaurant.

mian Club Building was on Grant avenue and Post street. Its walls had been lovingly adorned by the artist members, or enriched with caricatures as dear to the club as the more dignified pictures. There was a fine library particularly rich in Californiana. The club had entertained nearly every man of note who came to San Francisco, and what memories they carried away of hours of feast and fun and of intellectual enjoyment! The club house was burned and few of its treasures saved, but a handsome new building at Post and Taylor streets is now accumulating a new hoard of pictures, books and Bohemian associations.

Even more prized by the members than their club house is their superb grove of redwood trees on the Russian river, near Guerneville. Here at the time of full moon in August are held the Midsummer Jinks of the club. No fears of rain to spoil the outing need intrude. The weather is sure to be fine. From five to six hundred members of the club are seated at tables arranged in concentric circles among the glorious trees, and partake of a perfectly served dinner of many courses. Dinner and speeches over, comes the forest play or musical drama. The writer of the play, or "Sire," is one of the club's literary men; the music has been composed by one of the club's musical geniuses. All has been prepared with special reference to the place and time. The audience arranges itself on benches of logs. The great trees, old at the beginning of the Christian era, tower above like cathedral spires. The stage arrangements are blended into the natural scene. No theater has such a setting. Two giant redwoods mark the sides of the stage; behind rises a hill clothed with trees and shrubbery, with half-hidden paths down which processions wind. The play over, Care is buried with elaborate ceremonies. The morning following, which is Sunday, a symphony concert is given.

Some of the plays given have been "The Hamadryads," by Will Irwin, "The Triumph of Bohemia," by George Sterling, "Montezuma," by Louis Robertson, "Saint Patrick in Tara," by Henry Morse Stephens of

Bohemian Grove.



Tapestry Room of the St. Francis.

Oriental Room in Golden Gate Park Museum.

Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands, the most expert carvers among the American Indians.

The museum is open each day, except Monday, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Hayes street and Masonic avenue car, No. 6, will convey one directly to the door.

THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, which owed its large development to a bequest of James Lick, lost by fire its entire study collections, large museum and library. The study collections and the fine library accumulated since the fire are in temporary quarters at 343 Sansome street. Here the director of the museum, Mr. Leverett Mills Loomis, and the curators of the various departments of natural history are working, making ready for the new building of the Academy Museum which is to be erected in Golden Gate Park. Since the fire they have prepared nearly eighteen thousand birds, with reptiles, insects, et cetera, to correspond. The birds embrace the finest collection of water fowl in the world. The old Market Street site is occupied by the new Commercial Building, belonging to the academy, leased in toto for shops and offices.

THE PARK MUSEUM.–The museum in Golden Gate Park is a valuable collection most interesting to the general public. There are about 89,000 specimens, valued at over a million dollars. About half are natural history specimens on the second floor. Downstairs, on one side of the entrance hall, is a room devoted to relics of the early Spanish days; across the hall are Colonial relics from the other side of the continent; between is a long series of rooms devoted to textiles, ceramics, metal work, jewels, fans, ancient furniture, Indian relics, South Sea curios, et cetera. This museum is open daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and until 5 P. M. on Sundays and holidays.

STATE DEVELOPMENT BOARD AND MINING BUREAU EXHIBITS.–On the second floor of the Ferry Building are two interesting and valuable collections. The State Development Board has an exhibition of the State's agricultural and horticultural productions which gives a vivid idea of the great variety of plant life the soil of California can produce. Hardy and semi-tropical fruits are side by side, and the array of grains and vegetables is bewildering. The State Mining Bureau shows the mineral productions of the State. There is also an exhibition of structural materials, and an extensive general mineralogical museum. Lectures, with stereopticon views, are given from 2 to 4 every afternoon.

SUTRO BATH MUSEUM.–In the Sutro Baths, near the Cliff House, is a miscellaneous museum well worth a visit.

THE OAKLAND MUSEUM.–Across the bay, in Oakland, is an interesting and instructive museum, especially rich in Colonial relics–furniture, textiles, clothing, including a case of ancient bonnets, articles of household use, chinaware and glassware, and implements for the farm. The museum occupies a commodious house on Oak street, bordering Lake Merritt. It is open daily from 10 to 5, except Sunday, when from 2 to 6 are the hours. To reach it from San Francisco, take a Key Route or a "Narrow Gauge" Southern Pacific ferryboat. From the Key Route boat take the Twelfth Street Oakland train to Broadway, and an East Oakland street car, which passes the lake. From the Southern Pacific boat, take train to Fourteenth street, and from there an East Oakland street car to the lake.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA MUSEUM.–In the grounds of the University of California in Berkeley is a corrugated iron building, the temporary quarters of a large collection of casts from Grecian and Roman sculpture, and of a museum of synoptic anthropology. The museum is open to the public Wednesday and Friday from 1 to 4 in the afternoons.

ART GALLERIES.–Will Irwin, in his incomparable pæan to *The City That Was*, dwells upon the art sense of the people "which sets it off from any other population of the country." He says: "This sense is Latin in its strength and the Californian owes it to the leaven of Latin in his

Statuary Hall in Golden Gate Park Museum.

Joaquin Miller's House on the Heights Back of Oakland.

were all contributors, along with many others. Stephen Massett, whose pen name was Colonel Jeems Pipes, lived in a tiny house which he called Pipesville, on a creek then flowing near the present corner of Seventh and Mission streets, where the Postoffice Building now stands. An old painting, showing this house and the toll-gate on the Mission road, is in the Pioneer room of the Golden Gate Park museum.

For thirty years the *Era* led an existence of varying fortunes, succumbing finally to too many women writers, according to the verdict of J. Macdonough Ford, one of its founders and editors. "They killed it," he said, "with their namby-pamby, school-girl trash." Though perhaps the paper did become too much feminized, interest surrounds the names of many of its women contributors and some conferred lustre upon it. During the declining years of the *Era*, Palmer Cox contributed little pictures and poems similar to the Brownie pictures and poems which afterwards made him famous.

The *Pioneer* was the earliest monthly magazine of San Francisco. The Reverend Ferdinand Ewer, afterwards rector of Grace Episcopal Church, was editor during 1854, the single year of its existence. Edward Pollock, Colonel Derby (John Phœnix), John Hittell and Frank Soulé were among its contributors. Its most noteworthy production was a tale by Mr. Ewer, entitled *The Eventful Nights of August 20th and 21st*, an imaginary glimpse into life beyond the grave. The story was received by many as founded on fact and made a great stir in spiritualistic circles. In vain did Mr. Ewer deny a foundation for his fantasy. The circumstances of the story were gravely discussed and mediums certified that it had been written under spiritualistic control.

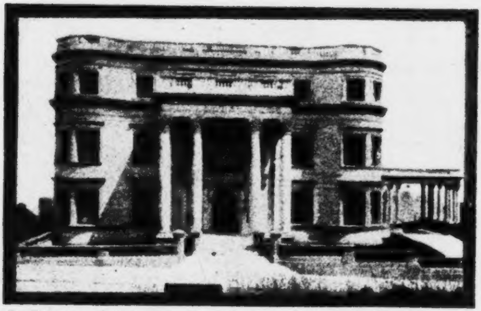
The name "Californian" has been revived several times since the original was merged into the *Alta California*. In 1858, James M. Hutchings, gave the name to the magazine which he founded to make known to the outside world the glories of the

Yosemite. The *Weekly Californian*, published and edited by Charles Henry Webb (known also to the reading world as John Paul), lived from 1864 to 1867. Contemporary Eastern papers characterized it as "the best literary paper ever known on the Pacific Coast," and as "a good token for the literary taste of the land of gold." Webb himself said later, "I was—and am—rather proud of that paper. * * To the *Californian*, under my management, many who have since obtained wide-spread reputations contributed, and it was called considerable of a paper—to be published so far away from Boston. * * It has sometimes occurred to me that possibly the *Californian* did something toward bringing out the latent genius of the Pacific Coast, a genius which has since blossomed to such an extraordinary degree that much has been transplanted to the nutritious soil of Plymouth Rock." Before it was transplanted it blossomed in the *Overland*, and the *Californian* was, in a sense, the nucleus of that magazine. In the *Californian* Bret Harte continued his *Condensed Novels;* and many poems, essays and sketches, editorials and book reviews by him were scattered through its pages. To the *Californian* Mark Twain contributed *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras*, the first of his writing that attracted wide-spread attention.

The *Californian Magazine*, a monthly, Western in character, was published from 1880 to 1882. Frederick M. Somers, one of the founders of the *Argonaut*, was its editor. It was often called *Somers' Californian*, to distinguish it from the earlier weekly edited by Webb and the later *Californian Illustrated Magazine*, published and edited by Charles Frederick Holder. The list of contributors to *Somers' Californian* is long and glorious, embracing, as it does, Edward Rowland Sill, Ambrose Bierce, Joaquin Miller, John and Theodore Hittell, D. S. Richardson, John Muir, Josiah Royce, Lucius Harwood Foote, William C. Morrow, Yda Addis, Katherine Lee Bates, Ina Coolbrith, Kate Douglas Wiggin and Margaret Collier Graham.

The *Overland Monthly*, conceived in the brain of

Flower Vendors on Kearny Street, Near Newspaper Square.



Residence of John D. Spreckels, on Pacific Heights.

SAN FRANCISCO

Standing along Market street, at almost any hour of the day, sight-seeing automobiles may be found, about to start on a trip. The price is one dollar. By this means the city may be seen quickly and many of its interesting features noted. The trip goes through Golden Gate Park to the Cliff House, where a short stop is made, and back through the park by another route. Another trip, costing two dollars, gives the above, including in addition the Presidio and Nob Hill.

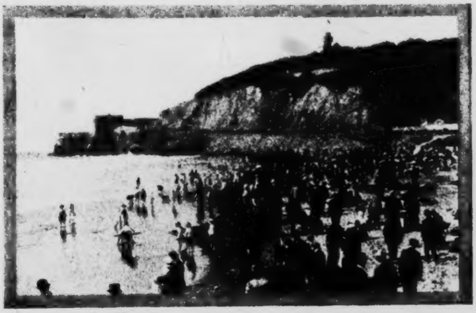
A sight-seeing street car which leaves the foot of Market street twice daily, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., will also, for seventy-five cents, give an interesting trip, three and one-half hours long, including the Sutro Baths and Cliff House. This trip skirts the rim of the Golden Gate, the beautiful scenic route to the beach.

The visitor should not fail to supplement such trips by a glance into some of San Francisco's characteristic shops and into a few of the larger stores. The Postoffice and Mint should be visited, Chinatown and Portsmouth Square. Add to these a look into one or two banks, the Savings Union at Grant Avenue and Market street, or the Bank of California, on the corner of California and Sansome streets, into the three large hotels, a visit to Nob Hill and to Pacific Heights, where are most of the finest modern residences, and the visitor will not go away ignorant of what San Francisco contains.

If visitors eschew the sight-seeing cars and automobiles, and wish to do their sight seeing independently, below is a program showing how much can be seen in two days, with economy of time. It is assumed that the start is made from down town and that the day begins about nine o'clock.

Look into the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel. Go from there to Andrews' Diamond Palace on Kearny street, just beyond the Chronicle Building. Then visit the Emporium, the Mint on Fifth street, between Market and Mission, and the Postoffice, two blocks above. From the Postoffice return to Market street, take any passing car going towards the ferries and transfer to Kearny street north; take another transfer and leave the Kearny-Street car at Clay street. Visit Portsmouth Square and note the Stevenson Memorial and the new Hall of Justice opposite. Take a Clay-Street car and ride three blocks east to Battery street, to see the new United States Custom House. Walk three blocks south and one west, to California and Sansome street, and visit the Bank of California. Then take a California-Street car up the hill, unless you wish to see the California Market, in which case walk up the first two blocks. Leave the car at the Powell-Street entrance of the Fairmont Hotel. A long corridor leads to an elevator at the end. On the second landing is the Norman banquet room which opens on the terrace, whence, if weather is clear, a fine view is to be had. A staircase near the door into the Norman banquet room leads to the beautiful Japanese shop of George T. Marsh on the floor above. From the corridor near, another flight leads to the Laurel tea room, which opens into the hotel lobby. Leaving the hotel by the main entrance you are on the summit of Nob hill, once covered by the homes of San Francisco's railroad and silver-mine magnates. Opposite the Fairmont to the west is a brownstone mansion, formerly the Flood home, now the property of the Pacific-Union Club. On the next block west (the site of the two Crocker homes), the Episcopal Cathedral is building. Across California street from the hotel are the sites of the old Stanford and Mark Hopkins homes; on the former a great apartment house is building, and on the latter is the temporary building of the San Francisco Institute of Art and School of Design. By the Powell-Street car return may be made to the business center where are many delightful places for luncheon, San Francisco being noted for its restaurants.

After luncheon take a Valencia-Street car on Market street for the old Mission church. Leave the car where it crosses Sixteenth street and walk two blocks west to Dolores street, on which the church stands. From there



Enjoying the Beach.

MAPS OF
SAN FRANCISCO · THE BAY REGION
AND EXPOSITION SITE
· INDEX ·

There are no counters. The soft gray of the gothic room is a fitting background for the rich bindings, jars of flowers and pictures. Children's books are up a short flight of stairs in front. On the upper floors are rooms of art treasures, metal work, potteries, pictures and many other delightful things. When Lyman Abbott was here seven or eight years ago, he said, in speaking of the former store, that neither in Europe nor New York had he seen a shop of like attractiveness. This may be said of the present store, and in truth of several of our choicest places.

The main store of Mr. George T. Marsh, importer of Japanese and Chinese art goods, is on the corner of Post street and Powell. Here are the choicest productions of oriental art, in ceramics, embroidery, brocades, metal work and ivory carvings—each piece of artistic merit, not a miscellaneous collection of goods manufactured for quick sale. The rooms are fittingly and beautifully arranged. He has also a beautiful store in the Fairmont Hotel.

The "Meiji," on Stockton street, between Sutter and Post, is a charming Japanese store kept by Japanese. The fittings of the place are all Japanese in character and are beautifully carried out. The stock is choice, much of it consisting of articles not found elsewhere. Old Japanese potteries are a specialty here.

On the eastern side of Kearny street, a little beyond the Chronicle building, is Andrews' Diamond Palace, a glittering marvel of brillancy. It is the pet and pride of Colonel Andrews, a veteran of the Civil War. Mirrors in walls and ceilings reflect and re-reflect the cut glass chandeliers, the panels of paintings and cases of brilliant jewels, until there seems to be an endless vista of sparkling and palatial rooms. It adds to the wonder to know that this is the third "Palace" created by Colonel Andrews, so much alike in every detail that one could be scarcely distinguished from the others, some difference in the paintings being the only variation. The first was of the era before the fire, totally destroyed, of course, though the stock was

One of Mr. George T. Marsh's Japanese Rooms.

The Bay, Alcatraz Island and Marin County Hills. Photograph by R. J. Waters.

Point Bonita.

The foam-lines flash, the wind pipes free,
The city looms in sight;
The clouds drift in across the lea,
And on the gray strand beats the sea,
Intoning day and night.

* * *

Out on the links I stroll at ease,
And there I watch and wait,
As on and off before the breeze
The ships beat inward from the seas
And pass the Golden Gate.

Around Twin Peaks, above the town,
The misty vapors creep;
And Russian Hill looks dimly down
Where Alcatraz and Fort Point frown,
Grim warders of the deep.

And, looming up, Lone Mountain lifts
Its cone against the sky,
And softly through the broken rifts
The sunlight for a moment sifts
And gilds the cross on high.

* * *

—Lucius Harwood Foote.

saved. The second occupied a temporary place on Van Ness avenue soon after the fire.

Besides the various shops peculiar to San Francisco, all the large stores are distinguished for beauty and convenience of equipment. All being new since the fire, they embody the latest ideas. The Emporium, on Market street, is the largest of the department stores. Almost every need can be satisfied under its roof. On the second floor is the children's playroom with every device for amusing children—toboggan slides, teeters, rocking boats, swings, merry-go-rounds and tents. Here mothers when they are tired of shopping bring their children for a half-hour's play. There is an excellent restaurant on the mezzanine floor. The arcaded front of the store lends itself beautifully to window decorations.

The White House, on Sutter street and Grant avenue, is one of the choice dry goods and department stores, and includes a fine book department and select furniture. Its toy department is a fairyland for children, and on the same floor there is also a playroom for children.

The City of Paris is a very beautiful store, on the corner of Geary and Stockton streets. Along with dry goods in every line, gowns and millinery, all carefully chosen, is a selection of handsome furniture. At Christmas time, when the central dome is filled with a great Christmas tree, decorated and glittering with a thousand lights, the effect is dazzling.

Where so many dry goods shops are choice, and filled with entirely new and beautiful stocks, it seems invidious to name only two or three. The Lace House of D. Samuels and Sons, O'Connor, Moffatt and Company, Newman and Levinson's, Magnin's, are all fine stores with stocks second to none.

Shreve's beautiful store occupies the lower floors of the Shreve Building, on the corner of Grant avenue and Post street. Shreve is the Tiffany of San Francisco, with everything that the name Tiffany implies. Jewels, gold

A Room of the Meiji.

and silver are on the first floor; china, glass, bronzes, statuary, lamps, et cetera, above. Already the business has outgrown the downstairs floor space and expanded into the next building.

The Opal Store, on Grant avenue, between Post and Geary streets, is a charming place. Opals are a specialty here, as the name implies, also all sorts of jewelry manufactured from abalone blisters. Jewelry is made to order from stones or blisters personally selected.

The bookstore of A. M. Robertson, on Stockton street facing Union Square, almost deserves mention among the unique shops for its clever advertisement of years' standing, "Just a bookstore." The owner is not to be drawn away by any form of art, however attractive, from the serious business of making and selling books; for Mr. Robertson is also a publisher whose specialty has been books by California authors.

There are two other excellent bookstores, one on Sutter street and Stockton, the other on Sutter street, between Stockton and Grant avenue. These, with Robertson's, Paul Elder's and the two large book departments of the White House and the Emporium, speak well for the serious side of San Francisco and for its love of good reading. The latest novel may be had from the libraries. Bookstores are supported by the sale of something better, and nowhere are there better book buyers than in San Francisco. To mention two instances, it is said that of Doctor Kuyper's book on *The Holy Spirit*, a heavy treatise, one-third of all the sales in America were in San Francisco; and that, of the books of a well-known writer on Old Testament criticism, more were sold in San Francisco than in either New York or Philadelphia.

The list might be multiplied indefinitely to include the captivating furniture stores, a fascinating China and house furnishing store, and many others, but they cannot all be named. Of those mentioned, others in the same lines may be as favorable places for shopping. The aim has been to select a few typical ones, and not to make comparisons.

The Book Room of Paul Elder & Company.

Night in Chinatown.

Chapter Fifteen · Chinatown

NOT long after the disaster of 1906 there appeared at about the same time in two different newspapers two short articles on the Chinatown ruins, amusingly at variance with each other. The first in startling headlines announced: "Fire Lays Bare Chinese Secrets–Burrows Uncovered One Hundred Feet Underground," and in more modest type below, there followed "Men–white men–never knew the depths of Chinatown's underground city. They often talked of these subterranean runways and many of them had gone beneath the street levels two or three stories, but now that Chinatown has been uncovered, men from the hillside have looked on where its inner secrets lay. In places they can see passages one hundred feet deep. They show depths which the policeman never knew."

The caption of the second article was "Fire Reveals Chinatown Fake," and ran as follows: "Among the many disclosures resulting from the great fire, that which exposed the 'underground city' fake in Chinatown will doubtless prove of interest to more outsiders than any other. A feature of every tourist expedition was a trip through the wonderful underground passages and retreats of the Chinese. The guides aroused the curiosity of the Easterners with weird tales of the life in the underground quarters and of the great dangers incurred in visiting them. The party would be led through a series of narrow, winding hallways, through doors that were unbolted after strange signals, and finally, down a flight of rickety stairs, into an ill-smelling room, where a Chinaman smoked opium for the benefit of the visitors. Now the fire has made of Chinatown a waste and bared its ruins to

HOT COFFEE
SANDWICHES
DOUGHNUTS 10

Our First Restaurants After the Fire.

as national in its dishes and cooking as if eaten in Siena, a Spanish or Mexican meal as characteristic, a German, a French, a Chinese if you like, or even a Turkish. Or, you may find the bill of fare of some large restaurant as cosmopolitan as the patronage, and see on one and the same sheet Italian risotto, Mexican enchiladas, Hungarian goulash, German sauer beef, the rest divided between French and American dishes.

The fire of 1906 made a clean, impartial sweep through the old favorites; only one escaped destruction, but San Francisco could not do without her restaurants, and soon they were springing up everywhere, in hastily constructed shelters of board or canvas or in houses made over for the purpose. As the days went by, they grew more elaborate, and in a few months many of them were in full swing, with food and service as good as ever. They moved down town from their temporary quarters when the merchants did and many are now in the old places. There have been a few changes and some consolidations, as Tait and Zinkand, the Portola and the Louvre. Tait's, before the fire, was in the Flood Building, where the Portola-Louvre is now, and there is no room at present as effective as that was, with its cascades and fountains and play of the electric lights. But the Portola-Louvre is a brilliant French restaurant, gilding its excellent cuisine with a fine orchestra, and vaudeville during the late afternoon and evening. Ladies go there in the afternoon for tea, and to enjoy the entertainment.

The Tait-Zinkand restaurant is thoroughly San Franciscan, high-class but semi-Bohemian. The food is unsurpassed, the room is gaudily decorated, an orchestra in a gallery gives good music, while singers go about on the floor below and sing near one table and then another. This restaurant is a notable sight on New Year's Eve; tables are engaged here and at other leading restaurants for weeks in advance. New Year's Eve is observed in San Francisco more vociferously than in any other city, yet most of the jollity is pure fun. There is little real dissipation among the revelers.

Techau's is a handsomely furnished restaurant, with cuisine and music of the best.

The Old Poodle Dog has the best of French cooking, a good orchestra, and keeps up the reputation of the name.

Marchand's has been recently rebuilt and is a high-grade French restaurant of a more conventional pattern than the others, not so distinctively San Franciscan.

Jules' restaurant and Jack's rotisserie are French restaurants of good reputation for cooking and service, well known to all San Franciscans.

Louis' Fashion restaurant must not be omitted, because he is the Louis of the Hotel de France, immortalized by Will Irwin in *The City That Was*, because his fish and steaks and salads are prepared with discrimination, and lastly, because of the absurd name which was borne by his Fashion restaurant before the fire and which has now spread to as many different places as the name of the Poodle Dog. Though his cooking was good, the care of his dining room was not all it should be, and flies were more or less in evidence. Some one called it the "Fly-Trap." The name clung, but it drove no one away, and soon the original name, though on the doors and windows, was forgotten. A waiter from Louis' started a restaurant of his own after the fire, and named it "Charley's Fly-Trap." Another sprang up, and another, the name evidently carrying with it no opprobium, only the memory of the good cooking and reasonable prices of the restaurant which originally bore it. They are all good places, with low prices and, from the Fashion down, have no relations whatever with flies.

Of the Italian restaurants, Coppa's heads the list, in interest at least. It is the one important restaurant not burned, but it is gone from the old spot. There is a new Coppa's, where the food is as good as ever but otherwise it

The Portola-Louvre Restaurant.

She laughed upon her hills out there
Beside her bays of misty blue;
The gayest hearts, the sweetest air
That any City ever knew.

—Wallace Irwin.

the University of California, and "The Green Knight," by Porter Garnett. The music of "Montezuma" was by Doctor Stewart; that of "Saint Patrick in Tara," by Wallace Sabin. These forest plays are a new creation in dramatic literature, as distinctive as they are original.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB.–Next to the Bohemian club house on Post street is the splendid new home of the Olympic Club, a $435,000 building, equipped with salt and fresh water baths, a mammoth swimming pool, tennis and handball courts on the roof and everything needful and appropriate for the city's most important athletic club. The salt water is piped from the beach near the Cliff House, over five miles.

THE CALIFORNIA CAMERA CLUB is the largest organization of its kind in the West. It has rooms in the Commercial Building at 833 Market street.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB.–This is an all-day club composed of merchants, bankers and professional men, with club rooms in the Merchants' Exchange Building.

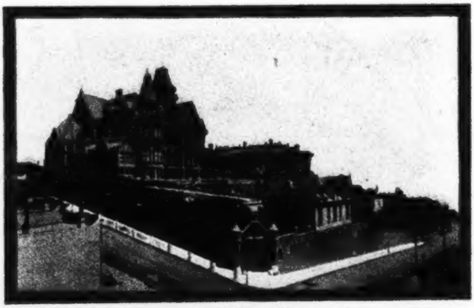
THE COMMONWEALTH CLUB is a notable organization. It began with the meeting together of a few men who were interested in good government affairs. The published investigations of their committees and the addresses that were made at their gatherings attracted wide-spread attention. The club grew until now its membership is over the thousand mark. It has reached out all over the State and numbers among its members many of the best and highest thinking men in California. At present it has no club house, but it has comfortable rooms, with a reference library for the use of members. Its only meetings are in the form of monthly banquets at the St. Francis Hotel, which are attended by several hundred men, and the discussions are characterized by perfect frankness and the keenest analysis of public questions. By all persons interested in civic affairs their published proceedings are prized. The club has never engaged in politics, its members representing all

The Bohemian Clubhouse and the Olympic.

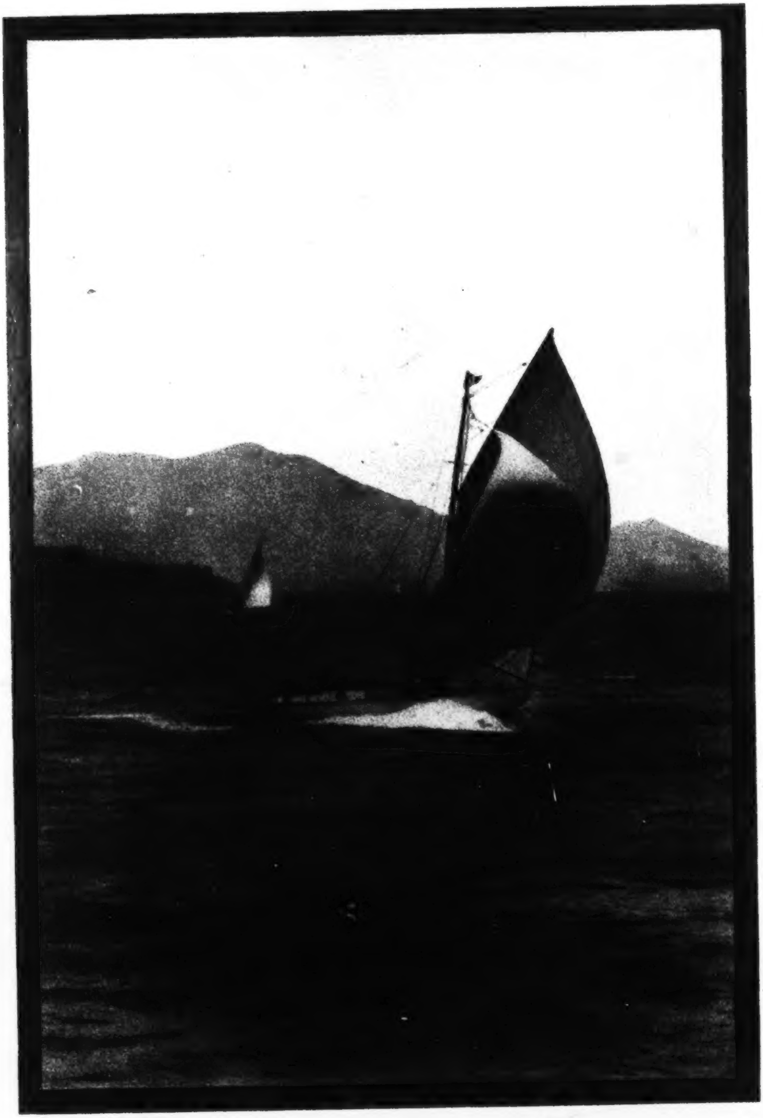
blood." He owes it even more to the climate (to the sun, to the blue of the sky, to the witchery of the atmosphere–now wrapping the city in mysterious folds of mist; now sparklingly clear, exhilarating as wine) and to contact with the people of so many different nations, each with something of his own art to contribute. Whatever the explanation, few cities of like size can claim to have been the home of so many painters, sculptors, writers, actors and musicians. As they have attained fame, most of them (except the artists) have wandered far afield. A large colony of successful painters still call San Francisco home. Alas, that so many works of art should have perished in the fire! Keith alone lost nearly two thousand canvases. Though nearly seventy years of age, he set to work before the flames were quenched and in a year an exhibition of his paintings showed more than three score canvases painted since the fire, with all his old-time genius. That magic brush that fixed on canvas every variation of Californian atmosphere and landscape is laid aside forever, but some treasure that he wrought is to be found in almost every local gallery.

There are in San Francisco two permanent public collections of paintings. One is in the museum of Golden Gate Park. Here are several rooms of fine paintings, which include a Millet, a Daubigny, a Dupré and other names known to fame. One room is devoted to local artists. The large entrance hall is filled with sculpture, a Saul by W. W. Story being the noblest piece.

Another collection is in the San Francisco Institute of Art at Mason and California streets. This is the site of the costly Mark Hopkins home which, with the nucleus of a picture collection, was given to the city for an art institute by Mr. Edward Searles, the second husband of Mrs. Hopkins. Paintings had been added by generous donors until the collection was a very fine one. The house itself was magnificent within, overdecorated in style and elaborate in detail. It was the scene of many large receptions, the great central hall, with its gallery and large pipe organ, and the suite of spa-



Hopkins Mansion on Nob Hill. Afterwards Art Institute.



Sailing on San Francisco Bay. Mt. Tamalpais in the Distance. Photograph by F. X. Riedy.

Chinamen Reading Bulletins. The Moon Festival.

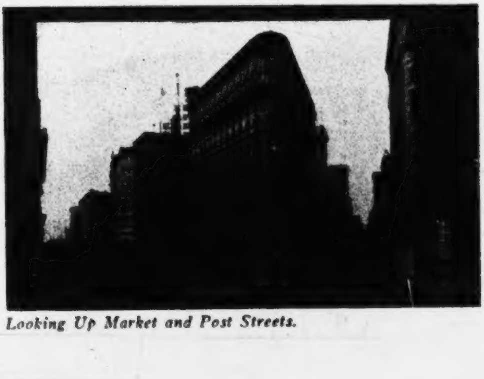
Bret Harte, made its appearance in 1868, with Anton Roman as publisher and Bret Harte in the editorial chair. It was here that Bret Harte found himself. Against the protests of printer and proofreader, but loyally sustained (though with forebodings) by the publisher, he brought out in the second number of the *Overland* his story of *The Luck of Roaring Camp.* It was at once denounced by the religious press of California and coldly received by the secular; but Harte's faith in his own genius and judgment and Roman's faith in Harte were justified when the return mail from the East brought reviews which hailed "the little foundling of Californian literature" with enthusiastic welcome, and also brought from the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* a flattering request for a similar story upon liberal terms. *The Heathen Chinee* added to Harte's popularity in the East and the ultimate effect was to draw him to the Atlantic Coast. B. P. Avery and William C. Bartlett followed him as editors of the *Overland.* This magazine developed the literary talent which had been cradled in the *Golden Era* and nurtured in the *Californian.* Added to the notable names of their contributors was a long list which, if they did not surpass the greatest among them, were worthy to keep them company. Louis Agassiz, Joseph Le Conte, J. D. Whitney, President Gilman (then of the University of California, later of Johns Hopkins), Bishop Kip, the Reverend S. H. Willey, Henry George, J. Ross Browne, Noah Brooks, Clarence King, Frances Fuller Victor and Sarah B. Cooper were a few of the distinguished number. The part of Macænas to these contributors was played by John Carmany who became publisher after the first year. He sank over thirty thousand dollars in the *Overland*, yet, notwithstanding his losses, in later years he looked back upon that time as the brightest of his life. The name of the *Overland* was revived in 1882 and has been honorably borne by the magazine which still survives. The list of contributors to this second series is also a long, brilliant one.

During the Civil War the *American Flag* gave powerful support to the Union cause. It was edited by Calvin B. McDonald, a Scotchman who wielded a gifted and a powerful pen. His life closed in darkness and poverty a few years ago in a public institution in Alameda county.

The oldest of our present weeklies is the San Francisco *News Letter*, founded in 1856 by Frederick Marriott, also founder of the *Illustrated London News*. He was succeeded by his son, Frederick Marriott Jr. The *News Letter* was at first literally what its name implies–a single sheet of letter paper, on one side of which were printed three columns of news. It was to be folded for mailing and addressed on the blank side. It has grown to a forty-page weekly, with so large a circulation that it is highly valued as an advertising medium. Its special numbers have contained many fine stories and poems, and handsome illustrations. Ambrose Bierce, Peter Robertson and John Gilmour were noteworthy contributors. Wallace Irwin was its editor during 1901, going from the *News Letter* to the *Overland Monthly*.

The *Wasp*, now issued by the Wasp Publishing Company, was founded in 1876 by Korbel Brothers. It was the first cartoon paper in colors in the United States. Able writers and quick-witted cartoonists have filled its pages. It has published some notable special numbers, among them the sixty-page twentieth-anniversary number, filled with sketches and pictures of early days in San Francisco. The paper is now one of the leading weeklies, devoted to politics and society, finance and art. The theatrical and society notes are eagerly read and each number contains a couple of interesting columns on books and authors.

The *Argonaut* is a weekly journal of wide circulation, giving brilliant and forceful commentary on political, literary and social matters, both local and general. It was founded in 1877 by Fred M. Somers and Frank Pixley. In 1879 Mr. Somers gave up his position to found the *Californian Magazine* and the *Epigram*. Later he went to New York and founded



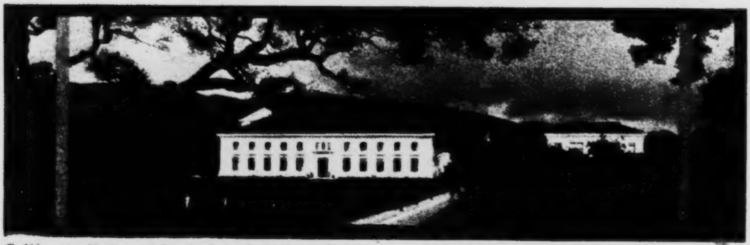
Looking Up Market and Post Streets.

a Sixteenth and Fillmore-Street car will take you to Fillmore street, where you can transfer to the "Cliff House" Sutter-Street car for the Sutro Gardens, Sutro Baths, the Cliff House and beach. These attractions will require the balance of the afternoon.

The second morning look in the City of Paris on the corner of Geary and Stockton streets, go through Union Square to the St. Francis, from there to Marsh's at Powell and Post streets, then to Sutter street and to Vickery's on Sutter, between Mason and Powell, down Sutter to Stockton street, on which (between Sutter and Post) is an attractive Japanese store, the Meiji. From there go to Gump's on Post street, near Stockton, then down Post to Shreve's, on the corner of Grant avenue. Just beyond Shreve's on Grant avenue is Elder's and across Grant avenue, on the corner of Sutter, is the White House. From here a walk of three blocks north on Grant avenue leads into Chinatown. The remainder of the morning will probably be spent here, and the afternoon may be spent in Golden Gate Park. If Chinatown is visited in the evening, the morning time allotted to that may be taken for a visit to the Presidio. Directions for reaching the Park and Presidio and for seeing them to the best advantage will be found in the chapters on the Parks and Government Reservations. These places have all been visited in two days, but, of course, time was not taken in the stores for much shopping.

Besides the city itself, there are trips in the vicinity naturally included by the visitor in his sight seeing, if time allows, down the peninsula to visit Stanford University at Palo Alto, to San José and the Lick Observatory, perhaps to the Big Trees and the beach of Santa Cruz, to Half-Moon bay, to Mount Tamalpais and the Muir Woods, around the bay, to Vallejo and Mare Island, and to the cities of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda across the bay. Any of these trips can be taken between breakfast and dinner and some of them will consume only a few hours. Details of these interesting trips will be found in the following chapter, "The Environs."

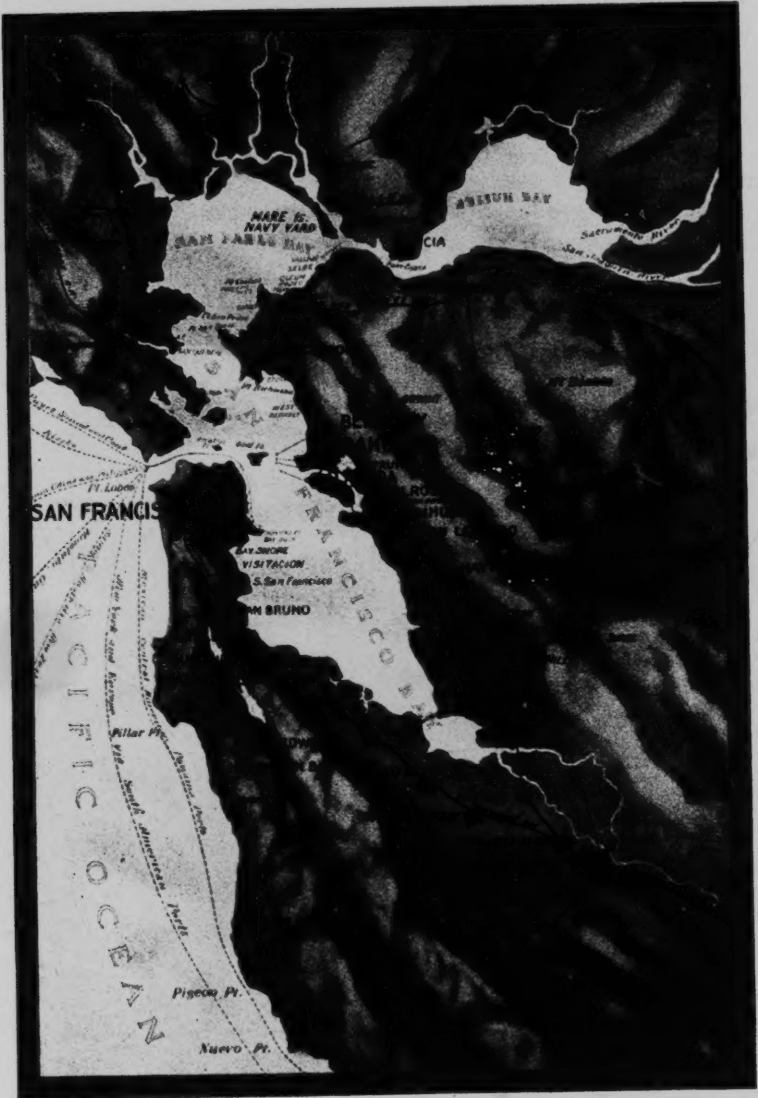
Presidio Terrace. A San Francisco Residence Park.



California Hall and Boalt School of Law, University of California.

Chapter Twenty-seven · The Environs

CURVING along the eastern shores of the bay are the three cities of Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda, the two former sloping back into the hills, while Alameda is level. Probably they will all, together with the cities down the peninsula, be a portion of Greater San Francisco. The land upon which these three cities are built was at one time a part of the domain of Don Luis Peralta (a Spanish soldier of the Presidio), which he received in 1820 from the Spanish Government. There is no knowledge of any settler previous to that date. Don Luis had four sons. To José Domingo, the eldest, he gave the most northern part, on which the city of Berkeley is now situated; to Vicente, the second, he allotted the portion now covered by Oakland and the former village of Temescal; to the third, Antonio Maria, he gave the part now occupied by Alameda, Brooklyn, Fruitvale and Melrose. Up to 1850, they dwelt undisturbed on their large estates. After the early explorations, before the Mission of San Francisco was founded, little pains seems to have been taken to become acquainted with the eastern side of the bay. William Heath Davis says that in his early travels around the bay he had observed a picturesque spot for a town. The site was known as the Encinal de Temescal, on the portion of the great San Antonio ranch belonging to Vicente Peralta. Knowing Peralta well, Mr. Davis, in 1846, tried to bargain with him for the sale of this peninsula, interesting a number of the leading citizens of San Francisco in his project of a new town across the bay, which was to be the Brooklyn of the future metropolis opposite. The first offer was five thousand dollars for two-thirds of the Encinal, to build a Catholic church, construct


MARE IS.
NAVY YARD
SAN PABLO BAY
CIA
Sacramento River
San Joaquin River
Alaska
Pt. Lobos
SAN FRANCIS
BAY SHORE
VISITACION
S. San Francisco
SAN BRUNO
FRANCISCO BAY
PACIFIC OCEAN
New York and Europe via South American Ports
Pillar Pt.
Pigeon Pt.
Nuevo Pt.

Relief Map of the Bay Region
and the Peninsula.

The Pig'n' Whistle. No Liquor Served Here.

is a vain endeavor to bring back Coppa's as it was. The pictures lack spontaneity; they are painted to order in absurd imitation of the original outbursts of the artist frequenters of the old place—all but one. Near the door is a picture of the last reunion in the Montgomery Block of the kindred spirits who had so often dined together. Perhaps the faces are all portraits. Martinez is easily recognized, at the head of the table, lifting high his glass for the last toast. In the shadow lurks the soldier sentinel, a grim reminder of the miles of desolation outside. The place was beloved by artists and writers, and frequented by others who went there to see the "lions," to enjoy with them the Italian cooking, and to wonder at the curiously decorated walls. Each artist, according to his fancy, and as the spirit moved him, had painted a picture and added a legend, perhaps of his own, perhaps supplied by one of his literary brothers. The quotations were in all languages and ranged from *Alice in Wonderland*, "'Curiouser and curiouser,' said Alice," to Greek classics. One, from Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, "Something terrible is going to happen," offered grim but unheeded prophecy of the great catastrophe to come. The place was so interesting that the food might have gone uncriticised had it not been of the best, which it was. The fish and sauces, the chicken en casserole and the fried cream were something to be remembered.

The Montgomery Block passed through the fire nearly unscathed, but it stood in the midst of smoking ruins and miles of almost impassable débris. No citizens were permitted upon the streets at night, there were no lights but the stars and the soldiers' campfires. A few nights after the fire had passed, twelve of the old number obtained permission of the officer in charge to meet once more in the old place. The table was spread, candles furnished the lights, and for the last time the fantastic pictures looked down upon the familiar faces; for the last time the walls resounded to song and laughter. For it was not to bemoan the catastrophe that they met. Some had lost their studios and pictures, some their manuscripts—all were more or less adrift; but the courage of San Franciscans was theirs. They closed the old era and faced the new with strong hearts and exultant purpose. And this is the scene represented on the new Coppa's walls.

Campi's is a well-known Italian place of long-standing renown for good dinners, many of whose patrons have been with it for a generation.

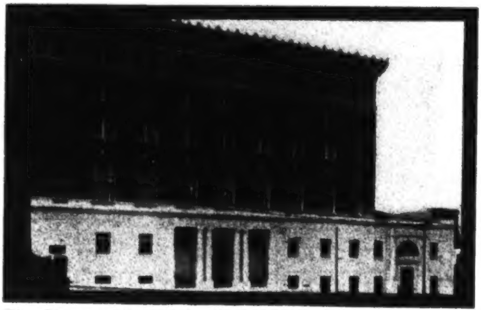
On Broadway are the Italian restaurants of Little Italy, where you may have a seven-course dinner for fifty cents—soup, fish, entree, roast, salad, dessert, fruit and a demi-tasse. Here you get Italian pastes in perfection, ravioli, tagliarini, spaghetti, or green lasagne, and tempting fritto misto, each delicately fried tiny roll of batter containing a different surprise—an artichoke heart, a piece of chicken liver, a bit of brains, or some other tidbit. For dessert, zabaione and fried cream are their specialties. In the Fior d'Italia, or the Buon Gusto, you may easily delude yourself for an hour with the thought that you are on Italian soil, and the waiters (so solicitous to please you, so anxious that you shall enjoy their food) add to the illusion.

We cannot leave the Italian restaurants without a word of Sanguinetti's. It is one of the institutions of the old and of the new city, down near the water-front, rather difficult to reach. It has a large patronage, some genuine Bohemians, some make-believe, and some who go to look on. The sawdust on the floor represents the unconventionality and belies the good cooking. Musicians enliven the meals until the diners begin to furnish their own entertainment by breaking into song. In *The Heart Line*, Gelett Burgess pictures the place, under the name of Carminetti's. Coppa's he depicts under the name of Fulda's.

An interesting place before the fire was Luna's, a Mexican restaurant. Here you could burn your throat with tamales, enchiladas, or chili con carne, eat frijoles from little individual pots, drink delicious chocolate, or

MEXICAN
RESTAURANT

Luna's Mexican Restaurant, and Ricardo.



The Olympic Club's Splendid New Home.

creeds and political parties; but, inevitably, much legislation has been initiated and influenced by it, and it is a substantial and powerful factor for good in the public life of California. Besides regular club meetings informal weekly luncheons at the Palace Hotel are largely attended.

Concordia Club.–This is one of the leading Jewish social clubs. Its building is on Van Ness avenue.

The Cosmos Club.–The home of the Cosmos Club is at 1534 Sutter street. This club was organized in 1881.

The Elks Building.–The Elks have a pretty building on Powell street, between Sutter and Bush.

The Family Club is a dignified club of social prestige. It has a handsome building at Bush and Powell streets.

A German House, which for several years has been the dream of the German-American residents of San Francisco, has become a realization. On March 25, 1912, the corner-stone was laid of a splendid $400,000 building, to be the home of the German societies which have not a building of their own and the center for all German societies of the Pacific slope. The site is the corner of Polk and Turk streets, near the Civic Center–an ideal location.

Masonic Temple.–A new Masonic Temple, at the corner of Van Ness avenue and Oak street, will cost when completed and furnished over $1,000,000. The ground cost $257,000.

Native Sons of the Golden West.–This organization is one of the largest and most potent in the State. Its San Francisco "Parlors" and those of the Native Daughters are scattered throughout the city. The order has replaced on Mason street, between Geary and Post, the fine building lost in the fire. Six bas relief panels in terra cotta, modeled by J. J. Mora, are a striking feature of the building. The panels depict epochs in the history of California. The first portrays the Indians watching the coming of the caravels; the second, Father Serra delivering the gospel message to the Indians; the third, the raising of the Bear flag; the fourth, the raising of the American flag at Monterey; the fifth, the coming of the pioneers; the sixth, the miners at work.

The Odd Fellows Building stands on its old site at the corner of Market and Seventh streets. Most other secret societies, whose number is legion (both men's and the affiliated orders for women), have not yet their own buildings, but rent rooms suitable for their purposes in various parts of the city. This is true also of most of the benevolent and benefit societies, which include innumerable orders of all nationalities.

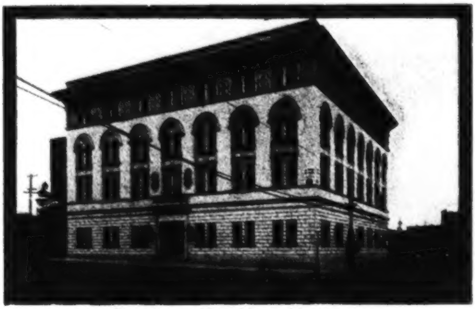
The San Francisco Press Club, composed largely of the newspapermen, has its headquarters in the Commercial Building, 833 Market street.

The San Francisco Turn Verein is the city's oldest German athletic society. It was organized in 1852. A handsome new home, costing $75,000, has been recently erected on Sutter street, between Devisadero and Broderick.

Scottish Rite Temples.–On the corner of Sutter street and Van Ness avenue stands a handsome stone building which is a Scottish Rite Temple. Another is on Geary, near Steiner.

Scottish Thistle Club.–The home of the San Francisco Scottish Thistle Club is in Scottish Hall, 121 Larkin street.

Society of California Pioneers.–This society is a venerated organization, composed as it is of men who have seen California from its birth. It received a large bequest from James Lick. With this the society built the Pioneer Building on Pioneer Place (Fourth street, near Market), their headquarters for many years. Their rooms were rich in relics of early California days, documents, diaries, maps, histories. They were the custodians of the Bear flag, raised in Sonoma. These were practically all destroyed by the fire–an irretrievable loss; they had a value not to be measured. The destruction of such irreplaceable mementoes as these is one of the most regretted phases of the calamity of six years ago. A new building



Scottish Rite Temple on Van Ness Avenue.

San Francisco Bay.

* * *

Such room of sea! Such room of sky!
Such room to draw a soul-full breath!
Such room to live! Such room to die!
Such room to roam in after death!
White room, with sapphire room set round,
And still beyond His room profound;
Such room-bound boundlessness o'erhead
As never has been writ or said
Or seen, save by the favored few,
Where kings of thought play chess with stars
Across their board of blue.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

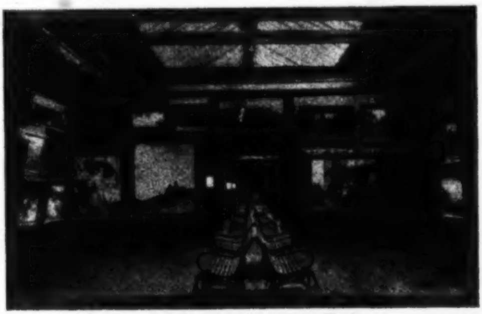
cious drawing rooms lending themselves well to such occasions. All was burned; only a small proportion of the pictures was saved. The present building is temporary. The Art Institute and School of Design, to which the name has been changed from the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, is affiliated with the University of California. Many paintings have been added to those saved from destruction, and the collection bids fair to equal the old one. The place is open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., except Sundays. Tuesdays and Fridays are free days; on other days an admission of twenty-five cents is charged.

At the Museum of Anthropology is a splendid canvas by Verestschagin representing English soldiers blowing Sepoys from cannon, in punishment for the Sepoy rebellion.

In Piedmont Park, across the bay, is the largest art gallery in the vicinity, containing over eight hundred paintings. The large collection of Russian paintings exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition has recently been added to this gallery. It is open daily from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M. The park is reached by the Key Route ferry, Piedmont train, connecting with boat, and Piedmont street car for the park, connecting with the train.

Besides these permanent exhibitions there are in San Francisco several galleries, connected with art stores, where beautiful pictures by local and foreign artists may always be seen. Often there are special exhibitions of the work of one artist. These galleries are so accessible to the down-town shopper that a hunger for good pictures may always be appeased.

At Vickery, Atkins and Torrey's on Sutter street, between Powell and Mason streets, is a beautiful gallery where good things and rare things are always exhibited. At Gump's on Post street, near Stockton, is another. At Rabjohn's, near Gump's, is one, and there is one at Helgesen's on Sutter street, near Grant avenue. Further out Sutter street, between Polk street and Van Ness avenue, is Schussler's. At any one of these places a feast of good things is always to be found.



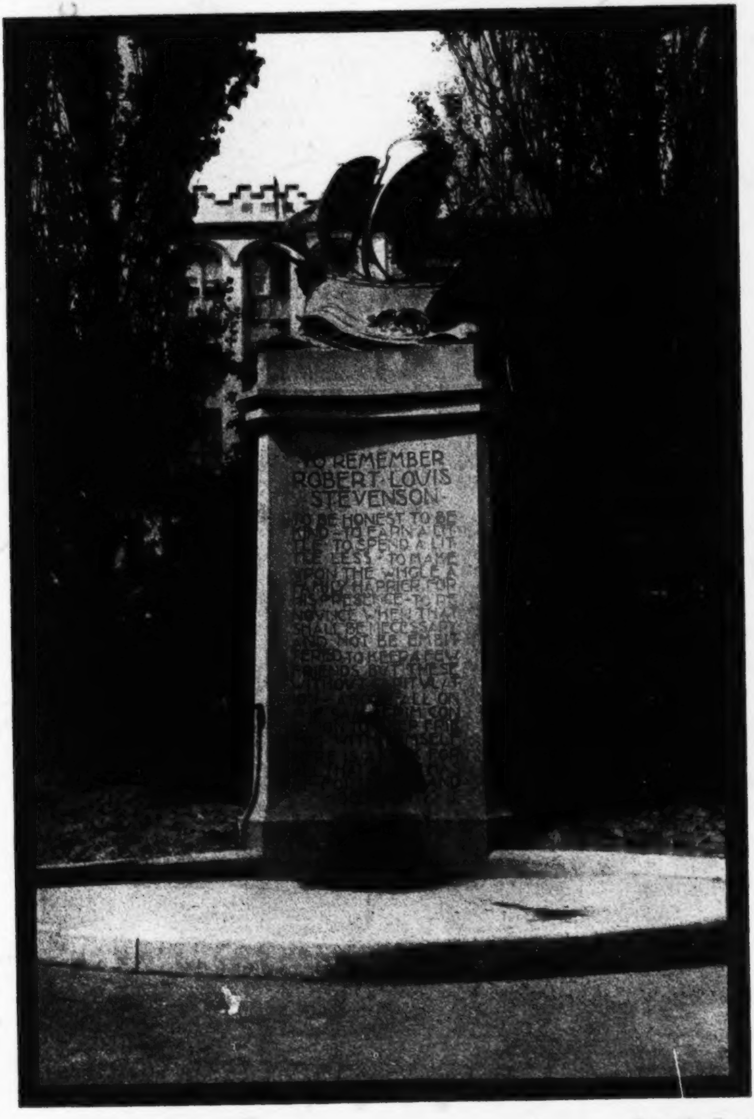
A Room of the Art Gallery in Piedmont Park.

Current Literature and *Short Stories*. Mr. Somers' place on the *Argonaut* was taken by Jerome A. Hart, who became chief editor on the death of Pixley. After the fire in 1906 Mr. Hart sold the paper to Alfred Holman, the present editor. Frank Pixley was a writer of great vigor. His caustic anti-catholic editorials attracted wide-spread attention. He made the *Argonaut* a power in politics as well as in the literary world. Mr. Hart was an able writer who carried forward the high literary standards of the paper, and its chief characteristics are preserved by the present editor. Mrs. Austin, a sister of Jerome Hart, who adopted Betsy B. as her pseudonym, carried on until her death a delightful dramatic department. This was continued by Josephine Hart. Throughout its career the *Argonaut* has been characterized by able literary and dramatic criticism, by good poetry (both original and selected) and by a wonderful series of short stories, original or translated. The roll of writers for the *Argonaut* is a shining one, embracing nearly all the brightest names included between 1877 and the present time. To the names already mentioned in connection with other journals should be added that of the ill-fated poet, Richard Realf, and those of Gertrude Atherton, Gwendolyn Overton, Geraldine Bonner, W. C. Morrow and Frank Bailey Millard, all of whose short stories were distinctly Argonautic.

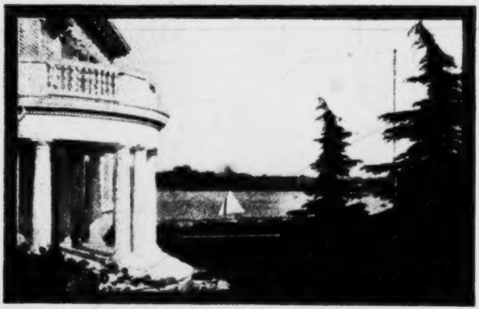
The *San Franciscan* led a short, but distinguished, existence from 1884 to 1886. It was a literary journal of independent tone. Its first editor was Joseph Goodman, formerly editor of the *Territorial Enterprise* of Virginia City, Nevada, whose pages were illumined by the early writings of Mark Twain and Dan de Quille. Both contributed to the *San Franciscan*, along with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fitch, Arthur McEwen, Sam Davis, Joaquin Miller, Flora Haines Loughead, Mr. and Mrs. Adley H. Cummins and many other well-known writers. Arthur McEwen and W. P. Harrison followed Mr. Goodman as editors.

The *Wave*, "*A Journal for Those in the Swim*," first washed the shores of Mon-

Looking Down Montgomery Street.


TO REMEMBER
ROBERT LOUIS
STEVENSON
TO BE HONEST TO BE
KIND—TO EARN A LIT-
TLE TO SPEND A LIT-
TLE LESS TO MAKE
UPON THE WHOLE A
FAMILY HAPPIER FOR
HIS PRESENCE TO RE-
NOUNCE WHEN THAT
SHALL BE NECESSARY
AND NOT BE EMBIT-
TERED TO KEEP A FEW
FRIENDS BUT THESE

Fountain Erected in Portsmouth Square to the Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson.
Photograph by
Charles Weidner.



Oakland Home and Lake Merritt.

a wharf and run a ferry boat from San Francisco to the intended town. But Peralta hesitated about parting with his land, and the negotiations were extended to the early part of 1850, Mr. Davis then abandoning the project.

In 1850, Colonel Henry S. Fitch and four others started from San Francisco for Marin county in a small row boat. Adverse winds or unskilful management brought them to San Antonio creek, near what is now the foot of Broadway, Oakland. They were amazed to find a beautiful plateau covered with oak trees, as from the San Francisco side it had looked as if the hills came down to the shore. Colonel Fitch recognized the possibilities of the spot, and secured a verbal agreement from Vicente Peralta to sell him 2,400 acres on San Antonio creek (now Lake Merritt) for $8,000. But Peralta again hesitated. In the meantime squatters were making trouble, by settling on his land and slaughtering his cattle, and finally, in the fall of 1850, Peralta sold the site, which Mr. Davis and Mr. Fitch had tried to buy, to Colonel "Jack" Hays, Major John C. Caperton, Alexander Cost, Colonel Irving, John Freanor and others for $11,000.

In 1852 a town was incorporated and given the name of Oakland, from the grove of oaks in which the first settlement was made. In 1854 it was chartered as a city. Up to 1869 there were no buildings worthy of note. In that year it was selected as the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad, which rapidly increased its importance. In 1874 it became the county seat.

The Encinal de San Antonio, or peninsula on which Alameda stands, was a wilderness covered with evergreen oak trees in 1850. For $14,000 the land was purchased of its owner, Antonio Maria Peralta, by W. W. Chipman and Gideon Aughenbaugh. Colonel Henry S. Fitch and William Sharon purchased an interest from them. The town of Alameda was incorporated in 1854 and in 1885 it was chartered as a city. The first settlement was near High street.

THE ENVIRONS

The hills and shores of Berkeley were visited by Fathers Crespi and Fages in 1772, when exploring the east side of the bay in their efforts to reach Point Reyes by land. It was the latest in settlement of the three cities along the bay shore. The site was acquired also of the Peralta family, being a part of the portion of the oldest son, José Domingo. It was named for Bishop Berkeley, on account of his famous line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." The town was incorporated in 1878. It doubled in population during the first year after the great San Francisco fire. The real estate titles of these three bay cities date from the Peralta grant.

OAKLAND is now a flourishing city with a population of over 150,000, quite independent of the greater city across the bay, though it furnishes, along with Berkeley and Alameda, thousands of commuters who transact their daily business in San Francisco. It is a city of churches, schools and homes, as are also the sister cities between which it stands. There are in Oakland three high schools, forty-three elementary and grammar schools and several private ones; two excellent hotels and a third very large one just completed; a municipal museum, a Carnegie library and many handsome business buildings. President Taft laid the corner stone of a new city hall which is to cost $1,500,000. Lake Merritt (a pretty salt water lake, covering one hundred and sixty acres, with park-like borders) is near the center of the city. Idora Park, a large amusement park, provides recreation and good music. Mosswood, another pretty park, helps to keep the people out of doors. Rides by automobile or street car to Trestle Glen, Dimond Canyon, Leona Heights, Fourth Avenue Heights or through the apricot and cherry orchards to Haywards are all delightful. The homes of Oakland, on winding streets which follow the contour of the hills, are its chief charm. Lawns are green and flowers run riot throughout the year. The water-front of Oakland is its most valuable asset, and great enterprises are already begun there whose cost will

An Oakland Home.

water which had cooled in an olla, and be served by Ricardo, whose portrait Frank Norris drew in *Blix*. Sometimes Ricardo would bring you the book, open at the passage to ask if you had read it. Luna's disappeared at the time of the fire, and though we can get the same food now, we miss Ricardo and the foreign little place.

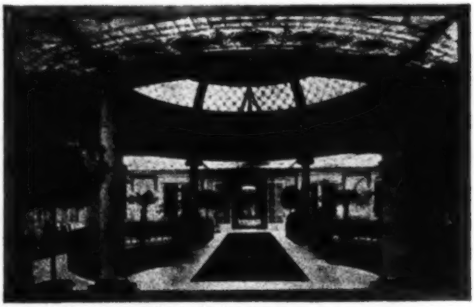
For oysters in every style, the best places are the big markets—the California, or the Spreckels. The eating rooms are upstairs. Incidentally, the markets are interesting in themselves, with their great variety of tropical, semi-tropical and temperate zone fruit; their fine fish and game in abundance; their vegetables of all kinds at every season; their dairy products, pastry stalls and flower stalls—everything to furnish a many course dinner and to decorate the table.

The grills and dining rooms of the best hotels are always popular, with perfection of service and delicious food. Some of the chefs have reputations which have traveled far. Afternoon tea also brings pleasant little groups together in the hotels.

For ladies unattended there are innumerable pleasant places, some luxurious, some plainer—all good. The Golden Pheasant, The Pig'n Whistle, Swain's, The Woman's Exchange, the Emporium restaurant, The Tea-cup, The Bon Ami, to name some of them. Men frequent these places too, but they appeal particularly to women.

This city was late in adopting cafeterias. The San Franciscan demands more than mere food for his meal, and one cannot lunch or dine with art in a cafeteria. But they furnish excellent and wholesome food for a moderate price and there are now a goodly number of them. It is doubtful if they ever become genuinely popular here, yet some of them are very well patronized.

In any class of the restaurants named, only some of the typical ones have been mentioned. It would take many pages to name them all. Good ones have been omitted, but a stranger will not err when choosing from the foregoing.



Laurel Tea Room of the Fairmont.

The Willows, Near Valencia and Seventeenth Streets. The Mission in the Distance.

Chapter Eighteen · Theaters

Before the discovery of gold in 1848, occasional bull-fights and cock-fights at the Mission were the only forms of spectacular amusement afforded the dwellers around Yerba Buena cove. With the bursting of the little settlement into a population numbering thousands, along with churches, schools and newspapers, places of entertainment sprang up with astonishing rapidity, to meet the wants of those whom the rapidly shifting scenes of daily life—dramatic to the last degree—did not satisfy. No sooner was Mr. Rowe's Olympic Circus opened in a big tent on Kearny street, near Clay, than it was crowded by a public, eager to pay three dollars for a seat in the pit, five dollars for a box place, or fifty-five dollars for a private box. Shortly after, Foley's Circus on Montgomery street, near California, met with equal success, and the two entertained large audiences for many days and nights.

In 1853, Russ' Garden was opened and a few years later The Willows. Both flourished through the Fifties and afforded the recreation of music and refreshments in the midst of rural surroundings. The former was on the corner of Sixth and Harrison streets; the latter between Mission and Valencia, Seventeenth and Nineteenth streets. In 1861, Hayes Park, on Laguna street, near Hayes, became a popular resort. This in turn gave way, in 1866, before the attractions of Woodward's Gardens, in which Woodward of the What Cheer House invested the money made in that hotel. His private residence on Valencia street, near Fourteenth, was transformed into a museum. A large pavilion served also for dancing hall and theater; refreshment rooms were at hand, and beautiful gardens and lawns, with streams,

The Home of the University Club.

has been erected on the old site. Their annual celebration is on the ninth of September, a State holiday–the anniversary of the admission of California into the Union. The Daughters of the California Pioneers have an organization which also holds meetings in Pioneer Hall.

The Southern Club has a handsome building on the south side of California street, between Powell and Stockton. This building is in southern Colonial style, of Caen stone and tapestry brick, with tall-columned portico and balconies. On the lawn will be a statue of General Robert E. Lee.

State Societies.–There are a number of flourishing State societies, whose members enjoy exchanging reminiscences of their "back East" homes, such as societies embracing natives of New York, of Ohio, of Vermont, of Illinois, et cetera.

The Transportation Club.–This is an association of men connected with the various railroad offices in the city, with headquarters in the Palace Hotel.

The Union League Club is the leading Republican political organization of the city and State, with finely fitted quarters in the building on the corner of O'Farrell and Powell streets.

The University Club has a handsome new brick building on the corner of California and Powell streets. It has a large membership. A Ladies' Department gives the relatives of members some of the privileges of the club.

University and College Clubs.–There are separate college clubs and alumni associations of the leading universities and colleges of the United States–a Harvard, or a Cornell Club, etc.

The Young Men's Christian Association.–This organization has a new and perfectly equipped building on Golden Gate avenue and Leavenworth street. It lost a comparatively new building in the fire but, by selling its valuable old site and with liberal donations from Eastern friends, it has acquired a better building than before.

CLUBS, SOCIETIES, LODGES

THE YOUNG MEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION has its headquarters at present on Page street, near Stanyan. It is preparing to move down town in order to extend larger hospitality to visitors of its faith, during the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION headquarters are at 1249 O'Farrell street and the adjoining new building.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION headquarters are at 3 City Hall avenue, room 202.

G. A. R. POSTS are scattered throughout the city, with their auxiliaries, the Woman's Relief Corps. The Daughters and The Sons of the American Revolution and likewise The Daughters of the Confederacy have their various chapters. There is also an association of Colonial Dames and a Mayflower Society.

WOMEN'S CLUBS.–Some of the more important of the women's clubs and their places of meeting are as follows: The California Club owns an attractive club house at 1750 Clay street. The Laurel Hall Club, the oldest of the women's clubs, meets at the same place, also the San Franciscan Colony of New England Women and The Association of Collegiate Alumnæ. The Elmira College Club of the Pacific Coast meets at the homes of members. The Mills Club, The Forum Club and the Cercle de l'Union have rooms at 220 Post street. The Association of Pioneer Women and The Daughters of the California Pioneers meet in the Pioneer Building on Pioneer Place, near Market and Fourth streets. Tokalon Club holds its meetings in the social rooms of Calvary Presbyterian church. The Woman's Press Association meets at 257 Post street. The rooms of the Town and Country Club are at 218 Stockton street. The Century Club house is located on the southwest corner of Franklin and Sutter streets. The Channing Auxiliary meets in the First Unitarian church, at Geary and Franklin streets. The Council of Jewish Women meets at 2137 Sutter street. The Papyrus Club rooms are at 420 Sutter street. The Francisca Club is housed at 560 Sutter street.

Merchants' Exchange Building, Where are Rooms of Commercial Club.

The Affiliated Colleges—the Medical and Dental Departments, Hospital and Museum of the University of California.

Chapter Twenty-two · Schools and Colleges

In 1847, when the white population of Yerba Buena numbered but three hundred and seventy-five, a school house was built near the southwest corner of the Plaza, and in May, 1848, a school was opened there by Thomas Douglas, a graduate of Yale. The attendance was about forty. Soon the news of the discovery of gold almost depopulated the little town and the school was discontinued. On April 23, 1849, the Reverend Albert Williams opened his institute in the same building and carried it on for five months, until the pressure of parochial duties interfered. In December, 1849, the work was taken up by John C. Pelton and wife, of Boston. They brought with them around the Horn a complete equipment of school furniture and apparatus. Mr. Pelton's school was continued with varying success until the inauguration of the public schools.

There are now ninety public and twenty-two private schools within the boundaries of San Francisco; over thirty primary and grammar schools and four high schools are under construction. When all are completed the class of school buildings will far surpass that before the fire–and there was room for improvement. The public school system embraces polytechnic and night schools and a normal school. Add to these the two great universities and six theological schools within easy reach, several Roman Catholic colleges, the several medical colleges and colleges of dentistry and pharmacy, the Hastings Law School, schools of mechanical and industrial arts, the School of Design of the Art Institute, business colleges and schools of music and it would seem that higher education, as well as primary and secondary, were within the reach of all the youth of San Francisco.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Just across the bay, in Berkeley, is the University of California; and forty miles down the peninsula is the Leland Stanford Junior University. Near San Jose are the University of the Pacific and the Roman Catholic University of Santa Clara, the former in College Park and the latter in Santa Clara. In San Francisco is St. Ignatius College and in Oakland, St. Mary's.

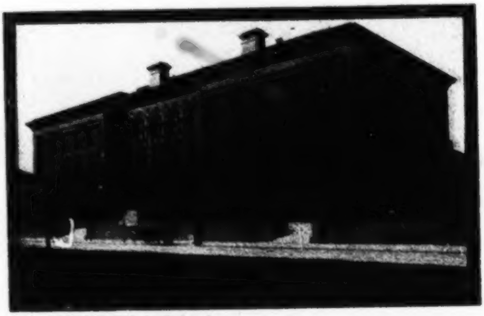
The Medical Department of Stanford University, which is the Cooper Medical College, is in San Francisco, as are also the Medical Department, Department of Dentistry, Department of Pharmacy and the Law Department (Hastings Law School) of the University of California. The Hahnemann Medical College of the Pacific (Homœopathic) is in San Francisco and also the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the latter with departments of dentistry and pharmacy.

In San Francisco is the Episcopalian Divinity School, while in San Anselmo (an hour's trip from San Francisco by bay and electric train) is the San Francisco Theological Seminary (Presbyterian); in Berkeley are the Pacific Theological Seminary (Congregational), Baptist and Unitarian theological seminaries and the Bible School of the Disciples of Christ.

There are a number of excellent preparatory schools for boys in the vicinity of San Francisco–the St. Matthew's Military Academy at Burlingame, the Belmont School at Belmont, Anderson Academy at Irvington and two military academies at San Rafael. In Berkeley are several preparatory and finishing schools for girls and for boys, and there is also a preparatory and finishing school for girls in Piedmont.

Mills College, a fine institution for the higher education of young women (non-sectarian but Christian in its influence), is a noble monument to its founders, Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus T. Mills. It is five miles east of Oakland, on a beautiful estate of one hundred and fifty acres.

St. Mary's College on Broadway in Oakland is a Roman Catholic institution for young men, of long standing and wide influence.



The Mission High School.

At the Stevenson Fountain.

Perchance, from out the thousands passing by—
The city's hopeless lotos-eaters these,
Blown by the four winds of the seven seas
From common want to common company—
Perchance someone may lift his heavy eye
And smile with freshening memory when he sees
Those golden pennons bellying in the breeze
And spread for ports where fair adventures lie.
And O, that such a one might stay a space
And taste of sympathy, till to his ears
Might come the tale of him who knew the grace
To suffer sweetly through the bitter years,
And catch the smiles concealed in Fortune's face,
And draw contentment from a cup of tears.

—Wallace A. Irwin.

terey bay in 1884, then, following up the coast, became the San Francisco *Wave*. The editors, Hugh Hume and J. O'Hara Cosgrove, both young men, encouraged California writers, and the *Wave* contained many original stories of local color from the pens of W. C. Morrow, Arthur McEwen, Ambrose Bierce, G. A. Danziger, Henry Bigelow and others. In the *Wave* Frank Norris served his apprenticeship, and Will Irwin tells us that the back files furnish "a surpassing study of the novelist in the making." Gelett Burgess calls Norris' work in the *Wave* "the studio sketches of a great novelist." From about 1895 his hand could be traced, first in distinctive sketches, followed by his *Little Stories of the Pavements*, then longer stories and, finally, *Moran of the Lady Letty*, which was published serially. Like others of our brightest lights, Norris was eventually drawn East by the interest which his work aroused there. His untimely death was a sad blow to the world of letters. The *Wave* was a society chronicle as well as a literary paper, with departments devoted to music, the drama, pictures, books and sport. It died (Will Irwin says) of too much merit.

Town Talk, "*the Pacific Weekly*," is a society journal about twenty years old. The sketches, called *Varied Types*, are one of its interesting features. The bright paragraphs of the Spectator range over a wide field, including politics, the theater, amusing anecdotes and personal gossip, mostly touching local affairs. Other departments are Social Prattle, Theater Gossip, Auto Notes, Financial Outlook and Book Notes.

In 1895 the joyous *Lark* soared into view, trilling an entirely new note in the journalistic world. Gelett Burgess, Bruce Porter and a few other congenial souls were responsible for its existence. William Doxey was the publisher. Rhyme and picture portrayed in its pages new orders of being—the Purple Cow and the Chewing-Gum Man. The life of the *Lark* was a short and merry one, but it was not all fun. An undercurrent of earnest ideals was glimpsed now and then.

The Spreckels or Call Building. Hearst Building Beyond.

Campanile of Mills College.

run up into the millions, giving brilliant promise of Oakland's importance as a shipping port.

Five miles east of Oakland, in beautiful grounds, stand the eight fine buildings of Mills College, the first college for women on the Pacific coast. The estate embraces one hundred and fifty acres, well watered and planted with beautiful trees, shrubbery and flowers. The school was opened in 1871 by Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus T. Mills, who, in 1877, deeded the property of the school to a self-perpetuating board of trustees, to be conducted as a non-sectarian but Christian institution for the higher education of young women. The generous donors remained in charge and conducted the school together until the death of Dr. Mills in 1884, from which time until advancing years compelled her resignation Mrs. Mills carried on the work alone. In 1885 the institution received its college charter from the State and has since been known as Mills College. Mrs. Mills, who was a pupil and later an associate of Mary Lyon at Mount Holyoke, was succeeded as president by a woman of marked ability, Dr. Luella C. Carson, formerly Dean of Women at the University of Oregon. Street cars run hourly from Twelfth street and Broadway, Oakland, to the college.

Piedmont.–On the hills east of Oakland lies Piedmont, a suburb of Oakland, yet really an independent town. It is unsurpassed for location and abounds in beautiful homes, which increase in size and beauty as the hill is ascended. Here is Piedmont Park, a natural glen with stream of water, supplemented by the landscape gardener's art–the result is a beautiful park containing a Japanese tea garden, a restaurant, a pretty and commodious club room, an outdoor theater and tables for picnicking. There is also a large art gallery containing over eight hundred paintings.

Alameda.–South of Oakland is Alameda, on an island, the San Antonio estuary having been connected with the bay by an artificial canal. The city is about four miles long and from three-quarters to one and one-half miles wide. The climate is rather warmer than in the other bay cities. Palms and pepper trees flourish abundantly and the streets are beautifully shaded. The peninsula or encinal was once covered with evergreen oaks (encina in Spanish) and many of these old and picturesque trees still remain.

Alameda has excellent schools, a city hall, a Carnegie library of more than thirty thousand volumes, and good church buildings. The population is nearly 25,000. Most of the prettiest homes are near the bay. Along this bay shore is the best bathing in the vicinity.

Berkeley lies north of Oakland, a charming city of over 40,000 population. The University of California is here, a coeducational institution, with over four thousand students and maintaining a summer school which draws some of the most gifted men from Eastern and foreign universities. The University of California was founded fifty-four years ago by three Yale men, one of whom, Dr. S. H. Willey, is still living in Berkeley. It was first established in Oakland and known as The College of California. Later it became the State University and in 1873 was removed to Berkeley. The present president, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, was called here from Cornell University. The university has prospered wonderfully under his leadership. The campus is unsurpassed for natural beauty.

East of the campus buildings, in a natural amphitheatre of the hills, is the celebrated Greek Theatre, modeled after that of ancient Epidaurus. It was the gift of William R. Hearst. Many notable performances have been given here and to be a part of the audience, whether by night or day, is an enviable experience. Over seven thousand can be comfortably seated. Many times it has been packed to its utmost capacity of standing room. It is an inspiring vision, on a sunny day, to see the tiers of benches filled with people, the bright hats and parasols making it look like a great garden of flowers, pennants

Alamedans at Play.

The Bazaars of Dupont Street.

the public gaze, the fact is disclosed that the world-renowned 'ten stories underground' was only a myth. The ruins show that the Chinese quarters only had the usual cellars; and none of them seems to be of much greater depth than the ordinary basement." The reader may take his choice of the tales. If he elects the former, he will wish a guide, for Chinatown is restored very much as it was before, save that it is cleaner, the stores are larger, their stocks are finer and more brilliant. In any case, for an evening visit, a licensed guide should be obtained, and a good one will call the visitor's attention to many things of interest which he would probably fail to see of himself.

The joss house of the Chee Kung tong, or Chinese Free Masons, on Spofford alley, may be visited, except when religious or initiatory services are going on. Spofford alley is between Clay and Washington streets, west of Dupont.

The Chong family joss house on Pine street is also open to visitors. Other special attractions, besides the bazaars, are the singing children, Chinese musicians and a few opium dens.

At Hang Far Low's restaurant, between Sacramento and Clay streets, visitors may obtain chop suey, noodles, Chinese sweetmeats and delicious tea, after four in the afternoon. The room for visitors, handsome with oriental carving and teakwood furniture, is up two flights of stairs. Tea, with sweetmeats, is also served by the Fook Woh Company on the second floor of their store, which is on the corner of Dupont street and Sacramento.

If the second article quoted appeals more to the reader's cast of mind, he may assure himself that Chinatown is as safe as any other part of the city. Visitors are considered as guests and treated with respect. On the other hand, the Chinese expect consideration and respectful treatment from tourists.

In some respects, night is the best time for seeing Chinatown. Artificial light lends a glamor to the oriental city within a city. It is a busy place, with many characteristic occupations of the Chinese still being carried on in the evening.

For leisurely shopping, the day is best, and then one sees more of the women and children, the latter usually attractive, especially if one should chance upon a holiday, and they are dressed in gay holiday array. During the day women may visit the streets and stores of Chinatown alone with perfect propriety, and pass interesting hours in the bazaars, which extend for two blocks, from California to Clay street, most of them on the west side of Dupont street, but one or two fine ones on the eastern side. Here, in gorgeous and bewildering array, are silks and embroideries to delight the eye and deplete the purse, ivory carvings worthy the cabinet of an emperor; cloisonné, Satsuma and Canton wares, exquisite lacquer, brass and bronze. A few cents will buy some pretty and artistic trifle, or hundreds of dollars may be spent in wondrous Mandarin coats, or in screens wrought in landscape, flowers, or birds, by artists whose medium is needle and thread instead of brush and paint. Alas! mingled with this wealth of beauty, one finds each year more and more of the gaudy trash "made for the American trade."

People usually imagine that the names of these bazaars are simply those of the proprietors, but each one has a significance. Sing Fat means "living riches;" Sing Chong, "living prosperity;" Fook Woh, "happy harmony;" Wing Sing Loong, "everlasting living prosperity" and Wa Sang Lung, "nice living prosperity."

In the two blocks south of the bazaars are several interesting Japanese shops. The better ones of these are arranged with artistic skill.

Continuing north on Dupont street, after passing the bazaars, a walk by the Chinese shops which supply their own people is worth while. The food shops, with their strings of tiny sausages, glazed roast duck, dried shrimps, strange vegetables, square cakes of bean cheese, and fruits unknown to us are very interesting. Near by are confectioner's stalls with can-

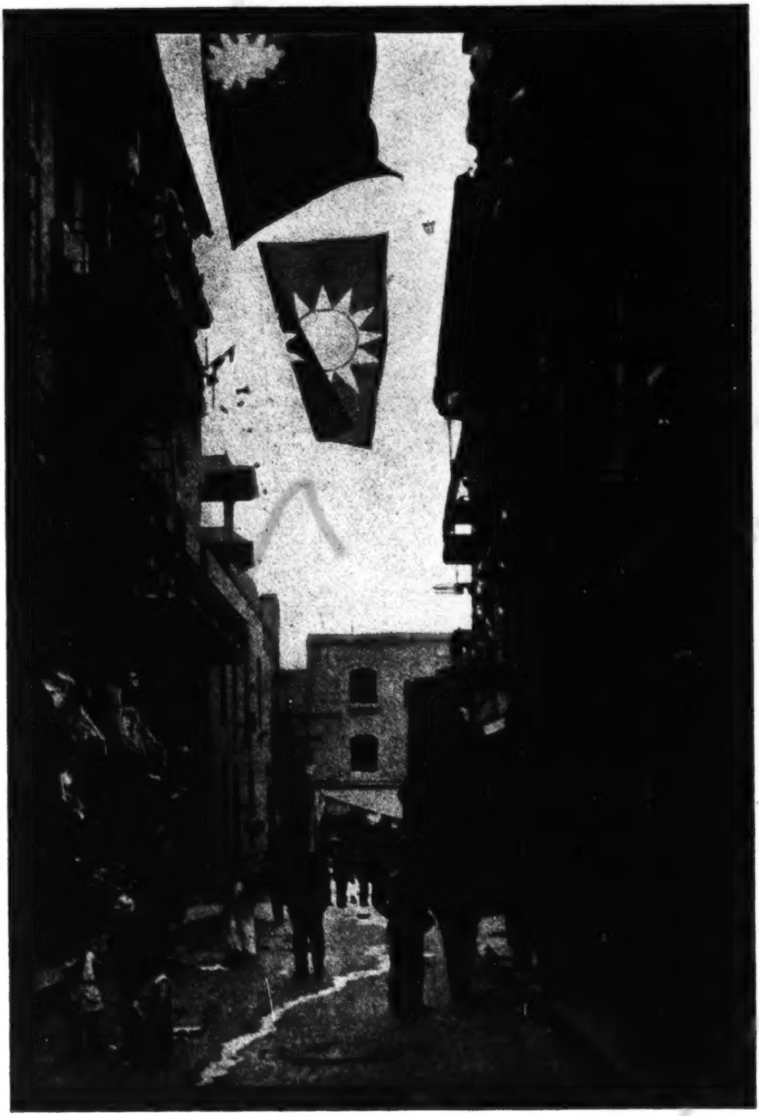
Sugar Cane is a Favorite Sweetmeat.

died cocoanut, lichi nuts, and bunches of sugar-cane. The latter, cut in short lengths, seems to be a favorite sweetmeat for small Chinese boys. Drug stores dispense articles most curious to our eyes, dried lizards and toads, shark's eggs pulverized, to mention a few, besides many kinds of herbs and roots. Perhaps through a basement door or window one may see a goldsmith at his work, carving the beautiful Chinese gold and setting it with jade, or a barber plying his trade on the head or ears of his victim.

With the new republic the Chinese have abolished their ancient calendar, and henceforth their New Year will coincide with our own. Hitherto the Chinese New Year has been a great holiday season in Chinatown. It began early in February and a week of hospitality and merry-making followed. Before this holiday week all accounts had to be squared. A Chinaman whose debts were not settled before his New Year began counted himself disgraced. At street stalls and in all the stores and houses the sacred lily was in bloom, it being considered the harbinger of a prosperous year. Except in the big bazaars, little regular business was transacted. Merchants, their wives and children, were on the streets, in rich and beautiful costumes, particularly the children. A proud father might have been seen walking between two little boys, one in green silk coat and lilac silk trousers, the other in yellow coat and blue trousers, the father himself in handsome plum color brocade, and carrying in his arms a baby girl, a gay combination of all the colors, a fringe of pearl beads depending from her cap, and framing her pretty cheeks, on each of which glowed a round carmine spot, applied not to enhance the smooth baby complexion but merely for decorative effect.

To one who has been fortunate enough to see an important oriental procession, the sight is unforgetable. A few years ago Chinese and Japanese were features of a great civic parade held in San Francisco. "Parlors" and "eyries" and lodges of all sorts vied with each other in pretty and fantastic array; cheese-cloth and cambric and tissue paper were

Father and the Baby Girl.



Chinatown and the Flags of the New Republic Which Replace the Old Dragon Flags of the Empire. Photograph by Louis J. Stellman.

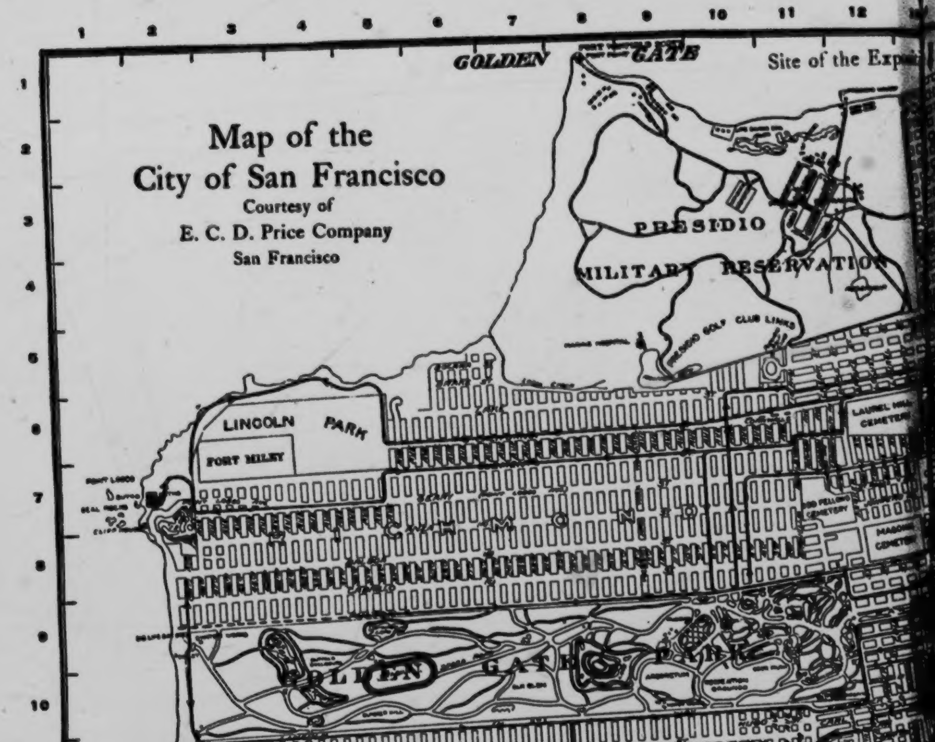
Chinatown.

** * Color was everywhere. A thousand little notes of green and yellow, of vermilion and sky blue, assaulted the eye. Here it was a doorway, here a vivid glint of cloth or hanging, here a huge scarlet sign lettered with gold, and here a kaleidoscopic effect in the garments of the passers-by. * * Gigantic, pot-bellied lanterns of red and gold swung from the ceiling. * * The air was vibrant with unfamiliar noises. From one of the balconies near at hand a gong, a pipe and some kind of a stringed instrument wailed and thundered in unison. There was a vast shuffling of padded soles and a continuous interchange of singsong monosyllables, high-pitched and staccato, while from every hand rose the strange aroma of the East—sandalwood, incense, oil, the smell of mysterious cookery.* —From "Blix," by Frank Norris.

called upon to do their best; but how cheap and tawdry they were compared to the wondrous beauty of texture and color of the Chinese robes and the gorgeous embroidery of their banners, or the dainty, cherry-blossom floats of the Japanese, preceded by horsemen in Samurai costumes four hundred years old! Disdaining merely to produce with cheap materials an effect for the time being, the Chinese went to the bottom of their treasure chests and brought out their priceless embroideries and beautiful silk and crêpe robes of every exquisite shade imaginable; while a Japanese warship was none too dignified an escort for the invaluable Samurai costumes loaned for the occasion by the Tokio Museum.

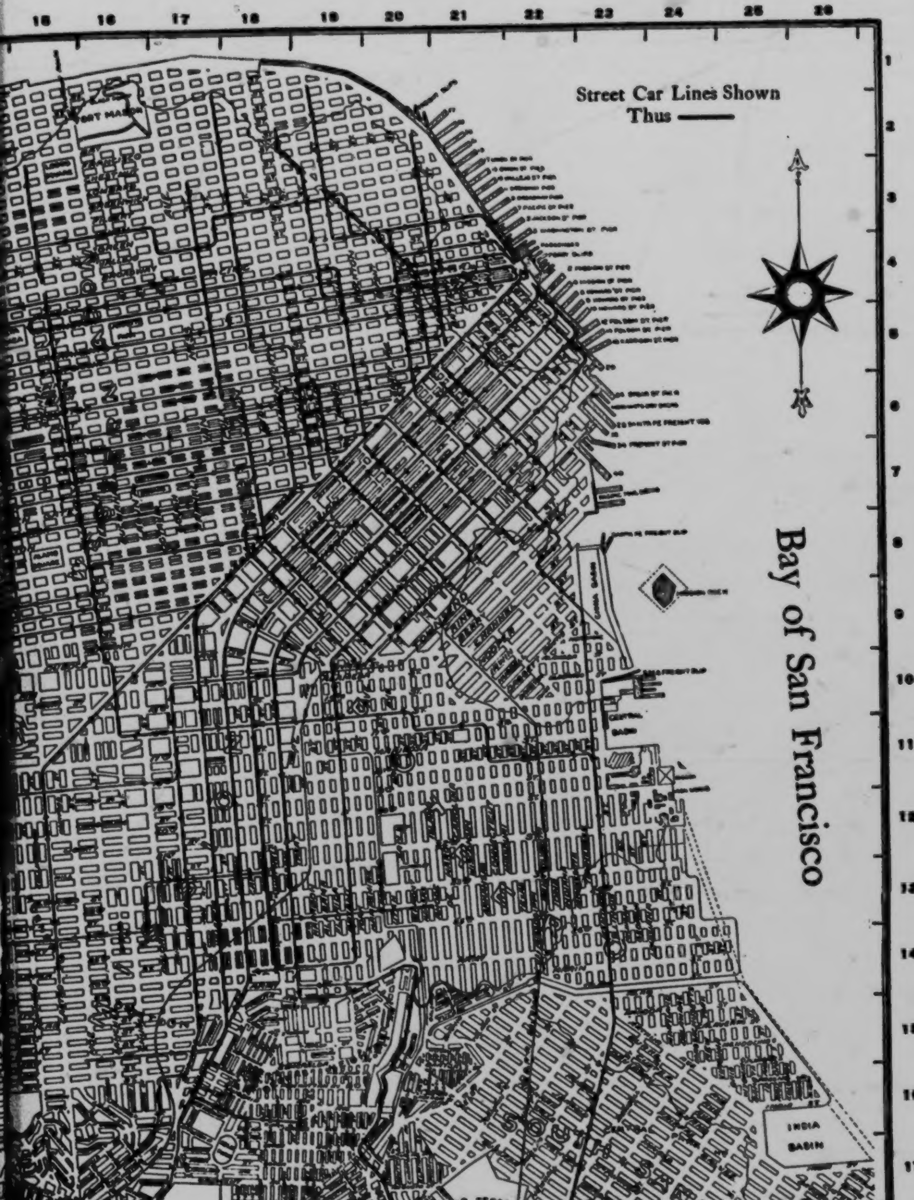
The population of Chinatown is about 15,000. It may be reached by walking north on Grant avenue. California and Sacramento Street car lines cross Chinatown, and cars on Kearny or on Powell street pass within a block or two. The clinker-brick building at 920 Sacramento street is the Home of the Woman's Occidental Board of Missions, for Japanese and Chinese girls. Here are from forty to fifty children or young girls, many rescued from slavery, dreadful abuse, and dens of vice, by the devoted and dauntless superintendent, Miss Donaldina Cameron, who counts no danger too great if thereby she may hope to save one of these girls. Pages might be filled with thrilling stories of these rescues. Will Irwin has vividly related some of them in appreciative tributes to Miss Cameron. The results of the training given to the girls in the Home are such that she feels herself richly rewarded for the risks she encounters. The children are docile, bright and attractive and respond quickly to instruction. It should be said that many Chinese are in sympathy with this work and contribute to it. It is not unusual for information about girls in slavery to be brought to the Home by a Chinaman of Chinatown. Visitors are welcome at the Home. On the first Monday of every month is the regular meeting of the Board and in the afternoon are special exercises by the children, which always interest the stranger.

Selling Almond Blossoms for New Year.



Map of the City of San Francisco
Courtesy of
E. C. D. Price Company
San Francisco

GOLDEN GATE
Site of the Exp
PRESIDIO
MILITARY RESERVATION
PRESIDIO GOLF CLUB LINKS
LINCOLN PARK
FORT MILEY
LAUREL HILL CEMETERY
ODD FELLOWS CEMETERY
MASONIC CEMETERY
RICHMOND
GOLDEN GATE PARK
SUNSET DISTRICT
SAN MIGUEL RANCHO
Pacific Ocean
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18


Street Car Lines Shown
Thus ——
Bay of San Francisco
FORT MASON
INDIA BASIN
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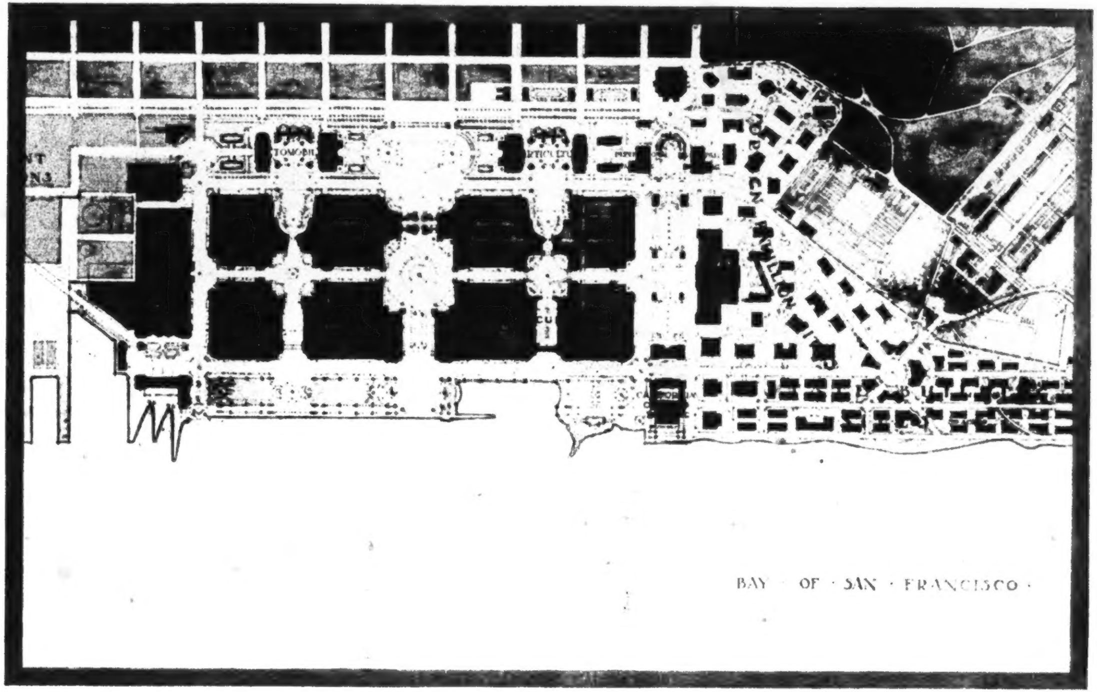
The Plan of the
Panama-Pacific International
Exposition
at the Harbor View Site.


BAY · OF · SAN · FRANCISCO ·

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